WINONA ECHOES

1924

Addresses Delivered at the Winona Bible Conference

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GRACE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
WINONA LAKE, IND.

Winona Echoes

Notable Addresses Delivered
at the Thirtieth Annual

Bible Conference

Winona Lake, Indiana
August, 1924

V. M. HATFIELD
Publisher

To all Winona's Friends, this book is respectfully dedicated by

The Publisher.

Opening Prayer and Remarks

By REV. WILLIAM E. BIEDERWOLF, D. D.,
Evangelist and Director of Winona Bible Conference.

Blessed God, our eternal Father and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, we are here in Thy presence and we wait now only for Thy blessing. We marvel that we can come before Thee. Thou art busy with the concerns of a vast swinging universe, and we are but the weak and vanishing creatures of a day. And yet, we are Thy children. Thou hast made us in Thine own image, and it is our high privilege to come boldly before Thy throne of grace. But it is ours thus to come only through the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. And so we thank Thee for Him again this morning. May this great Bible Conference be held true to the ideals of His own great heart. We thank Thee for this Word of Thine, unchanging, unchangeable and infallible, and we rejoice that we can depend absolutely upon what it says. We thank Thee for the Holy Spirit. Enlighten those who hear and inspire those who speak and teach, Thou blessed third Person of the adorable Trinity. We thank Thee for Winona. In these days when so many are either wilfully or unwittingly seeking to undermine the holy Faith of our fathers, may this institution stand Gibraltar-like in defense of those essential things of Thy Word which constitute the unsearchable richness of the infinite mercy of God in Jesus Christ, who is King of kings and Lord of lords, Who in the beginning was with God and was God, and Whom we adore and worship as God of God and very God of very God. For His sake and in His name we pray. Amen.

We have now come to the hour in which the Thirtieth Annual Winona Lake Bible Conference is to be formally opened. This ten day season of spiritual refreshing is held under the direction of the Winona Lake Assembly and Bible Conference, of which Mr. W. P. Carmichael, of St. Louis, is the honored President, and Rev. J. C. Breckenridge, of Winona Lake, is the efficient General Secretary. To this institution this conference looks for the ultimate direction of its purposes and its plans.

The personnel of the Bible Conference Committee will convince you, we are sure, of the purpose of this great Conference to maintain

a standard of absolute loyalty to the great underlying truths of the Evangelical Faith. If that were not true the constituency of the various denominations represented know that the name of their representative would not appear as a member of that committee. These men are in the very forefront of influence in their respective denominations. We commend to you their words of welcome to this Thirtieth Annual Bible Conference as found on the second page of the printed program which you have in your hands. The program which the committee presents to you for 1924 is the result of much prayer and careful thought.

Winona is a beautiful place. You will find it easy here to commune with God through nature.

Winona is a restful place. Among her inviting groves and her flowers, along her walks and in her assembly halls you will find rest and refreshing for your body and your soul.

Winona is a hospitable place. You will find it easy to make friends. We notice an increasing number of friends from the Southland. We welcome you and we love you and if this is your first visit we hope that as a result of it we may have your kindly fellowship throughout the coming years.

Winona is a truly religious place. In fidelity to the great central facts of Christianity you will hear the Gospel preached.

There comes to my mind that verse in Hebrews where it speaks of being "Compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses;" and I think not only of the thousands on earth whose eyes are turned this way and who are expecting us to be true to the old and holy faith of our fathers, but I think too of the other world. God the Father and God the Son are looking this way and they are expecting us to be true. And then we live in the midst of hallowed memories, and I think of those who have gone before. Of Dr. Solomon C. Dickey, but for whose contagious optimism and unfaltering faith and Herculean labors it would hardly be possible to realize what we do today; of Dr. J. W. Chapman, that mighty preacher, that true and tender friend, the inspiration of whose sermons and presence is with us yet; of Professor E. O. Excell, that mighty singer of Israel, Winona's best friend in her darkest day; and then of Marion Lawrance, but a few days gone, so widely and so much loved; and others, of whose mention time will not permit—these are I believe all looking this way, and they too are expecting us to be true; and by the Grace of God we mean to be.

Our prayer is that God shall give us every needed grace as we try, in our faltering way, to give direction to this great conference.

We would have you know how much we crave your sympathetic criticism and welcome every suggestion that looks toward the betterment of this work in order that He may be honored in Whose name and for Whose sake the work is undertaken. Thus we shall rejoice together in the Favor of God.

The Song of the Lord Began

By REV. WILLIAM E. BIEDERWOLF, D. D.

For sixteen years there had been no song in the Temple of Israel. And then one day something very wonderful took place. Early in the morning the king and the rulers of the city went up to the temple; and the Levites came with their harps, and the priests were there with their trumpets, and a great chorus of trained singers were there. And suddenly—it says, "When the burnt-offering began"—the trumpets blew and the harpers began to thrum with mighty volume on their strings; and then like the sound of many waters came the voices of the temple singers, and the House of the Lord was filled with Hallelujah music something like that, it must have been, which we are told is one day to fill the courts of heaven.

And so the sixteen years of songless time came to an end with praises sung to the Lord of Hosts. The Israelites were accustomed to song. They went into battle with song. They celebrated every victory with song, and whenever the Lord was with them, they were singing, and it must have been a sad sixteen years when there was no song in Israel's heart and no note of praise on their lips to God.

Now, the Lord expects His people to be happy. Some of them are. Billy Bray used to say that if they shut him up in a barrel he would shout, "Glory," through the bung-hole. But some of them are not. A man once said to Hannah Whitehall Smith, "You Christians seem to have a religion that makes you miserable. You are like a man with a headache. He does not want to get rid of his head, but it hurts him to keep it." A man said to another one day, "Are you a preacher, or is it because you are sick that you look that way?" There is no excuse for a Christian to look like that, even if he is sick, much less if he is not. People never get that way because of Christianity, but in spite of it.

Jesus said, "These things have I spoken unto you that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." It is not only expected of a Christian that he should be happy but it is the genius of the religion of Jesus to make him that way. This is as natural to real, genuine religion as the bloom on a maiden's cheek when she is in good health.

Paul said, "The fruit of the Spirit is joy." You never think of standing before a peach tree and exhorting it to bear fruit. When

you plant it in the right kind of soil and in a place where God's sunshine can reach it you don't worry yourself about the fruit, and the tree by taking thought couldn't add one inch to its stature or a bit of finer flavor to its yield of peaches. The tree doesn't try to create fruit. It's natural. And so is joy—you can't create it.

Poor Slivers, the greatest fun-maker and the highest paid circus clown in the world, with plenty of money and excellent health, turned on the gas and went out into eternity with a heart that couldn't laugh.

Dr. A. J. Gordon met an old man one day going up to the house of God, and he said:

"My aged friend, why should an old man be so merry and cheerful?"

"All are not," said he.

"Well, then, why should you be merry?"

"Because I belong to the Lord."

"And are none others happy at your time of life?"

"No, not one," said the old man; and his form straightened into the stature of his younger days, and something of inspiration glowed upon his countenance. "Listen, please, to the truth from one who knows; then wing it around the world, and no man of threescore and ten will be found to gainsay it: The Devil has no happy old men!"

It is religion and religion alone that makes people happy. We said it before and we say it again. It is the genius of the thing to do it, and if you are not always rejoicing in the Lord I think I can tell you the reason why.

Now, let us see why Israel lost her song. Look at the 28th chapter and you will find that Ahaz, the king, had no use for the worship of God and so he drove out of the temple the singers and the priests. He cut in pieces the gold and silver vessels; he hewed down the altars and put out the lights and locked the doors and the house of God was filled with dust and dirt and became the abode of sparrows and the birds of the air that built their nests in its neglected courts.

For sixteen years this thing lasted and the judgment of God fell upon the nation. It always does under such circumstances.

Show me the nations of the world that have despised God and lived in luxury and self-indulgence, and every time you will find a people that has gone down in the rot and ruin of their once Godless glory. Look at Babylon, and Carthage, and Nineveh and Rome. Look at Greece. Her's was the most beautiful civilization of the world. She was master of philosophy. She gave to the world much of its finest art and literature. But where is ancient Greece now? She is nothing

but a memory. And why? It is because she gave herself over to luxury and self indulgence and the heart of the nation became flabby. She embraced every new teaching that came her way, and she lost her character and she went down as other such nations have gone down.

I tremble sometimes as I think of my own nation. We boast that we are the greatest nation in the world. Perhaps we can say it truly. But let us have a care, "Lest we forget." The amazing thing to me is that so many, who have good sense in many other ways, think we can get along without the House of God. But to throw up sky-scraping buildings, to create navies and standing armies, and to close temple doors is the surest way to defeat the nation's greatest need.

The bankers and the business men of this country pay Roger Babson a million dollars a year to tell them from month to month just what is the best thing for business. And he is worth it. But under the circumstances I think I'd take his advice or stop his salary. He gives us some startling figures about the decline in the value of real estate if the churches should be closed and the preachers go out of business, and then he says, "For the sake of business, for our own sakes, for our children's sakes, for the nation's sake, let us business men get behind the churches and their preachers. The safety of all we have is due to the churches. By all that we hold dear, let us from this very day give more time, more money and thought to the churches of our city, for upon these the value of all we own ultimately depends." And yet you've got men in your city and the only way you could get them inside the house of God is to take advantage of them when they are dead and carry them in for the funeral. But it doesn't look right to take advantage of a dead man like that when you couldn't drag him inside alive with a twenty-mule Borax team. And one of the big reasons why they don't go to church is because they haven't got business sense enough.

It was the closing the doors of the house of the Lord. It was forgetting God that robbed Israel of her song. And if the song has gone out of your life, it is exactly for the same reason—the temple of your manhood and your womanhood has been closed against its rightful Lord. Of course, you didn't close the door with a slam. You would not, of course, be rude to your Lord. You just neglected to read your Bible; prayer became too much of a task; the house of God began to lose its attraction, and the old pleasures began to fascinate you, and without actually saying, "These be your God, Oh Israel," you gave yourself to them and closed the door of your life against your God.

And no wonder the song is gone and conscience points its accusing finger in your face.

How can we get the song back? And how can we get the Christian experience that is buoyant and free? Well, look at the verse out of which we have taken our text. It says, "And when the burnt-offering began, the song of the Lord began also." The time came when King Ahaz had to die. He had been so vicious and wicked the people loathed him; they refused him a sepulcher among the kings of Israel and so he had to sleep in a dishonored grave.

And Hezekiah, his son, became King. He was one of the noblest princes that ever adorned the throne of David. He had everything against him on his father's side. But no one has to be bad because he has been brought up under bad influences. But we have every reason to believe that Abijah, his mother, the daughter of Zechariah, was a good woman; and no doubt in the midst of the profligacy and idolatry of her wicked husband's reign she took the infant lad under her special control and inspired him for the noble part he was to play when he took the throne of his father.

Next to His own Son, the best gift God ever made to this world is a good, sensible, Christian, praying mother. If we had more mothers like that and less of the bepowdered fashion plates we so often have to put up with today we would find more Hezekiahs among the youth of the land.

The most useless thing in this world is a woman who lives merely for dress and social function. I saw a woman on the train a short while ago with hair artificially colored, and bobbed at that, and I'll miss my guess if she was a day under sixty. I was looking at a corpse; for such women the Word of God says are dead while they think they are finding life. Lionel Fletcher said last year, "There is nothing more beautiful than the beauty of old age when it is entered upon gracefully and in the Spirit of Christ, but there is nothing more ghastly than a painted up old thing who is trying to make the world believe she is young—trying to dodge her old age."

And then he told us about his own dear old mother. She had seven boys and she never went to bed until all were in of a night. Each night she prayed with them when they were young. She used to go round the circle and put her hand on each head as she prayed. He said she never prayed for us to be rich or to be clever but she used to pray, "O God, make this boy a preacher of the Gospel." So she prayed with each of her sons and all seven of them became preachers. A million times better that than to forget the building of character

and to reach out after social function and wealth and pleasure and the things this world can give you.

The first thing Hezekiah did when he came to the throne was to open the doors of the temple and start again the worship of Jehovah. He brought the priests and the Levites together and told them first to sanctify themselves for they had been chosen to stand before the Lord and to minister unto the people. And then he told them to cleanse the temple, to carry forth the filthiness out of the Holy Place, and to restore the vessels of the Lord. And when this was done, he commanded the burnt-offering to be made upon the altar, "And when the burnt-offering began, the song of the Lord began also," and "they sang praises with gladness and they bowed their heads and worshipped."

It seems to me there is a powerful application of our text, and there ought to be of these words to the Church of today. All too much the song has died out. Some things have crept in and others have been crowded out and the change has been robbing the Church of the song that ought to be in her heart. I have sat in the presence of old, white-haired patriarchs of the Church and heard them tell of the times of refreshing they used to have and how the Church was filled with the song of the Lord, and I thought of two things.

I knew first, that we have allowed the dust and the dirt and the cobwebs of the world to accumulate—that the spirit of the world has so entrenched itself in the very heart of the Church that hosts of members have been transformed into mere worldlings, if ever they knew the change of the regenerating grace of God before they entered the Church. And the Church has had to go on crutches, and no wonder she can't stand erect and be the power in the world God meant her to be.

The other thing is the preaching. Not the style of the preaching —for that must change—but the content of the message preached. Let a man preach today the simon-pure, unadulterated, old-fashioned Gospel once for all delivered to the saints and a lot of people who seem to think the process of Evolution has carried them a few decades in advance of the rest of us will get up and tell us we are out of date. Well, better a thousand times be out of date than out of harmony with the abiding and unchanging Word of the living God.

There are preachers who must be very "modern" if nothing else. They seem to think it puts them in a class with the "Intellectuals." They call the rest of us "ignorant" and "unsophisticated," and with charitable tolerance they say, "Oh well, what can you expect?" As if wisdom is to die with the so-called "Modernist!" They remind me

of the German who always took off his hat and bowed when speaking of himself, or of the Three Tailors of Tooley Street who petitioned the English Parliament and began by saying, "We, the people of England."

But how can the Church expect to have the power of Apostolic days and to go forth bright as the sun and terrible as an army with banners; how can she expect to have seasons of refreshing from on high and to have the song of the Lord in her heart as long as so many of our ministers are preaching from a mutilated Bible, and contending for the Christ-dishonoring teaching of a brute-ancestry for one who bears the image of God—and seeks to remove the Virgin Birth and the supernatural in general from the Revelation of God as we find it in the Bible?

Hezekiah told the priests to restore the vessels of the temple which the wicked king Ahaz had carried away. And there are some things that ought to be restored to the house of God today. Let the Bible come back and let men preach the truth as it is written and not quibble about it. Let us understand that Jesus was conceived by the Holy Ghost; that He was God manifest in the flesh; that He took our place on the cross to keep us out of hell; that His body was raised as ours shall be raised; that He ascended with His resurrection body into heaven and that with this same body He is going one day to return, and as we restore these things, let us make once more the sin-offering for our trangressions, and then the burnt-offering, for that always comes next, and with it surrender to the will of God, for that is what it means, and I believe with all my soul that the times of refreshing will come and the revival for which we have so long prayed will break upon us like a deluge from the hills, and the song of the Lord will begin in the Church. "And when the burnt-offering began, the song of the Lord began also."

And now for the individual and the meaning of the text for him.

1. The temple was opened. Do we need to be reminded again that every child of God is a temple of the Holy Ghost. And if the song is gone are you willing to open up your life to the will of God again today to get it back?

Have you been singing, "Where is the joy which once I knew, when first I found the Lord?" Listen, and I will tell you where it is. It is back there, just where you left it. It is back there where you forsook the house of God for the Movies on Prayer meeting night—back there where you commenced to gossip and lie about your neighbor—back there where you decided to play Golf and do altogether as you pleased on the Lord's Day—back there where you took

up the cards and the dance and the beer bottle. It's back there where you said "Goodbye" to God. Go back and get right at that point and the song of the Lord will begin again in your soul.

2. And then they cleansed the temple. You would not worship in a temple like the one that Hezekiah found, mouldy and dirty and festooned with dusty cobwebs. And so the Holy Spirit must have a clean temple in which to dwell. It may be just one thing—and what seems to you a small thing—but it is that thing that is taking the song of the Lord out of your life and causing you to go powerless in the presence of men.

I have heard Mr. Meyer tell of the night when he knelt by his bed and resolved that he would not sleep until he had given himself completely to God. And he said, "It seemed as though Jesus was by my side, and as if I took from my pocket a large bunch of keys, and from that bunch I took one tiny key, which I kept, and then held to Jesus the bunch and said 'Here are the keys of my life.' And He looked at me sadly and said, 'Are they all here?' 'All but one tiny one,' I said, 'It is to a small cupboard and really it cannot amount to anything.'

"And He said, 'If you cannot trust me with everything, you cannot trust me with anything.' "

And said Mr. Meyer, "It seemed as though I could not give it up, but I said, 'Lord, I am willing to have You come and take it.' And said he, "It was as I expected; He came and, as it were, opened the fingers of my hand and took the key from me. Then He went straight to that cupboard, unlocked and opened it, and saw there a thing that I loved but a thing that was terrible and hideous. And He said, 'This too, must go out; you must never go this way again.' And said Mr. Meyer, "I yielded; and instantly I began to hate the thing, and I said, 'O God from this night do with my life as Thou wilt.' " And the song of the Lord began, and there came to him peace and power, and you know what the Lord has done through this mighty man of God.

3. And then they restored the holy vessels that had been taken away. And there are things that need to be restored if the song of the Lord is to begin.

What about the place of this book, the Bible, in your life? If it lies dusty on the shelf, then no wonder the life is barren, because the spirit has been starved. But if you can say with the prophet, "Thy words were found and I did eat them," you can also say with him, "And Thy Word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart."

What about Prayer? That's another vessel that needs to be restored. You allowed the Devil to persuade you that you could get

along with a little less bending of the knees, because God understands your spirit anyhow; and you know the price you've paid because of your neglect.

And then the means of grace in the house of God. How careless about church attendance some of us have been. Certainly all these things must be restored if we expect the song of the Lord to begin.

4. And then one last thing was done. It was the offering; the sin-offering and the burnt-offering. The sin offering always came first and then the burnt-offering followed. It was called the burnt-offering because the victim was entirely consumed—burnt up.

And what have I to do with the sin-offering but to put my hand in God's and let Him lead me out to a "green hill far away" and see One hanging there who made Himself a perpetual sin-offering on my behalf, and realizing that the glorious Lamb of God who redeemed my life from destruction in the first place can redeem it from the mistakes and the failure I have made of it since, what is there left for me to do, as I stand there "lost in wonder, love and praise," but to cry,

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine
Demands my life, my soul, my all."

and then forgetting all but the face of the slain Lamb make ready the altar for the burnt-offering and stretching myself upon it ask God to send the fire and consume it utterly.

We have been told by a missionary that among the devotees of Buddha a woman came forward in the line and threw a large amount of gold and silver into the chest. Then leaving the line she went to one side and after muttering over the precepts of her faith she elbowed her way back and threw in her ear-rings and bracelets and anklets. And then again she came and threw in a shawl of the finest Cashmere and worth hundreds of dollars. And then once more she came, but the priest protested and told her to go away and not to give any more, and she said, "I have nothing more to give but myself," and with that she drew a poniard and stabbed herself with it and fell dead over the other gifts.

God does not ask of us a thing like that, but it is a spirit like that that not only makes us sing but keeps us singing all the time with the song of the Lord in our hearts.

There is a verse at the end of the Chapter which says, "The thing was done suddenly." Oh, Child of God, are you not tired tonight —tired of the half-hearted, faltering, hungry life you've lived, and

about worn out with the drudgery of past years? Won't you then decide suddenly to make your burnt-offering tonight? It isn't the world that makes us sing. It is the full, rich life that the burnt-offering brings—the life of surrender to the will of God.

"O Love that will not let me go;
  I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
  That in Thine ocean depths its flow,
May richer, fuller be."

"And when the burnt-offering began, the song of the Lord began also."

The Transformation of the Devil's Den, or What the Gospel Means When Preached on Pioneer Soil

By MISS CONSTANCE J. BRANDON,
General Secretary for the United States and British Columbia of the Heart of Africa Mission.

Text: Job 36:26-Daniel 11:32.

> Behold, God is great and we know Him not
> . . . . but the people who know their God
> shall be strong and do exploits."

The Lord Jesus Christ is calling today for the extraordinary: The ordinary will not take the remaining unoccupied mission fields for Him. Men of Faith to the front says Christ—Cowards and Bargainers to the rear. The uniform of Prince Immanuel is Faith; no man may call himself a Soldier of the Cross who hath it not.

At the close of such a conference as this there is one urgent question facing all of us who call ourselves men and women of faith—Ought the world to be evangelized, and if so, by whom?

Have you ever realized that the Christians of the first century evangelized the known world of their day. They had a faith that scorning reason and risk positively revelled in danger and death for Christ's sake. The word "impossible" was unknown to them. They were driven by five motive powers, says Gibbon, the great historian:

1. Simplicity and certainty of belief in God.
2. Purity and austerity of morals.
3. Unity and mutual love.
4. Belief in miracles.
5. A fiery zeal for God and men.

In short, they belonged to the Society of the Comrades of the cross of Christ.

If the great spirit of the enterprise of foreign missions gripped the Christians of today in its all absorbing grasp—if we became as engrossed in the heavenly business as were the Christians of the first century, ten years would see the accomplishment of Christ's command to evangelize the world, even to the uttermost parts.

The great need of the unevangelized fields led Mr. C. T. Studd and Mr. Alfred Barclay Buxton to found "The Heart of Africa Mis-

sion" and World wide Evangelization Crusade in 1913. It was one more missionary society. God, its Director; the Bible, its weapon and commissariat; Christ, its message, and the evangelization of the remaining unoccupied fields, its objective.

Mr. Studd and Mr. Buxton commenced work in the Heart of Africa in three provinces; the upper and lower Welle and the Ituri province of N. E. Belgian Congo, this region being as far as was known at that time, the most thickly populated and the most needy of the unoccupied fields. The story of their great venture of faith and their extraordinary journey has already been told, but, for the sake of those present who may not have heard of the "Heart of Africa Mission," may I say they traveled for nine months, covering some six thousand miles from London to the Heart of Africa by channel steamer, continental train and ocean liner to Mombasa and on by the game haunted railway of British East Africa across the isle dotted Lake Victoria and then four hours by rail to Kakindu; after that they steamed across Lake Chioga to Masindi, tramped to Lake Albert and crossed it by steamer and reached Kilo, and after several weeks, passing through the dark Ituri Forest, they finally landed at Niangara in October, 1913.

For some fifteen months they explored the area in which they hoped to begin work and found conditions that were almost unbelievable. Here were millions of people who had never heard the name of Christ! As Mr. Studd wrote home at the time:

"They are in terrible need. They live in fear of the devil and witchcraft. Their morals are those of the Canaanites of old. Three years is reckoned a long time for a wife to abide with her husband. Truth is a stranger. Morality an outlaw. Honor and honesty are ancient history.

"They are cannibals, liars, murderers, drunkards and thieves of the very worst type.

"I think God has given Alfred Buxton and myself the honor of preaching the Gospel in the "Devil's Den;" so appalling are the conditions out here."

It was in these early days that they came across Chief Zunia and his people. He used to summon his village together for a cannibal feast and calling up his head man, offer him salt to eat with the victim, then allow the people to spring on him and hack his flesh from his bones whilst still living. Such were the conditions in N. E. Belgian Congo ten years ago. Missionaries were unknown; the Bible had never been seen; nobody could read; nobody could write; schools were unheard of; doctors and nurses with their healing ministry and

beneficent work had never reached this field. Smallpox, Leprosy and other terrible diseases were spreading unchecked throughout the district, adding to the untold miseries of these people.

The story of the transformation of this whole region through the Power of the Gospel, carried out by men and women of faith, constitutes one of the most thrilling records in the history of modern missions and it is that story that it is my privilege to bring to the Winona conference this evening.

How great has been the transformation accomplished in the lives of some of these people can be gathered from Mr. Studd's account of the ordination of the first native Elders.

After several years of work during which time thousands had been won for Christ, Mr. Studd felt the time had come for the founding of a native church and he therefore picked out from the Evangelists the most worthy and after special training and testing they were ordained Elders.

In his graphic account of the ordination services, Mr. Studd says, "who can speak of the days of miracles being over when you think of me singing a solo with a banjo to a thousand or fifteen hundred of the Elite of the Heart of Africa at the great market service!"

After the open air meeting they adjourned to the church for the Ordination service. It began with hymns and prayer and then the words of Paul to Timothy concerning Elders and Deacons were read. Another hymn and then Mr. Studd asked them the following questions:—

1. Will you give up the World and set your heart on prayer and the meditation of God's Word?
2. You will not go back but will seek to give the Gospel of Jesus to everyone?
3. Will you keep guard over your own heart, will you protect the Church of God from all evil, will you help his sheep to walk the straight road?
4. Do you believe all God's Book, and will you teach only those things that are in it?
5. Will you cast away your life for God and his flock and to give salvation to all men?
6. Will you disclose evil, will you cleanse the Church of God with all your might?
7. Will you love all men and give just judgment and treat all tribes alike?
8. You will not lord it over the Christians but remain the servant of all men, even as Jesus was?

To each of these questions they answered by raising St. Mark's Gospel in the right hand and saying "It is so. It is so." As soon as the questioning was over they turned and faced the congregation and again holding up the Gospel, they vowed before God in the following words:

"God helping me
I will keep his commands.
I will preach the Gospel of Jesus.
I will teach God's Book.
I will watch over His flock.
I will bear the Cross of Christ."

Then they all knelt down and Mr. Studd and Mr. Buxton laid their hands on each head severally whilst they said together:

"In the name of God, we His slaves, appoint you an Elder of this Church of Christ." Meanwhile the lady missionaries were singing: "Coming, Coming, Yes they are."

It was a fine group who were ordained. There was Baragweni, who has been the head man in Nala ever since Sambo's death and has consistently shown himself impartial, loving, hard-working and an example to all in word and deed.

There was Joseph, the first boy who ever came to them, who taught Mr. Buxton Bangala; the first one to learn to read and write. Clever at anything he put his hands to—he could have made large wages anywhere and he has often been sorely tempted to leave the Mission on this account but has now settled down to deny himself and take up his Cross and follow Christ.

There was Gemisi—an old Sergeant from the Army and as outspoken as any of them. As straight as a die; hating hypocrisy, ever at war with Sin, without respect of persons and a very keen evangelist. The subsequent work of these men has proved that Mr. Studd and Mr. Buxton were divinely guided in their choice.

From that time the work began to spread very rapidly and one of the missionaries wrote:—

> "Talk about revivals in England or America, when a few hundred meet each night for a week or so. Why out here it is nothing to go to a meeting three times a day and speak to a thousand or fifteen hundred people and how eagerly they drink in the word. How hungry they are for the Gospel. And what a mighty change it has wrought in many lives.
>
> "We have just completed a three weeks trek along the Bomili-Ibambi road, where less than eighteen months ago cannibalism was practised in almost every village. Now, not one

village carries it on. How wonderful is this. I verily believe it is only the Power of the Gospel that has done it. Often as we go along from one village to another we have a crowd of children following and the forest rings with the choruses they sing. In most of the villages of any size they have already built a church and are imploring us to send them a missionary."

Later another missionary wrote:

"Would to God I could but pen a letter that would help you all to see more clearly the need of this great province. You may be tempted to think, as we talk of thousands turning to Christ that the majority of folk around here must be believers. Alas, such is far from the case; the percentage of Christians is very small. The place here is teeming with souls and, shall I say, 99 percent are on the road to Hell? We have only touched the fringe so far. If you could come to our Sunday meeting you would discover that quite three-fourths of the congregation had one hour's walk to church and a number of them over two. During the last ten months more than one thousand souls have been baptized. Nedwamba is a typical old faithful. As usual he turned up on Sunday in plenty of time for the service. It does one good to see his shining old face in contrast to his leprosy ulcerated feet. It is always a wonder to know how he can hobble that mile and a half from his home to the church. He came along while we were holding the big meeting at the market place and stood with us until the service was ended. To walk as he must do for an hour or more on the hot road at mid-day requires a great desire, but what must that desire be to compel one to walk on such sore feet minus some of the toes?"

We are seeing in the heart of Africa how God can take the most unpromising material and make marvelous Christians out of cannibals. Their missionary spirit and their eagerness to know more of their birthright in Christ Jesus, led Mr. Buxton to decide that the celebration of the first ten years of work should take the form of a Bible and Missionary Conference. I give you briefly his account of it:

"We met at Poko and we had three meetings a day. An early morning prayer meeting, a morning Bible reading and an evening devotional meeting.

"In the afternoons we had helpful discussions on the methods and problems of the work. We specially thought and talked around the three great principles along which we seek to advance.

1. Extensive Evangelization.
2. Faith that the immediate conversion of a heathen is possible and that this is the goal to be aimed at.
3. The speedy development of a real native church.

Just two months ago our "Welle Bible" with its extracts from the old and the new testaments had arrived and this formed the natural text book from which all the morning messages were given. It being still unfamiliar to the Evangelists it was necessary whenever a reference was given out that the White Missionaries should go around finding places. It proved worth it in every way, as not only did the messages strike home far better when the Evangelists found them so firmly based on God's Word but also toward the end of the week the Evangelists themselves were far more familiar with both the arrangement and the language of the book.

We spent Monday morning in a Missionary meeting. Representatives from every station spoke briefly of the work in their district. It was an intensely thrilling meeting, so many tribes being represented.

Andrew was the first to speak on the work at Poko. He told us of the Chiefs who were trying to hinder the Gospel by refusing food to the evangelists. He mournfully said they had only one white man for this great district and the keynote of his message was that but for God the work would not be going forward. Bendeli, who followed Andrew, said that the seed was planted and growing but there were few barns built as yet (meeting houses where the grain could be gathered). He thanked God for many old evangelists still standing firm in the work, though as with a field of bananas when the wind blows over it, some fall.

Next we had a lively account of the Bambili work from good old Mabango, the heftiest man in all the bunch. He told of the two tribes, Azande to the north and Ababua to the south, in both of which there was a real open door, but laborers were few. Many were believing and amongst them Chief Makoyo had taken his stand for baptism. "God," said Mabango, "is helping us much and after all it is by His strength." We are but the branches. As we sow and as we reap it is He who gives the increase, that sower and reaper may rejoice together. It is our duty to cast in the hook and some fish will surely take it. He told how encouraging it was that even those near the Government posts, especially perhaps the women were coming to hear the Gospel. At the big market meeting week by week there was a splendid opportunity for preaching the Word.

Baruti told of his three months in the Barambo country west of Niangara. There they had never known the name of Jesus and he

found a keenness to hear. He was able to reach members of four or five tribes and found Bangala well understood when he was not familiar with the native lingo. Several headmen are professing belief but the Chief himself is rather a hinderer. His god seems to be his father's grave, and he performs witchcraft ceremonies in the little hut erected over it. Strangely enough those responsible for these very ceremonies are most interested in the Gospel.

Gemisi spoke of God's wonderful answer to prayer at Nala during the last three months. He told how we were lacking in workmen so that new evangelists were not coming forward; how the boys' school had dispersed, and how we had prayed God to give us fresh supplies and lastly how God had answered, so that now there are ample workmen, some twenty or thirty of whom are able to read and several are keen to become evangelists, and a flourishing school of eighty boys has been gathered. As Gemisi said, "If we have the Spirit God works."

Baragweni closed the meeting by telling us of the encouraging state of the out-work to the west among the Madjes; and to the north of Nala among the Azandes.

During the week searching messages were given by the various missionaries on the following subjects:

"Paul, as a chosen vessel."

"Ye are the Temple of the Holy Ghost."

"Death and resurrection with Christ and our service for Him."

The whole conference concluded with a testimony meeting followed by the Lord's Supper.

Some of the testimonies to blessings received were exceedingly touching. Here are some samples:

"I thank God that I now understand much of His Book."

"I have put off the old clothes of the old man."

"I came like a blunt knife, but God has sharpened me. I thank God for the Holy Spirit. My heart is like a house on fire to save men."

"I was a dried leafless tree; now I have leaves. I have learned that I died with Jesus and I fear no suffering."

"I was an empty vessel. Now I am filled to the brim. The word is eating my heart to give it out."

"I came here sad and contemplating leaving the work but God has changed all that. I feel like a chicken that has its eggs but they are not yet hatched out. I want to return and bring into full light those who have professed belief."

The Lord's Supper was indeed a solemn and happy service. We thought more of Jesus, Himself, than of His Work or of doctrine. . . .

To some, at any rate as we partook of the cup it was a time of real dedication to the fellowship of His sufferings.

It is indeed a costly business—Do we at home realize what a costly business Foreign Missions are? You cannot have a cheap mission any more than you can have cheap gold. Ethiopia is still stretching out her hands to God across the graves of our missionaries who lay down their lives often for want of the reinforcements the Church at home is so slow to send to their relief.

To sum up the transformation of the "DEVIL'S DEN," during the last ten years over seventy workers have reached the field, occupying thirteen mission stations in three different provinces and large numbers of men and women in some seventeen different tribes have been reached with the Gospel. A Doctor and several Trained Nurses are now on the field. The "Welle Bible" is in use. Schools have been established throughout the area. Some industrial work has been carried on but the great objective of the Mission is the Evangelization of the entire district. We are Evangelists first and even today we are crying to God for 100 more missionaries.

The motto of our Mission is, "if Jesus Christ be God and if He Died for me, then no sacrifice can be too great for me to make for Him.

In one of his recent sermons, the late Dr. Jowett speaking of the sacrifices missionaries make says—

> "And now what do we say? We who have only to sacrifice our money? We who have no savage to face? No shipwrecks to endure? We who have only the ropes to hold while others go down to the depths of sacrifice and hardships to rescue the sheep."

Are we growing tired of supporting our missionaries on the Foreign Field? Are we growing weary with well-doing? Are we wanting to give up the little sacrifices that make their going possible? Surely we realize we are helping Christ to find his sheep if we are helping to support missionaries on the Field. They are the sowers—we are the reapers, but the Book tells us the sowers and the reapers are to rejoice together. But, if we wish to be in the sacrificial succession of those who belong to the Society of the Comrades of the Cross of Christ

Our sympathy must be a passion
Our intercession must be a groaning
Our beneficence must be a sacrifice
Our service must be a Martydom

Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. (John 12:24).

(NOTE)—If any of our readers desire further information concerning the Heart of Africa Mission, will they please write to Miss Constance J. Brandon, General Secretary, Heart of Africa Mission, 113 Fulton Street, New York City, N. Y.

Rescue Mission Work

By REV. FRED G. BECKER,
Superintendent Milwaukee Rescue Mission.

Believing that there are many here who have not had the privilege of attending the services of a Rescue Mission and watching its work, I would like to say that as surely as God established the church, He also established the Missions as an arm of the church at work down town among the people who never go to church. True to scripture, a real Mission is no respecter of persons. We get all classes in all walks of life—men and women who come from good homes and others who never had a home, but all alike went astray. Our business is to introduce them to Jesus Christ who alone can cleanse them from their sins and make them new creatures. The next step is to unite them with the church of their choice. Missions work hand in hand with the church.

We stand for righteousness as the one way out of all the world's ills, whether they be moral, social or religious; that Jesus Christ can solve all problems. Our work among men, women, boys and girls in the Mission, jails, hospitals, on the streets and in the parks, with fresh air camps, Sunday and sewing schools, is for the one end and that is to help them find Jesus as a Saviour.

The Rescue Mission is a lighthouse in the dark places of our cities, extending a helping hand to human wrecks in the name of the Lord, caring for the finished products of sin, an open door to the discouraged and hopeless, supplying food and shelter when needed, but most of all telling the story of the love of Jesus Christ and His redeeming power through His own shed blood.

I know that salvation works from my own personal experience. After leaving my home in the northern part of Ohio before I was 13 years of age, I went adrift from city to city and naturally went the downward way. Being tall for my age, I associated with those older than myself, who soon taught me the ways of sin to which I was an easy victim. I became addicted to drink, and before I was 18 years old, I was discharged for drunkenness. My father had been in the saloon business, and it seemed perfectly natural for me to be about a saloon. I followed the carnivals, fairs and circuses, stealing and grafting my way through life. My mother died when I was young, and it seemed no one cared for me, which was wrong because loved ones were

praying for me, and God surely hears prayer. I was looking for a way out of my trouble, but did not believe in God. Hearing of an oil boom in Peru, Ind., in 1897, I went. Money came easy for a while. Then I married. Soon afterward, my wife was converted and tried to tell me about Jesus to which I would not listen, but ashamed to say, would cuss at her as she knelt at the bedside to pray for me, pinning her faith on Acts 16:31: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved and thy house." I thank God for her faith because she prayed me into the Rescue Mission at Grand Rapids, Mich., where for the first time I heard that Jesus loved me and could help me. It was hard to believe at first, for I had fought hard and lost and could not understand how an unseen power could change my life and take from me the habits that I was a slave to. But thank God it was done that night. I became a new creature, my hat went into the ring to stay. I have never been sorry, neither have I been broke since Jesus saved me. After trying both sides of life, I am a booster for Jesus, because I have found it a safe parking place and count it a great privilege that I can help others in His name.

The Missionary Outlook, or Our Far Flung Skirmish Lines

By REV. J. C. BROOMFIELD, D. D.,
Pastor of the Methodist Protestant Tabernacle, Fairmont, West Virginia.

One of the delightful features of the Winona Bible Conference is its kingdom horizon and kingdom vision. In harmony therewith, my messages will have the kingdom, rather than the denominational outlook.

During the world war, we talked much of the extent of our eastern and western battle fronts. In spite of the fact that they stretched from the Baltic to the Caspian seas and from the Swiss Alps to the North sea, yet they cannot be compared with the battle lines of the kingdom which girdle the globe. With tremendous interest we have been following our airmen in their flight around the world and with equal interest we can follow the movements of the sky pilots who are pushing the skirmish lines of the kingdom into new territory.

Approximately 29,000 missionaries are engaged in the foreign field and $55,000,000.00 are being expended annually for their support and the carrying out of their work. My purpose in this address is to glimpse the fields in which this noble army is operating.

JAPAN politically is a source of much anxiety—every adolescent boy is. Japan has been in the mood to run away from home, but hasn't. Of all the missionary fields, Japan is possibly the least heroic, hence, possibly the most difficult; and yet the most strategic in all the world. The difficulties in this field have been increased by our recent impolitic immigration legislation relating to the admission of Japanese citizens into this country. Dr. K. Ibuka, Dean of one of the oldest Christian colleges in Japan, declares:—"American missionaries in the Far East, not only in Japan but in China and India as well, will experience a serious handicap in their work, especially when they attempt to present such great truths as the brotherhood of man principles of humanity, international justice, and world friendship.' Baron Sakatani said, "Personally, I still have faith in America. All the Americans I know are true to the nation's past ideals. Eventually America will do the right thing. I cannot bring myself to believe that America will cut the wires, smash the lights, and shroud the Pacific with darkness. America has inflicted the wound. She alone can heal

it." When the news reached Japan of the passing of our recent immigration act over the veto of the President, a representative of the Nichiren sect of Buddhists sent the priest, S. Honda, with a message to deliver in person to President Coolidge. He arrived in Washington at the time of the President's bereavement, which so affected him that he drafted his message in a letter and returned at once to Japan. After referring to the appreciation of the Japanese people for the help given by America at the time of the earthquake and fire, the message says, in part: "Believing as we do in the ultimate triumph of love and tolerance, it is our prayer that our countrymen will not permit political incidents or disagreements between the United States and Japan to interfere with their appreciation of all their best friend has done for them. Love is supreme. Its voice can never be drowned by the tumult of politics. The first thing that is needed in an hour like this is the spirit of penitence, the spirit of prayer, that we may examine ourselves and see whether we have been walking in the path of justice and tolerance. We who believe in the supremacy of love cannot believe that the people of America, the greatest Christian people in the world. will ever stray from the teachings of the Great Saviour."

In spite of the fact that Japan is obsessed with modern science and gross materialism, she can be regarded as a nation seeking a religion. She is breaking away from the old social conventions and former moral standards and is manifesting a spirit of abandon. Nevertheless, there are hopeful signs on the horizon. No nation participating in the Washington disarmament conference has been more faithful to the letter and spirit of the agreements entered into there than has Japan. A new spirit of internationalism is growing up in Japan and Japan is playing square. President Ebina has said:—"Japan is like a chick breaking through its encrusted shell of feudal militarism." Another has said, "In Japan there is a growing consciousness of the value of the individual, and this is a Jesus principle."

KOREA is the modern miracle in missions. It is the most encouraging field evangelistically and the most aggravating politically. In the midst of her political humiliation, she has come into an experience of great spiritual exaltation. This backward land of the "morning calm" since March 1, 1919, has been possessed with a new spirit. On that date, a peaceful, non-resident revolution was launched and from that hour, "Manser!" "Long live Korea!" has been on every lip. Korea at two o'clock in the afternoon of that memorable March 1, after having been dead and buried for eight and a half years, arose from the dead and gave to the world its Declaration of Independence. No such unexpected, wide spread, non-resistant revolution had ever

been launched in all the world. Right or wrong, the Japanese Government charged the missionaries and native Christians with inciting the revolution and against them directed its bitter persecutions. The conscience of the world has been against Japan in her treatment of Korea and so great has been the pressure that Japan has been forced to modify her program and attitude.

CHINA is the most interesting and most promising field in all the world. Big—every fourth person in the world is from China. If the United States would sell to each of the Chinese as much as he sells per capita in Cuba, our annual export trade to China alone would exceed ten billion dollars. China is also persistent. Illustrating this fact, I heard Dr. Eubank, a medical missionary in China, say, "My friend, John Chinaman, a mature, cultured gentleman, was out one morning enjoying his usual walk when he ran across a young fellow who, in response to my friend John's question, said, 'I am from Babylonia.' Together they walked and talked until after a while the young man tripped and fell and my friend John walked on. On another morning, he caught up with another young fellow who said he was from Nineveh. Together they walked and talked but the pace was too fast for the young Ninevite, so he sat down by the road while my friend John walked on. And so it happened, in the course of the centuries, that John Chinaman in his morning walks, met the representatives of Egypt and Greece and Rome. Their walk and conservation continued for awhile but all dropped by the way, while my friend John walked on. Today he is accompanied by a bumptious, tremendously self-conscious young Anglo-Saxon, who delights to talk about his white superiority. Who knows but what history will repeat itself and John Chinaman will find himself again walking alone?

Dr. C. Y. Cheng at the Indianapolis Student Volunteer Convention, in interpreting China, said, "Ancient religions in China have awakened to the fact that they must move with the tide of time. There are signs of revival in the old religions and in the formation of new ones. Faithful disciples of Confucius are trying to make the teachings of the great sage of the East more in keeping with up-to-date thoughts and practice." The great Buddhist priest, Tai Hsu, has been lecturing in various parts of China on modern Buddhism with great acceptance. There is a Renaissance Movement recognized throughout China today. Christianity is becoming more and more a Chinese religion, a religion that is fitting into the environment and atmosphere of the Chinese people. They want to know God in the terms of their own religious experience. The student awakening, the new alphabet, the new evangelism, the China for Christ Movement, and the Chinese Home

Missionary Society, a missionary movement of the whole Chinese Church, started at Kuling five years ago and now having twelve missionaries employed, these are some of the hopeful signs in China.

INDIA. There is a Hindu India, a Mohammedan India, a Christian India, an India of highly educated and civilized people, an India of the most uneducated and illiterate and an India of priests and of untouchables. India with its 319,000,000 people and 1447 different languages and dialects, is more like a continent than a country. Today this great mass is seething with unrest. Yes, it is political, it is economic, and it is social, but above all else, it is religious. India is seeking God.

In India we have the strange situation, as in the Ghandi Movement, of widespread acceptance of the teachings of Jesus and corresponding rejection of Jesus himself. The most influential person in India today is Ghandi. Who is he? A peaceful, non-resistant, non-cooperating revolutionist. He is a heathen practicing the Sermon on the Mount and fostering a new spirit of nationalism. Ghandi's arrest and sentence to six years' imprisonment has been compared to the arrest and trial of Jesus and, as a result, the question: "Who is this Jesus Christ?" is being asked all over India. Before Ghandi went to prison, he sent his last message to the youth of India in these words, "If you sincerely love your country and want to serve your motherland, you must study the life and teachings of Jesus and try to imitate them." Such advice is producing widespread study of the Gospels all over India.

Those who are in position to speak with authority, tell us that one of the most widely read books in India today is Thomas A. Kempis' "Imitation of Christ." In India we have one missionary to every 55,000 of the population. At the recent Student Volunteer Convention in Indianapolis, I heard repeated assertions from the Oriental delegates to the effect that the Orient does not want our Christianity but our Christ; not our civilization but our Bible. They said, "Your Christ teaches peace—you practice war; your Bible teaches co-operation—you practice competition; your Bible teaches the strong to bear the burdens of the weak but your industrialism is built up on the survival of the fittest." Facing these accusations, it behooves us to examine our incarnation of Christ and our interpretations of His teachings. The wickedest cities of the Orient are not in the interior but in the seaports where the West, the stronghold of Christianity, has touched the East.

AFRICA. In Africa we have more raw paganism than in all the rest of the world. It is strange that this should be so for this is the

land most closely associated with patriarchs and prophets and apostles, and most responsive to the early church. This is the land of Moffat and Livingstone, Mary Slessor and Dan Crawford. This is the land whose sons, Bishop Crowther in Exeter Hall, London, in 1881 and Prof. Aggrey in Indianapolis in 1924, revealed to the assembled thousands representing Christendom, the strength and possibilities of the native African mind. Africa is the land of increasing appeal to the United States. Her appeal began in 1619 when the first slaves from Africa were landed at Jamestown. The restlessness of self-discovery and self-realization is sweeping over Africa and especially so in the sections where the Christian missionary is found. Africa presents a great challenge to Christianity and the signs of the times lead us to conclude that God is leading His people back into Africa just as truly as He led them out under Moses.

In the Near East, stretching from Calcutta to Constantinople, we find a falling apart of the reputed unity of Mohammedanism. There is scarcely a stronghold of Islam that does not have within it a mighty witness for Christ. Constantinople has its Roberts College; Cairo has its Nile Press; Beirut its printing press; Damascus its hospital and Tunis its bookshop.

In LATIN AMERICA we find an appalling illiteracy, an effete Romanism, and a new industrialism. To cap it all, the Americas to the south of us are the continent of opportunity, whereas to the church they still constitute the neglected continent. Our Government, through its Monroe Doctrine, stands for the political integrity of the units of this continent, whereas the church through disobeying her Lord's commission, has contributed to its spiritual neglect. The 70,000,000 Latin Americans, with their 150 languages and dialects, and with a leadership in revolt against the reactionary program of the Roman Catholic church, present a great opportunity to Protestanism. Space fails me to present a great opportunity to Protestantism. Space fails me to describe the Islands of the Sea. Summing it all up, what do I see in our missionary outlook?

I see what Joshua saw: "There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed;" a new individualism and a new nationalism in missionary lands; the beginnings of a new and embracing humanity in all lands; and an increasing appreciation everywhere of Christ and His program for the world.

Such an outlook challenges us to go out and win a crown of glory for Christ that will forever cover the crown of thorns He bore for us.

The Missionary Challenge

By REV. J. C. BROOMFIELD, D. D.,

This Bible Conference is delightful but its responsibilities are solemnizing. In our discussion of "Our Far Flung Skirmish Line," you carried the world in your mind; and in our discussion of "The Missionary Challenge," will you take the same world into your heart? The Missionary Challenge of today is four fold.

First, it is the challenge of the WORD, and this is three fold. It is a challenge to study—"Lift up your eyes and behold the fields already white to harvest." The rapidly increasing amount of missionary literature and the continuous return of experienced missionaries from the ends of the earth to tell of their work, make it increasingly easy to meet this challenge. We are not asked to make bricks without straw. In our missionary information, we have switched from the emotional to the educational, but the inspiration abides.

Again, it is a challenge to prayer—"Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth reapers." Missionary intercessors are being enrolled everywhere. Within the past year, we have had a wonderful demonstration of the power of prayer in solving missionary problems. Our good Presbyterian friends, in their Board of Foreign Missions, were confronted with a staggering debt that necessitated retrenchment all along the line. A call to prayer was issued and marvellous indeed was the response of the church and the speedy liquidation of the debt.

Again the challenge of the Word is a challenge to obedience—"Go ye into all the world, directly or by proxy, and preach my Gospel to every creature." Our obligation is not to explain why we don't go but why we stay. With adequate knowledge, provoking prayer and securing obedience, we meet the challenge of the Word.

Second, it is the challenge of the SUPERNATURAL in modern missions. As a Christian you desire to be lined up with God and to be deeply interested in those things in which He shows special interest. What evidence have we of God's special interest in world evangelization? My answer is twofold. First, in raising up men specially prepared for work as obviously prepared for them. The same God who found Moses and Gideon and Paul for their peculiar tasks, found Moffat and Livingstone for Africa, Carey and Duff for India; Verbeck and Griffis for Japan; Morrison and Taylor for China;

Bliss for Syria, Zwemer for Arabia; Paton for the New Hebrides; Brainerd for the Indians, Coan for the Hawaiians, and Williams for the South Sea Islanders. The choice and finding and guidance of these and a multitude of others, reveal the hand of God just as clearly as do the records of Holy Writ the finding and direction of the great leaders therein.

Second, in the removal of every type of obstacle and in the synchronizing of crises for which no rational explanation can be given. The reading of the autobiography of John G. Paton is convincing of the presence of the supernatural in his labors as is the reading of the Book of Acts in the labors of Peter and Paul.

Third, it is the challenge of the MISSIONARY and this, too, is threefold. First, in his achievements. What department of the church life is comparable in the victories it has won with the department of foreign missions? Volumes, every page providing a thrill, have been written, setting forth the achievements of Christian missionaries in the realm of literature, sociology, economics, science and religion. Think of what Livingstone accomplished in Africa, Paton in the New Hebrides, Hannington in Uganda, Falconer in Arabia, Zinzendorf in the West Indies, Gardiner in South America, Underwood in Korea, Judson in Burmah, Gilmour in Mongolia, Morrison in China, Verbeck in Japan, Crowther in Sierra Leone, Mary Slessor in Calabar and Nicolson, whose story thrilled you last year, in the Solomon group of Islands. Cannibalism slavery, polygamy, witchcraft, superstition, illiteracy, footbinding, suttee, etc., have disappeared and are disappearing before the story of the Gospel as told by the missionaries. Do missions pay? I would that we had as much to show in the homeland for all the money and all the men we have used, as they have to show for their men and money in the mission fields.

In the second place, the missionary challenges us in his satisfaction. It was my privilege recently to participate in a missionary survey that took me around the world. On that journey, I interviewed many missionaries in many lands, representing many denominations. In no case did I find a dissatisfied missionary. Each seemed to feel that he was in the place where God wanted him to be and seemed to be sorry for the missionaries whose fields of labor were not so promising or attractive. What a contrast with what one finds among ministers in the homeland! Oh, the discontent and feeling of being discriminated against! Oh, the anxiety to labor in some other field! Not so with the missionaries. I found them facing the loneliness of Mongolia with a smile and the hatred of the lands of Islam with good cheer.

In the third place the missionary challenges us with his sacrifice. The modern acts of the apostles are written with more blood than were the New Testament Acts of the Apostles. Returning from India on the City of Lahore, I found among the passengers a young widow with two little children, on her way home to New England. From others, I learned the story of her widowhood. Her husband, Mr. R. A. Waters, had gone to India as Educational Secretary for the Y. M. C. A. in that land. He had manifested wonderful ability as a linguist and gave promise of wonderful achievement in language translation. On his last furlough home, he was examined by a specialist in Boston who said to him in substance that he had only a couple of years at the longest to live and advised against his return to India. Instead of being dismayed and deciding to remain in the homeland, his answer was: "That is all the more reason why I should hurry back to India." And to India he went. Shortly after his arrival and during his absence from home his wife was stricken with influenza. He hurried to her bedside to minister to her. Presently, he too was stricken and died with the language of the victor upon his lips. When our ship drew up to the dock in Boston harbor and I saw the meeting between the stricken family and the loved ones there to meet them, I caught a fresh glimpse of the challenge of the sacrifice the missionary makes. In this connection, I am reminded of a question asked me on the streets of Shanghai by a minister's daughter from Ohio, who was on her way to a city partly beyond the great Chinese wall, to serve as a missionary nurse. She said to me, "Dr. Broomfield, you have been to Kalgan; would your wife be willing to live there?" Before answering, I thought of what I had seen in Kalgan—its dust, and dirt and filth and squalor and superstition and idolatry and disease and death. I could see again a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants, without so much as a suggestion of modern sanitation, and I said to her, "No, Miss Sheppard, I do not believe that my wife at her time of life would be willing to live in Kalgan and when you get there you will wish you were back amid the beauty and delights of your Ohio home. You will soon discover, however, that underneath all the filth and squalor and superstition and idolatry, there are real folks, just as human as you are, folks for whom Jesus died, and then you will be glad that ever in the providence of God, your path brought you to Kalgan." A year later, Miss Sheppard was stricken with blood poisoning, contracted while ministering to another. Physicians and nurses were rushed from the great Rockefeller Foundation Hospital in Pekin and everything possible was done for her recovery. But all to no avail. When told she must die, instead of thinking of the home-

land and the home folks, she looked up and said, "Don't take my body back to America; bury me here in Kalgan." And tonight, just beyond the great Chinese wall, on the edge of Mongolia, a lonely grave of a brave Ohio girl, provides a new alabaster box of ointment, broken for the establishment of Christ's kingdom in that far away land. I challenge you to match with your money and efforts that lonely grave.

The fourth in this fourfold challenge is the challenge of the LOST BILLION. During the great World War, the civilized world was stirred with the story of the Lost Battalion on the French front. But what is a Lost Battalion in comparison with a Lost Billion? On my return from my trip to the various mission fields, I met one of the prominent women of our city—a former school teacher, and a leader in the club life of the city, a woman above the average in intelligence and influence. She said to me, "Well, after what you have seen, I presume you feel the evangelization of the world is all over but the shouting." I answered, "How could it be when there are sixteen hundred million people on the earth and a thousand million of them are yet unsaved, while many hundreds of millions have never yet heard the Gospel?"

We have made much of the Macedonian Call but I challenge you to hear the call of the Lost Billion.

From Darkness to Light

By REV. EDWARD C. CLARK,
Superintendent of City Missions, Buffalo, New York.

I was born December 24th, 1881. Father and mother Highland Scotch. Both spoke Gaelic (Old school Presbyterians). I was reared on the twenty-third Psalm, Oatmeal Porridge and a good licking once in a while. Mother gave me to the Lord when I was a baby, believing the Lord would save and bless me, and that I would become an ordained minister.

When I left High School I was sent to the Fredonia Normal School, taking a College Preparatory course. I took a liking to Athletics, Baseball, Football, Boxing. Instead of becoming a Presbyterian preacher I began to associate with another crowd. I do not blame the School, for it was a good one. It was my own wicked heart that drew me away from the God of my fathers.

Through the influence of my older brother, John, I secured work on the N. Y. C. & H. Railroad. I worked hard and made good; went from a telegraph operator to Train Dispatcher, drawing a good salary when I was 21 years old. I continued to turn my back on the old church. My father and mother often implored me to go to Church. I went with the other crowd, continued to drink; but as yet I boasted that I could take a drink and let it alone. The day came when I was asked to resign my position because of drink. It was the beginning of the end. Sin and drink separated me from wife, little boy and loved ones. A little later, one cold day in November, 1908, I stood in Lower Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y., a social outcast, my body soaked with whiskey, feet through my shoes, little clothing between myself and the storm coming in off Lake Erie. My heart was broken. I had reached the end of my string. Times were hard ("Famine in the land.")

My pal was up against the Electric Chair. I was lost, without hope and without God in the world. There was a real desire in my heart to be clean, to be like my brother John and other Christian men I knew. I tried to shake off the conviction by going into a saloon and drinking more whiskey. However, I could not get drunk, and my thoughts were continually of mother, and my wife and little boy. A gang of thieves offered to split some swag with me if I would do

certain things for them. Again the thoughts of mother turned me from this temptation.

On November 28th, 1908, my mother went to be with the Lord. My brother John located me in Erie, Pennsylvania. The night my mother died I had a presentiment that something was going to happen. I was in a gambling house. I could not become interested. Whiskey did not taste good, (no kick). Again I became sad, and mother came before me. How I longed for holiness and purity of heart! I even went out under cover of darkness, looked up into the sky and longed to know God, and be delivered from sin. In the morning a telegram came saying, "Your mother went to heaven last night. Come home." I made my way back to the old home. I waited until dark before going up to the house. I feared the police. My father, who had paid out thousands of dollars to keep me out of prison, met me at the door. He was kind to me. My brother John and two sisters were there. They were Christians. They had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. I was just the reverse, a blear-eyed, red-nosed drunkard. My brother told me mother loved me, and continually watched the door saying, "Has Ed come home?" He said, "mother loved you more than any of her children. She died praying for you in the Gaelic tongue. She believed the Lord would yet save you, and make you a preacher of the Gospel." That very night, November 28th, 1908, it was two o'clock in the morning, I went out in the old kitchen and prayed. The Lord heard and delivered me from the penalty and power of sin. I went to bed and slept like a child. In the morning I was refreshed. The old nervous fear had passed away. "For if a man be in Christ he is a new creature. Old things have passed away and behold all things are become new." 2 Cor. 5:17. I was born again. I got back in the Church. Got honest employment on Nickel Plate Railroad. Made good. In 1911 I became Superintendent of the City Rescue Mission, Erie, Pa. From there to Buffalo City Mission in 1917. On September 21st I was ordained a minister of Jesus Christ by Bishop Anderson of the Methodist Church. Mother's prayers are answered.

The Knowledge of God and How It is Obtained

By BISHOP WARREN A. CANDLER, D. D.,
Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church South.

I am very happy to be able to return this year to Winona. There is most delightful, and profitable fellowship here, and I seize the occasion with more eagerness this year, because I do not know what may be my case another year.

I am in the case of a Freshman I had in one of my classes when I was teaching Biblical literature by the answer he gave me touching Abraham. I asked him who was Abraham, and he was short of information and somewhat filled with nerves. He said, "Abraham, Abraham—he was a traveling man." "Well," I said, "that must be so, for Abraham went out not knowing where." I am in the Abrahamic succession, very much of a traveling man, compassing the sea and the land. I may not be able to come here again. However, I am not a lecturer, and so have to have a text when I talk—a matter of old habit. I began preaching before I was eighteen. Sometimes I do take my text and treat it as it was said of Rowland Hill, who said of a text he announced, "I will make on it three points: first, discuss it a little; second, I will go away from it; third, I will never return to it."

This text that I have chosen to talk from tonight is one of the most remarkable things that ever fell on the ear of man from the lips of our Lord. It is from the great intercessory prayer of our Lord, not long before He died

> "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou has sent." (John 17:3.)

Then here is a passage that goes with it, bearing on the same general theme, in the first epistle to the Corinthians:

> "No man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost." (I Corinthians 12:3).

Then another in the Gospel according to Saint Matthew, from that great instructive interview of the Saviour with the disciples at Caesarea Philippi:

> "And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." (Matthew 16:17).

So at once, the subject given, in the light of these three texts, unfolds that such knowledge of God comes only through Jesus Christ.

Thomas Carlisle, I think it was, who said, "This I call tragedy, that anyone be born with the capacity for knowledge and should not know." There is one greater tragedy than Carlisle spoke of, for the soul, with the capacity to know God, to be without the knowledge of God.

To be without knowledge is not good. But if we would pluralize the word: there is a great difference of value between different classes of knowledges. Some truths are quite true, but almost insignificant and unimportant; and some truths have an importance of their own, but not a supreme importance. Take the truth of mathematics, for example! It is very important. But, oh, the tragedy there would be in the lives of some of us if a mathematical knowledge were indispensable! Very great indeed. I assure you it is with the greatest possible difficulty that I add up a column of five figures and get the same answer twice! I am more in sympathy with Isaac Newton's little dog Diamond than with Newton. You will recall the story. While Newton was out of the room, the little dog jumped up on the table and knocked over and destroyed some of Newton's amazing calculations. When Newton returned, he exclaimed, "Oh Diamond, Diamond, you have destroyed calculations you never could have made!" Yes, mathematics contains important truths but some of us can't learn them. And music is a marvelous thing, but my dear brethren, understand perfectly well that there are a great many admirable ladies and gentlemen here tonight who will live and die before they will find out music, and we are left with some uncertainty as to whether they will acquire it in the other world.

But while all forms of knowledge have different values, there is one variety of knowledge that is of supreme importance. It is indispensable. We may do without a knowledge of things, but we cannot do without a knowledge of persons. It is tragedy indeed when we fail to know persons whom we need to know. I am going to tell you a little story which I found in one of the daily papers of my own city, which ran on this wise: Many years ago a young couple were blessed with an infant son, a beautiful boy; but within a few brief weeks the mother passed away, and then the father, and they had no kindred near, nor did the neighbors know where the kindred might be. They had recently moved into that part of the country. This little fellow, motherless and fatherless, without kindred or near friends, was put into a Christian institution for orphans to which an appeal was made. There he grew up under very kindly influence, a

very Christian, wholesome influence. He grew to maturity, but before coming to maturity a childless couple came to the institution asking that they might have some child to make their own, and this little fellow was given to them. They cared for him. They were people of means, and laid out their means generously on him. He was educated by them, almost as if he had been bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh. When they died, they left to him all their estate. Then some busy-bodies—(some people love to tell news, particularly bad news)—said to him, "Young man, your name is not what you imagine it to be. Your parents died in your infancy; you do not know your parents; you know nothing about your ancestry. The people who gave you their name and left you their fortune are not your kin." This man then advertised in the newspapers seeking anybody who could tell him anything of his kindred. There was a tragic ignorance indeed! An utter destitution of knowledge concerning those who were near and dear to him.

But of all ignorance of persons, the most tragic ignorance is the ignorance of God. Now, to know Him according to this text, "Is life eternal;" not to know Him is death, the withering of the soul in time, and its utter undoing in eternity.

But how shall we know Him? Now, every knowledge has its own process of acquisition; all forms of knowledge have their own peculiar methods of acquisition. You can't acquire mathematics in the same way that you get a knowledge of chemistry; you can't acquire a knowledge of poetry by the same process that you get a knowledge of mathematics. Perhaps you have heard a great argument, and you said it was "weighty"—but you did not mean by that that you could put it in an avoirdupois scale of a grocer and find that it weighed ten pounds! You have heard music, and you have said it was "sweet" but you would not determine its sweetness by a sugar tester, and find that it was so many degrees Dutch fine! Every knowledge has its own method of acquisition, and every form of knowledge has its own standard of merit.

A knowledge of persons can't be acquired except by laws that control the acquisition of such knowledge. What are they? Not by mere abstraction. Take biography for example: Be it ever so skillfully written, it doesn't give you much idea of the person discussed. I have been writing one for a year past, and have just finished it. "The Life of Thomas Coke." I thought I was particularly adapted to write it, for he was five feet four, and I and Napoleon Bonaparte, and John Wesley were five feet six—pretty close; and he was a rather

corpulent bishop—and I might be in some such class myself. At any rate, the publishers selected me to write it. And I gathered everything I could find on Thomas Coke; I visited the British Museum; I read all the biographers told me about him, and read with the utmost care all they wrote. But all those biographies seemed much more concerned with the man writing them than with Thomas Coke; they disclosed themselves without revealing him. I should not wonder, when you read the biography I have written, if you should see more Candler than Coke! Biographies do not teach a great deal; and pictures far less—that is comforting for some of us to know! But you have to deal with persons themselves to know them. You can't learn the real qualities that make up any personality by mere abstraction.

Perhaps you have read the discussion by Cicero on the subject of friendship. I had to read it three times in Latin. But if that is all we know about friendship, it is precious little. I have learned friendship, as you have learned friendship, by having a friend. How did you learn maternal love? By philosphizing about it? By analyzing it? I very well remember the first discussion I ever read of an abstract sort about mother love. If I had never had a mother, and had been forced to get my idea of mother love by that, I never would have wanted one; it was cold as the Arctic region, dark as the Arctic night! I learned motherhood and mother-love by having a mother. When coming to know any person, you have to deal with him as a person and with a personal touch.

This explains why a good many people in our day don't know God. They have gone about it in a way that could not by any possibility yield a knowledge of God. Some have come back and said they did not find God; some have come back and said God is unknowable. The pagans in Athens felt that there was some god they did not know, and erected an altar on Mars' Hill "To the unknown God." Our modern pagans have erected books, not altars, to the unknowable God. They say they can't see Him, so can't know Him; He can't be known without a vision. This is nothing new. Paul already saw that when he said, "The World by wisdom knew not God." (I Corinthians 1:21). There is not a pagan altar on the face of the earth today that is not a proclamation of the fact that man by the processes of flesh and blood can never know God. That is what Paul teaches us in the Corinthian letter when he says, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him." (I Corinthians 2:9).

That gives you the complete thought; senses are discarded, eye and ear standing for them all; fleshly reasoning is discarded: "neither have entered into the heart of man." How then shall we know Him? God hath revealed Himself to us by His Spirit.

The same teaching is there in the other text, "No man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost." Which doesn't mean that you can't recite a formula. The Master teaches that many shall say, "Lord, Lord," who never knew Him. It is quite easy to say a creed without really gathering the significance. Take that most noble form of creed, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord." Many a man recites it who doesn't believe that simple first proposition. If he did, it would change the whole face and color of his life. The Lord said, "I am the almighty God; walk thou before me, and be thou perfect." (Genesis 17:1). No man can start out being perfect before God unless he believes in God the Father almighty; but, believing that, the light should follow; it goes with the creed.

Now, many of our Methodist people seem to have grown a little weary of their weekly recitation of the creed. They say it so smoothly. I've known a man to say it in front of the sermon, and deny it in the body of the sermon, at least in part. For example, he will repeat that phrase, "born of the Virgin Mary," and in fifteen minutes will be saying that belief in the Virgin Birth of Jesus is not necessary. And so there is the creed recited but not believed but it doesn't mean the mere utterance of a formula to Christ. He is the Light of life, and the Lord of glory, and such knowledge of Him comes not except by the power of the Holy Spirit. That is what He told Peter. "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." There was a great deal of current opinion about Jesus, and Jesus asked them, "Whom do men say that I am?"—not that the Saviour was sensitive of human opinion and curious of human judgment; but He wished them to face the currents of the world's thought; and they told Him, "they say, O, a great variety of opinions about You; they hold most unfavorable opinions some of them, namely that You cast out devils by Beelzebub; and there are others that men would call more favorable, namely, You are Elijah, or John the Baptist, or Jeremiah; and then there are some very broad brethren who say, 'He is one of the prophets; we are not narrow enough to say which one.'" Jesus was not content with any of these answers. He would not sit down with Elijah in his chariot of fire, if by so doing

it would be understood that He was no more than Elijah. "Whom say ye that I am?" You see that is what He was after from the beginning of the interview. Jesus never did teach that silly doctrine that it doesn't make any difference what you believe. To His disciples He said, "Whom say ye that I am?" And again to His enemies, He said, "What think ye of Christ?" I have sometimes fancied that if He were to go through our country today, that question would fall from His lips a great many times, in a great many different places. He never had that silly notion that it makes no difference what you think. What, in the name of sense, do you have that knob you call a head for if not to use it for thinking? It is the only thing it is good for—thinking, knowing, believing. If any sort of old trumpery is good enough, I don't know any good reason for having such a bump, or for filling it. A vacuum is better than an accumulation of useless curios.

"Whom say ye that I am?" "Thou art the Christ." That is very different. It sets Him apart from every one and all the prophets; it sets Him apart from and above John the Baptist, of whom He Himself said, "Among them that are born of women, there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist." (Matthew 11:11). And to this answer the Master responded warmly, Blessed art thou, Simon. You did not acquire such knowledge by the processes of flesh and blood; if so, the High Priest would have had a better opportunity of knowing me than you have had. If so this learned group of Jews, the Sanhedrin, would have knowledge far above yours. How did you find out what the wisest among men could not discover, that I am the Christ? My Father revealed it to you. Continuing His remarks to Peter, Jesus said, "Upon this rock I will build my church." That was the rock of the knowledge of God in personal experience, the only rock upon which a real church could be built. There is no primacy of the Pope there; no primacy of a mere abstract doctrine there, but the primacy of truth, known in personal experience by dealing with the Lord God Almighty. This has been the foundation of His church. When it looked like it was about to be broken down, dissolved, decayed, a German monk, finding God by simple faith, restored the church and changed the whole face of Europe and the whole current of all history that has followed after it. It is the groundwork the solid rock upon which the church stands—this knowledge of God that comes, not by syllogisms, not by philosophical arguments, but by dealing directly with the Lord God Almighty.

Our human speech simply reflects our human faculties, and they

are not adequate to encompass fully the thought of God. You will observe three notable instances of the Old Testament where men sought His name or His nature, and there was no answer. Moses asked, "Show me thy glory;" but the answer was not a statement of God's real nature. Manoah, made an earnest entreaty, "What is thy name?" with the same result. "Why askest thou thus after my name, seeing it is secret?" The wrestling of Jacob was after the same sort. What answer did Jacob get? The same thing, in substance. The Lord told him not his name, but "blessed him there," and in the blessing of Jacob, Jacob knew his heavenly Father.

It is after the same sort that we are to know God today, and from this fact there are several inferences to be drawn. (1) Our religion is a religion, not a human formulation, not a philosophy; it is a revelation, a simple fundamental truth. Men are departing from it; they are beginning to tell us that you have to be this or that in view of the advancing thought in our day. Yes, I suppose there has been some advancing thought, but it is sometimes an advance with a very thin line. I am not certain that this is so much an age of reason as it is an age of sentimentality. There is a difference between sentiment and sentimentality. There is a difference between fish and fishy. Fish are always good, but fishy, never! So it is with sentiment and sentimentality; and this seems to be an age of sentimentality.

We are suffering from the ailment of centuritis; "This is the Twentieth Century!" I wish I might never hear that again, I've heard it so much. I was awake when the nineteenth century closed and the twentieth century came in; I did not intend to be, but it was forced upon me because they blew all the whistles in town. Except for the whistles, I would not have known anything had happened. One century just moved out and gave place to the other. The next morning even the breakfast at my house was the same as it was before —bacon and eggs. Now there have been centuries before ours, and perhaps there will be some after ours; but this century and no other century can think out God. A good many other things you have thought out, but not God. All that we know about God today it what our Father in heaven has revealed to us, and this is a revelation, not a philosophy at all. It is a faith, not a discovery.

We often hear the question, "What kind of a Christianity do our times demand?" I am not concerned to answer. What I want to know is, "What kind of times does our Christianity demand?" That is far more important.

How do your systems of philosophy come and go? I am not an

old man—at least I had not suspected it until lately; but I have seen three systems pass away since I was graduated, and being unwilling to go through the process of changing my philosophical style so frequently I have just gone on my own way and let them come and go as they please. Watching the changing styles in philosophy amuses me more than it instructs or inspires me. Change is an important thing in progress. But in regard to the great goal of human existence, to that knowledge of God which is life, it makes no contribution. We draw no inference about God from the fickle and fleeting systems of men.

(2) Our religion is a religion for all classes. It is simple. That was a matter that the Master found great satisfaction in when He said, "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and foolish and hast revealed them unto babes." (Matthew 11:25). And so it is salvation that is described both by St. Paul and St. Peter as "the common salvation," like the common sunlight and the common springtime, that all human nature can take hold of. Our religion is not made for an inner circle of intellectuals. By no manner of means! The truth of the business is, Paul's suggestion would raise in our minds the thought that their very intellectualism might be in their way. It frequently is. For my part, I say to you frankly that I would rather have the opinion of the most ignorant Christian man or woman about God than the opinion of the most learned philosopher, unless he had had the same personal experience of Christian life. I have been through some of these philosophies, but I assure you my old Christian nurse, black and unlettered, knew more about God than many of the most learned of philosophers and scientists. She had had a good experience, and she could tell about Him and make some of the Scriptures shine and glow because of her personal knowledge of our Father in heaven. Salvation is for the common people, and is not clothed in all sorts of technical terms.

Another inference drawn from the nature of Christianity is drawn for the benefit of myself and my brethren in the ministry. This knowledge of God does not call for a terminology that common people do not understand. It is a living, vital knowledge. If you have it in your heart, it naturally clothes itself in the most simple and transparent form. Sometimes we forget that, and sometimes when we don't forget it, we use other terms because it sounds impressive. I remember a young man just out of the seminary, quite learned as young men go. He did not know as much as he thought he knew, but

he knew more than some of us thought he knew. I was conducting a meeting in a factory neighborhood. We had no church, but had acquired an old building to be used for our meetings as there was no church there. I asked this young man to preach and he took for his text, "Being justified by faith." He adjusted his eyeglasses (there was nothing the matter with his eyes; he wore them to improve the facial landscape) and then he began, "My brethren, justification is a forensic term." Yes, that is so, but except myself and himself, there was not a person there who knew anything about terms, except free school terms. Why in the name of sense does a man want to preach in an unknown tongue? The Gospel is for all people. And that reminds me of an old fellow in a Methodist camp-meeting. He sometimes slept; but if there was any stir in the meeting, he awoke and shared in it without regard for the merit of the case. This time he slept, and when there was a stir he hurried to the tabernacle, jumped up on a pew and shouted, "Hullabaloo, hullabaloo!" The preacher said to him, 'That is no word for camp-meeting. Why are you crying "Hullabaloo, Hullabaloo?" He replied, "I don't know what it means, but it sounds mighty good." When I hear a man covering up the simplicity of the gospel with labored terminology that incident comes to mind—"I don't know what it means but it sounds mighty good." By such pompous speech we may confuse the gospel. It is not after that manner that men are taught the knowledge of God and brought to Him. By no manner of means!

When our hearts cry out for God and we are wanting Him, then He comes. Through the truth that has been revealed in ages past, and also through the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ shining in each heart. Our Father always responds. It is not possible to cry for Him without His coming to us. I have read a story of President Lincoln that runs on this wise. Whether it is a correct story or not, I am unable to determine, but it illustrates the point. It is said in the midst of the terrible war, bowed with anxiety, burdened with responsibility, one of his little sons suffered an accident while playing on the grounds of the White House, and it was necessary to have some surgery. On one morning the President and the cabinet were assembled (if any of you have been in the White House you will remember how the old cabinet room was nigh unto the bed room of the President). He was sitting there with that sad face that characterized him, and there was a little cry in the adjoining room. "I want my father! I want my father!" The nurse could not satisfy the child. There was no one present to

answer the piteous call, "I want my father." The President arose and excused himself from the cabinet and said, "Gentlemen, I must go to that boy. I will return presently." When the human heart cries, "I want my Father," the divine Father responds and comes to the human heart with the tenderest and most prompt approach. You can never find in the history of mankind when any helpless hands have been lifted up toward heaven that the strong Hand has not been stretched down to take hold of them.

Any man can find God. If he fails, it is not for lack of knowledge, but for a lack of turning to Him and calling to Him in our need. That makes this religion of ours universal as to all mankind. If you let it be colored by modes of thought or forms of speech that pertain to this particular people, or that particular nation, you can travel not beyond those narrow limits. Hence nearly all the great pagan religions are stricken with the disease of nationality. Buddhism cannot travel far; Brahminism does not travel; Mohammedanism makes a very short stride; Christianity, which brings the revelation of God within the reach of the humblest soul, and lifts it at the same time beyond the limitations of every racial or national peculiarity, is a religion that can travel around this world. However, we sometimes restrict it by giving it burdens to carry. You can overload it with rationalism. You can overload it with radicalism. Thus you can make it local. Rationalism is transient: it is always changing. But true, evangelical Christianity does not change, and is not local. Real Christianity has the universal appeal. People who have lived in darkness for centuries have found a new light when Jesus Christ came into their hearts. It is a universal religion; it is travelling and will travel over the entire planet. The knowledge of the Lord, as the prophet predicted, "shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea." Whatever may be true in some of the theories propounded in our day, when they have gotten away from the idea that this is a revelation, and a revelation that may be revealed anew to every heart that needs God, the nerve of missions is cut, for we have nothing fit to export. Now a great American preacher, whose name I will not call, (though I said he was a preacher, he was a doctor and had a very broad degree); he said a generation ago, that his church had no religion for export. I think he told the truth. They had scarcely crop enough to go around among themselves. But if you have any religion worth while, you have it for export to the ends of the earth, and this revelation of God is susceptible of being exported because it can be imported into every human heart that calls for Him.

When one of the apostles said to Jesus, "Show us the Father," Jesus answered, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." You don't find God outside of Jesus Christ. This revelation of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ is absolutely exclusive. Now some of you will say to me, "You don't think Christianity is the only religion that has truth in it! Has not every religion some truth?" Why, certainly; but all those are mere abstractions. It would be very difficult not to have some truth in any religion. It would be hard to write a thing as long as the Koran and not now and then say something that was so. I expect Annanias and Sapphira had spells of dealing with the truth, but they made a fatal omission of the habit on one occasion from which they never recovered. There is certainly some form of truth in any religion; but what I am talking about is the real knowledge of God, the eternal Father. Him you can not know except through the Son. Fatherhood is not discernible except through Sonship. I know our Unitarian friends say they believe in the fatherhood of God, but how is an eternal Father possible without an eternal Son? We human fathers are not fathers until our sons are born. God is the Father forever, and the glory of the Father shines through the Son—"The glory which He had before the world was."

And now, my friends, I bring you this thought: We must have a Christian country and a Christian world, or we are not going to have long any country or any world at all. The Mohammedan can turn to Christ; the Buddhist can turn to Christ; the Brahmin can turn to Christ; the ethical system of Confucius has failed, and the Confucianist can turn to Christ; but O, when an American, when a man from one of the great Christian nations, turns away from Christ, to what will he go? If this country has no religion, no knowledge of God, pray tell me how it will be able to fulfill its mission, or even to keep the place it has already attained? It is the knowledge of our Father in heaven through Jesus Christ that stirs our heart with the knowledge of our brotherhood of man and makes us better—more affectionate, helpful, serviceable to all men.

Not only must men know God the Father, but they must recognize one another as brethren in Jesus Christ our Lord. You may talk about an abstract brotherhood of man, but a mere abstraction is not going to cast out selfishness. It is the knowledge that God is my Father, and that He cares for this man by my side as His child, that makes me realize that he is my brother, and that I must deal with him in the sight of our common Father in heaven. I told you the story of the

man who had lost his parents and was advertising for any scrap of information about them. We never come to that case with our Father in heaven. What was it our Lord said not long before He died? The translation in the King James Version is, "I will not leave you comfortless." It is really more tender than that: "I will not leave you orphans. My Fatherhood will relieve all your desolation." We men are not an orphaned race, but a race of people looking up into our Father's face and seeing Him who loves us as no other father can. Walking in the light of His countenance, one day we shall come to stand before Him, face to face, when "we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

The Propagating Power of the Kingdom of God

By BISHOP WARREN A. CANDLER, D. D.

My text is in the eighteenth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, and the thirty-sixth verse:

> "My kingdom is not of this world; if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews: but now is my kingdom not from thence."

These are the words in which the Master replied to Pilate at his trial when it was demanded of Him to say whether he were a king or not. Brief as they are, they set forth both the nature of His kingdom, and suggest the forces by which it is propagated. Indeed, the end of the kingdom determines the method and forces by which it is to be promoted.

Much as the Master spoke of the kingdom, His words are very much misunderstood. You remember how much and how often it was upon His lips, and upon the lips of His immediate forerunner. We read of John the Baptist:

> "In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea, and saying, Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." (Matthew 3:1, 2).

And after the baptism of the Master, the record is that he went forth preaching in all the cities and villages the gospel of the kingdom. That great group of parables recorded by St. Matthew are parables of the kingdom, explaining, and illumining and setting forth the aspects of the kingdom.

Nor did the subject engage Him in the days of His humiliation alone; after His death and resurrection St. Luke tells us the forty days were largely occupied by Him in speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God.

And yet, with all this abundant and clear teaching of Jesus and the Baptist before us there is a vast misunderstanding, and sometimes next to no understanding of what is His kingdom. A good many saintly people, when you pronounce the words, "the kingdom of heaven," understand them of the blessed estate into which the good

shall finally come. Certainly that heavenly state does lie outside the limits of Christ's kingdom; but so far as I can recall the words upon the lips of Jesus rarely, if ever, carry that significance. Then there is a class of men, who are multiplying very much in our day, who say the words, "the kingdom of heaven," in a sort of declamatory way —(I was about to say a Sophomoric way but that would require me to apologize to the Sophomores!) They cry without ceasing "The kingdom of heaven!" "the kingdom of heaven!" apparently attaching no definite significance to it, using it as a smooth phrase easily uttered, that will balance up a sentence rather rymthmically. What do they mean by that? I will give you an example. Walking on the streets of my city when a municipal compaign was on foot, I met a man who was a little wild-eyed. That is to say, his eyes apparently were not mates, and when that is true, it is due to a certain condition in the brain. I did not know him, but he knew me, or at least knew who I was. "Bishop," he said, "are you taking a hand in the municipal campaign?" "No, Sir," I answered. "You are a preacher, and you ought to take a hand in the interest of the kingdom of heaven." That is simply ridiculous. How did the kingdom of heaven get involved in a municipal campaign, when so far as I know, not a candidate was fit for the office he was seeking? It had nothing to do with it.

We hear these words frequently in missionary meetings. They seem to be quite serviceable there, as if it were some sort of secular, earthly organization, some kind of mundane monarchy that we could create out of the elements of this world and call the kingdom of God. That is the old Jewish misconception. They wanted to take the elements of David's reign and Solomon's time, and reconstruct them out of all that political debris, and bring forth the kingdom as it was then. They were really looking for it in that way. That is why they crucified the Master. They did not object to His being the Messiah. but to such a Messiah as He proposed to be! If His kingdom had been of that sort, they would have been on His side, and they would have welcomed Him, as they had welcomed many false Messiahs. The truth is, my friends that when people demand demagogues, the supply has always been abundant. So it was with them. They would make a kingdom as glorious as it was in the days of David and Solomon. That was not the Master's kingdom, and if they had gotten it, it would not have regenerated Israel, for as I remember Solomon, with all his wisdom, he was somewhat deficient in piety! If they had made no better kingdom than Solomon's, it would not have been the kingdom of heaven, by a great deal.

What then is the kingdom of heaven? It is a patriarchy. That is to say, it is a government, the head of which is a Father, and the subjects of which are the children, partaking of his nature, born of his life, and conformable to his likeness. All the first kingdoms of the world were patriarchies; they had to be. The father was the king of the family and as his family enlarged, it became what the Latins called "gens," and what we call a "tribe." Then the father ruled over a large circle; and when he passed away, the eldest son succeeded to the patriarchy. And so the fiction of the divine right of kings, has a truth back of it—as most fictions have. The first kings did rule by the divine right of fatherhood. In those days the children were not voting on whom they would have for parents. They found them when they got here, and submitted to them with filial reverence. That is the kingdom of God on earth—after that kind, of that method, the kingdom coming from the foundation of the world. And so it was, a filial kingdom, existing from the foundation of the world. The making of man was to extend this kingdom by sonship, and therefore men were made, not after their kind, as the animals that had gone before were made after their kind, but after God's image that we might be sons.

That is rather a general distinction between men and brutes. I will not push it further, for it might involve me in some discussion with the modern scientists and they have grown quite dangerous when one differs with them. I don't wish to incur their displeasure, though no doubt I would be quite safe on these grounds. But if any man wishes to trace his origin to a Simian source I shall not complain of his family tree, but I hope he will not try to compel me to find my ancestry on it.

Now, man is a child of God. Our catechisms, nearly all of them, read something like this: "What is the chief end of man? To glorify God and to enjoy Him forever." That is a very good answer, if you know what it means. But many people read the word "glorify," and fancy a conception of the Almighty God as very great, high and lifted up, Who is pleased to have men burn incense before Him and to throw bouquets at His feet. But that is to enthrone vanity over the universe. But if you put into the word the Scripture significance, "the father is glorified in the son," you have a very true conception, a very noble conception. It puts paternal love in the heights of the heavens. It is everything kingly in one aspect, and everything fatherly in the other. So, if I were going to write a catechism—which I am not—I would put it that "the chief end of man is to be God's child, and to enjoy Him forever." For to this end he was made, and if he fall short

of that purpose, he disappoints the object of his creation, misses the aim of life; and then life is not worth the living.

The kingdom of heaven cannot be promoted except by processes and methods that agree with its end. But it is a very real kingdom; it is not a mere figure of speech. When the Master stood before Pilate He did not announce that He had a kingdom which was a mere shadow, a phantom. He would not have incurred a useless death of agony simply to use a metaphor. His kingdom is very real. We fancy a kingdom is nothing, if it is merely spiritual. But the truth is, my dear friends, that the strongest kingdoms in this world are not of a material and physical sort. All things of mere mundane force dissolve with the shifting of forces. The kingdom of ideas, therefore, very much outlasts the kingdom political organization. Here is Plato, for example. He has a very much more real reign to-day than the archons of Athens. We do not recall who they were. But all recall the kingdom of Plato. You see all about you how ideas change the face of things.

Let me give one illustration: When I first went out preaching, I was a circuit rider. I had a good many churches, and I went from one to another, riding a horse, with saddle-bags—I carried hymn-books and Bible in one side of my saddle-bags and no over-supply of wardrobe in the other. When I would go to a church for a service, there would be a few carriages here—not many; and a larger number of buggies, and some horses tethered there—some with side-saddle, and the women with riding skirts on; they have passed out of fashion too; and there would be an occasional ox wagon. That is how people got to church. Last Sunday I went to a great camp meeting in Georgia, and I did not see an ox, I did not see a mule, nor even hear one bray, I did not see any skirt there sufficiently protracted to be a riding skirt. But automobiles—well, positively, in getting from the preacher's tent to the tabernacle my life was in jeopardy every moment! Who started all this business? Did someone pass a resolution banning horses, oxen and mules? No, somebody had an idea, and put it into a piece of machinery. And that idea has changed all locomotion to-day. How many automobiles are there in the country now? And how many Fords? Millions of them! There are hundreds of them in this city here. So the automobile idea prevailed.

And there was another idea, may it please you. When my father and mother were married in 1833, there was no such thing as a cotton crop in the world. The people had cotton pickings. They would go out into the field and gather the little cotton there grown and then they would get together and seed it. But a gentleman came

down to Georgia named Eli Whitney—(he must have been the Eli "who got there!")—and invented the cotton gin, and now to-day the whole face of the Southern states in which cotton is grown is changed, and not even the boll weevil has been able to root out Eli Whitney's ideas. It is certainly true in our country that the strongest kingdom is the kingdom of ideas.

But the strongest ideas are not the ideas of mere invention; not the automobile which helps us to hasten from one point to another and abridge life and reach the cemetery promptly. Nor the cotton gin; nor steam-ships; not any of the great inventions which have changed the face of the world. Moral ideas are far stronger than any other. We have to settle everything by what is nakedly right or wrong.

I remember some years ago when prohibition was not thought of nationally, a little prohibition convention was held in the city of Nashville where I was a resident for a time. The speaker did not come; he was a lawyer and had some relation to politics, and I suppose some consideration of prudence assured his absence. At any rate, they had to take me. And so I went before them, and I started my first sentence: "Fellow citizens, forty years ago a meeting like this would not have been possible; forty years hence it will not be necessary." That was reported in the paper, and the paper read me a lecture. It was absurd to suppose, the editor said, that prohibition could come into the country in that time. That was thirty-seven years ago, and there are yet three years to spare; also that editor is dead, and I am alive and here talking about him.

Another illustration of the strength of moral ideas. You can recall when dueling was regarded in this country with honor. Aaron Burr killed Alexander Hamilton, and nobody thought he committed murder. They believed it was a contest of honor. But we don't have anything of the kind any more. Moral ideas are the strongest in the world.

And the strongest moral ideas are the religious ideas. One religious idea at the heart of Mohammedanism has made the Turk. The most powerful religious truth is the Christian truth, not alone because of its superior purity, manifest as that is; but because back of it there is a living God, and the Holy Spirit takes of the things of Christ and shows them to men, revealing Him to them. So that is the most powerful kingdom in the earth. All other kingdoms must go down before it. The Roman Empire was strong; the Romans had a genius for government. They have a part in all our league codes to-day, to a greater or less measure. But that kingdom is gone. And the

kingdom of Christ so derided at the time of Rome's full power, if mentioned at all, is to-day powerful throughout the earth, and continues to advance. God's kingdom is the most powerful and enduring of all kingdoms.

But it is an unwordly kingdom. Therefore it can not be propagated by the same forces which promote the kingdoms of this world. For one thing that was most prominent in the thought of our Lord was that it is not to be propagated by political force at all. You will remember the apostles had among them two swords. Peter had one of them. I don't know whether he was accustomed to have a sword or not, but as the Saviour had predicted His approaching arrest and crucifixion Peter might have gone out and got one. And Peter, living up to his boast at least in part, when Judas and the arresting party came, struck at the head of the high-priest's servant —but not very accurately! A swordsman who struck at the head and got no nearer than the ear was not much of a swordsman! But the Saviour healed the ear at once. The last miracle before He died was the healing of that ear, and no one asked Him to heal it. Then He told Peter to put up his sword. If He had needed swords for His kingdom, the opposition had far more swords! "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." He woud not have it!

And there Jesus stands before Pilate, asserting most emphatically His royalty and proclaiming His kingdom, and with equal emphasis declining any sort of support from the government of Rome, or any other government.

Lately, I fear we have lost this truth in a measure. We American people vote on everything, until we have about substituted the ballot box for the Ark of the Covenant! We seem to think that with the vote we can cure anything! I remember my first vote—most people remember their first vote. I thought that if my man were elected the millennium would come! My man did not get elected—I voted for the best man, you see. And there were other elections, and my man did not get elected. Other people were not as wise as I; that was my view, at least! Then there came an election, and my man did get elected. I was still dreaming that the millennium would come; but it was a sorry millennium to be sure! People continued drinking, lying, stealing. Hangings were no more numerous, but they were no more infrequent. They were not stopping any evils. That was no millennium!

We talk much of Christianizing the political world, and the commercial world and the industrial world as if all these realms could be regenerated in bulk at one stroke. But this can not be done. The

commercial world will be Christianized only when men are Christians; the political world will be Christianized only when the citizenry of the earth is brought to Christianity; the industrial world will be Christianized only when Christ reigns in the hearts of the men of industry, whether capitalists or employees.

Everyone semes to have a wish nowadays to reconstruct the world. We have witnessed an attempt to reconstruct the world, made by the best men in our time at Versailles: Orlando of Italy and Lloyd George of England or of Wales; and Clemenceau of France; Wilson of America. That was a pretty good group. There they were at Versailles. They had the navies of the earth back of them—such navies as were left; and they had armies back of them; and they had great governments back of them; they had what was left in the treasuries. And they undertook to reconstruct the world! I rather liked their project. I liked the thought of a League of Nations though I never did believe you could pacify the world with a League, or cleanse the world of war with a treaty. But, after all, it did not turn out well. Something happened. Somebody interfered. The world is not very much reconstructed yet.

And now we have "the Dawes plan." As far as I can understand, it is pretty good. But do not think, even if all the nations adopt it, that it will reconstruct the world. What the world needs is not reconstruction, but regeneration. Without that, all your treaties—effective as they may be within limits—will come to naught. Mankind must have the religion of Christ in its heart. We cannot change the world by mending outward things.

Things not so outward as armies and treaties are scarcely more effective. Men sometimes think that they can convert the world by eloquence in the pulpit. And sometimes they think they can convert the world by mere education. But Paul distinctly declared at Corinth that this was not so. "I don't rely on that," he said. "I decline it." "I came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom . . . for I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." (I Corinthians 2:1, 2). He echoes that declaration in another form in a later letter. "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds." (II Corinthians 10:12). No, the weapons are not carnal, but they certainly are mighty. I am inclined to think that we are in danger of relying on the carnal weapons which Paul declined—not that we have too much education; by no manner of means! But I fear very much that we rely too much on it, thinking it can work out results that it cannot achieve.

All that education of the mind can do will be to increase the power of the individual. But except you have at the same time increased the moral life of the individual, so that the power is directed lawfully, you have increased more power than is safe for the world. Indeed, we have a high-powered world today. Where is the force that holds it to right lines? If more of its power is increased, than the Spirit of Christ controls in the heart, the resulting condition will be most perilous.

When Jesus was here, the people demanded of Him signs. But He refused their demands. He would not work any miracle that would be coercive on the intellect. You may coerce the intellect but that does not cure the heart. I can make every man of you accept the proposition which I am about to announce, but it will not and can not change you. Here it is: the shortest distance between two points is a straight line. Not a man, woman, or child here can keep from believing that when I say it. But a thief running away from a policeman acts on it, and the policeman chasing him acts on it. One is an offender and the other a defender of the law. "The devils also believe and tremble." Their belief affects them in the nervous system; they tremble! There is no revival there or turning to God. I heard a Methodist preacher—I name his denomination, for I do not want any of the rest of you brethren to carry the responsibility for it—he said, "Brethren, we have to out-think the world to get Christianity established." Thank God that is not so. The apostles did not out-think the world; they out-loved the world, and that is a tremendous force. Our weapons "are not carnal," Paul said, "these weapons bring down every high thing of the imagination and the reasoning and the heart that exalts itself against God, and bringing all to obedience to Christ."

There is another notion that men have, and I want to dwell on that a little. It is that the world is to be saved by the bulk of the church. You hear this occasionally in missionary meeting: "Brethren, you can't convert the heathen world until all churches get into one." Thank God that is not so. It would postpone the conversion of the world too long. Not to mention Methodists and Presbyterians, how long do you think it would take to get the Baptists and the Pope to agree? I judge that you scarcely think that is imminent. That is not the Master's idea. That is distinctly refuted in the parable of the leaven, and the parable of the mustard seed. You can't get all together in the first place, and if you did, you would only overwhelm the world. You might overwhelm the world by a huge ecclesiasticism, but you could not thereby convert the world. When Pizarro landed

in Peru, according to Prescott, he rounded up a group of savages and announced to them that they must accept the cross of Christ or everyone would be killed. He had a great many "sudden conversions" of course. Then he gave the command, "Kneel and be baptized." And the priest baptized them. Then he turned to the soldiers. "These are now all Christians. Shoot them." And so they were shot into heaven.

A conquered world Jesus never aimed at, but a converted world. He looked at a little company of persons there on the slope of the hill near Capernaum, and said, "Ye are the salt of the earth." His only concern was, that they should not lose their savor. Now the false idea I am combating is that you can't salt a steer unless you have a piece of salt as big as an ox. Some would go further and say, you can't salt a calf unless you have salt as big as a bull. There is more vitality in salt than that. A little salt is all you need. Where would the gospel in Jerusalem have been if this erroneous notion were true? Or how would the gospel of Luther have changed Europe, if the reformation had been wrought by bulk? Or how would the preaching of Wesley have changed the face of England, by mere bulk?

I was in Cuba once during the early history of my church there. A young man said to me, "Bishop, go home and tell the home church that we can not do anything down here until we get buildings. Look at that Catholic church there, the magnificence of it, and then look at this little house! We can not do anything under these circumstances." I said to him, "Yes, that is so. Paul could not do anything at Ephesus until he had a building as big as Diana's. The disciples in Jerusalem had to have a temple as big as the one Caiaphas served in; and Luther had to have a church as big as the cathedrals in Germany; and Wesley a church as big as Westminster Abbey." And my friend got my meaning. What we needed in Cuba was not a great building, but a great gospel and great Christians. When we get that anywhere, we will have a great harvest. This idea of bulk, bulk, bulk is the merest nonsense.

I have to be very catholic-spirited, for in my own family there are some Baptists and three Presbyterian elders. How these brethren ever fell into that, I cannot tell but they hold to it tenanciously. And three of us are Methodists. So we have to keep the peace. They love God; that is all that is necessary. Some people seem worried about these denominational divisions. Will the heathen world understand about these divisions, they ask. They haven't been in the heathen world; I have. The heathen don't know much about our divisions. But the Buddhist knows well. There are sects among the Buddhists

just as among the Christian churches. What a heathen man sees Christian men doing and what he hears of the gospel preached, that makes its effect.

The true view is in the parable of the mustard seed. Before giving that parable, the Master had spoken two very discouraging ones; the first was the parable of the sower, according to which only one-fourth of the seed brought forth anything, and that unequally—some at one rate and some at another, and only a small part the full hundred-fold. And then the parable of the tares showed another trouble. So they naturally thought of the difficulties in the way, for the sower sowed a good deal of seed, and only one-fourth did any good, and that sometimes had tares in it. So the Master spoke the next two parables to encourage them. The parable of the mustard seed that had vitality enough, though so small, to grow into a tree; and again of the leaven hid by the woman in three measures of meal, which transformed the meal until the whole was leaven. Thus Jesus taught that Christian work is not by volume, but by vitality. It is thus that Jesus Christ proposed to promote His kingdom among men, by the enrichment of spiritual life. It was the vitality that made the mustard seed grow to be a great plant and the leaven in like manner changed the whole bulk of the meal.

We can not impatiently hasten the process. We get very ambitious. Some years ago we used to hear men make a declaration about converting the world "in this generation." That also is folly, for children don't all be born at the same time. Make all of a certain age Christians today, and you have fresh ones to begin on tomorrow morning. They are not born by generations but as individuals. That is a mechanical notion; there is no Scripture in it, and no sense in it. I did not mean to say such an uncomplimentary word as that, but having said it, I will not retract.

The leavening process is going on today as never before. Great Societies, great missionary societies are at work. Most of all, great Christian lives are being dedicated to service. Notwithstanding the imperfections of individuals and groups, the leavening of the world is going on.

The Saviour prayed that we should all be one. He did not mean by that that we should all be in one congregation, all in one church. He prayed "That they may all be one; as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." (John 17:21). He did not mean to organize the Godhead into a mechanical organization. Getting all Christians together into one great crowd will not make the

world believe; but there must be a oneness of life, issuing from the Father through the Son by the power of the Holy Ghost. That will generate a power and a force in this world that will constrain all men to believe.

I must relieve your weariness by telling you another little story. I went to a country town in the second year of my ministry, where a young preacher had gone before me, and I heard this story there. There had come to this town years before, how I do not know, a group of skeptics. They laid in wait for the preachers. The preachers sent there were always young and new to the work, for the salary was small; and thus they were good picking for the skeptics. They went after my predecessor and kept up a running fire on him. One day the preacher sent word, "Come to church Sunday. I will prove you are wrong." To the great gratification of the young minister, one of the leaders of the group sent to him to come and pray with him the next week, and he was converted in his office. Then the preacher asked, "What was there in my argument, brother, that has established your faith and brought about your conversion?" The man had to be honest in his newly found faith. He said, "I'll tell you the truth. It was nothing in it. I had a case in Supreme Court, and all the while you were preaching, my mind was on my brief. As I came out of church, my old 'black mammy' was there. She fell on the steps and I caught her. 'Oh, Massa Tom,' she said, 'I wish my Jesus was your Jesus too.' I could not get away from that; it kept ringing in my ears all night. Old Tildy had a Saviour; I did not have. I couldn't forget it." There was a divine contagion in the faith and love of the old negress.

Now my closing illustration. This is from Bishop Butler's "Analogy." That great work actively refuted the atheism of England in its day, but left Scripture unchanged nevertheless. Butler swept deists off their feet, but it did not change their lives. Wesley in England, filled with the Spirit of God, changed the lives of men all through Great Britain. What Butler could not do with argument, this man did with the Spirit.

That is what our country needs today more than anything else. Let me dwell on this one thing. We need a revival of religion in the United States; not a local shower, healthful and delightful as that would be, but a sweeping wave of spiritual power like that of "The Great Awakening" that swept over the country in 1736 or like that of 1800, which swept from the Cumberland mountains in Tennessee to where Chicago now is; or like that great revival of 1858, or like the revival of Moody and Sankey, which touched our country and went

over seas to the British Isles. These are the things we need today. Don't imagine such talk is mere fancy. Its value would be immeasurable; it would shake all the world. A friend of mine gave me this incident. There were two companies encamped on the opposite banks of a river in Virginia. They were using short range guns and could not get at each other, so they had a battle of music. The Federal troop struck up "Yankee Doodle;" the Confederates answered with "Dixie." And let me tell you, "Dixie" is mighty hard to answer! Then some one started that tune of "Martyn." There was no wish to answer; the other side fell in. The soldiers all joined, and there they stood, looking at each other across the surging river, singing "Jesus, Lover of my soul" . . . "other refuge have I none." Men united in the bonds of faith, who a few days after were sleeping in death on the battlefield! That could not have happened in any country in the world except a country baptized as ours had been in "the revival of 1858." I have coveted a great revival. I wonder why it has not come. A great revival following the forward sweep of our country from ocean to ocean, to renew the lives of our people and establish the kingdom of Christ in our hearts. I believe that with the pulsations of its power, it would bring a different kind of a world.

When I say a revival of religion, I pray you not to think I mean the Methodist way of running it—though that's a very good way; its my method! But I don't mean any mere form of service; I mean the whole people turning back to God, whether after the manner of a Methodist camp meeting, or by a mission (that is what our Episcopal friends call it). The mere form is of little importance. The substance is of supreme importance.

There is one supreme feature and source of the power of our Lord's kingdom on which He relied. He told Simon to put up his sword, and said "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" He had been fighting in Gethsemane, and He had won. It is the power of His self-sacrifice which produces Christian life. It was the sacrificial life produced by [illegible]t upon which He was relying. That is the power of God unto salva[illegible]n. That is the force. We are to enter into His sufferings and be [illegible]de conformable to His death. The measure with which we do so [illegible] the measure of any man's Christian influence, the measure of a Christian church's influence, the measure of a Christian nation's influence; it is the measure of our entering into the sufferings of Christ. When Pilgrim's Progress was written, Bunyan was in jail. He was not a great preacher before, but while there he had a vision. He saw Pilgrim take his journey to the celestial city; and that book which he wrote in prison has gone

all around the world. A presiding elder in the Blue Ridge Mountains, traveling sixty miles from any railroad, told me that almost always mountaineers had a copy of "Pilgrim's Progress," and no other book but the Bible. They tell me that in Japan they have a translation of it, and in China. There is a Spanish edition in Mexico and in Cuba. I was sick in a hotel in Paris, and looked about the room to see if I could find anything to interest me, and I found a little French copy of "Pilgrim's Progress." Oh, it was worth while to spend thirteen years in Bedford jail, out of fidelity to Jesus Christ, to catch a vision that has confronted and helped and enlightened, and I may even say, Christianized, men, from the mountaineers of Georgia to the far regions of heathendom. This is what our Master meant when He gave that prophecy of Himself, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." That was a wonderful prediction from His own lips of the fruitfulness that has come from His sufferings and death. And far away at the end of history, John was looking and saw farther than human eye can see. He saw the kingdom of heaven, not springing up out of the elements of earth, not coming out of the carnal forces of the world of any sort. The final government that he saw was coming from heaven, the tabernacle of God with men; He was their God, they were His people; He will wipe all tears from their eyes; sickness and sorrow passed away; death itself died, when he said, "Behold, I make all things new." We live in a sad world, sadder than I ever dreamed in my youth could come to pass. It takes but a dull ear to hear the lamentation of the Rachels in many lands, weeping for their children. Oh, my brethren, what a broken-hearted, disordered, perplexed world has come from the mechanism of organized processes! How can we help it? Not by force of arms, and not by argumentation. What the world needs is that great power that comes from on high, that would dry all tears from its face and give it life,and life more abundant through Jesus Christ our Lord. It needs the power of God unto salvation which is the saving Gospel of Christ crucified, lived and proclaimed by a crucified church. That and that alone will promote the heavenly Kingdom of our Lord which is not of this world and which can not be promoted by any earthly force whatsoever.

Eight Thousand Lepers Under the Stars and Stripes

By MR. WILLIAM M. DANNER,
General Secretary, The American Mission to Lepers.

Not long ago a man in California said that he did not know there were twenty-five lepers in the world. He said further "I have never given the leper any consideration." He was amazed to learn that there were thirty-one in his own state and that the number of lepers in the world is estimated conservatively at two million—one person out of every seven hundred and fifty. Many people are just as surprised as the Californian to find out the magnitude of the leper problem.

There are more than 8,000 leper patients in the United States and its possessions. Probably at least 1,000 of these, possibly double this number, are living in the United States proper. The new Federal Marine Hospital No. 66 at Carville, Louisiana, has room now for 400, which will soon be crowded to capacity. 5,500 lepers on Culion Island in the Philippines comprise the largest colony in the world. 600 are under the stars and stripes in Hawaii on the island of Molokai. In Porto Rico and Panama only a fraction of the leper population is receiving medical attention through the hospitals there which are under territorial government control.

The first comprehensive effort in behalf of lepers in the United States was in 1911, when, under the direction of the American Mission to Lepers, an investigation disclosed the fact that there were one or more lepers in thirty-two states of the Union. In numerous cases leper patients were treated with inexcusable hysteria, and with an unsympathetic, even inhuman indifference to their needs. In only two states was there any systematic policy regarding the care needed by these unfortunate ones. Even the few existing state institutions were constantly obliged to campaign for help from their state legislatures. In the Massachusetts colony, where the number of patients was small, more generous provision for their comfort was possible. In Louisiana, not only were the buildings inadequate, but the needs of these sick people even for food and clothing were not always properly met.

To correct this unfortunate national situation, political, civic and religious organizations, led by the Mission to Lepers, united in a campaign which culminated in the passage of Bill No. 3078 providing an

initial federal appropriation of $250,000 for grounds and buildings. This amount was soon found to be utterly inadequate. In 1923 Senator Ransdell, of Louisiana, introduced another Bill in the Senate which authorized a much needed additional appropriation of $650,000. This Bill was also introduced in the House and then a long contest was started. Congress was seeking ways and means to reduce appropriations. Again the Mission to Lepers was asked to help. Thanks to the excellent work done in the House by Hon. R. N. Elliott, of Indiana, and in the Senate by Hon. Joseph Ransdell, of Louisiana, aided by hosts of friends far and near who joined in prayer to God and in messages to Senators and Congressmen urging support of the Bill, it was unanimously passed. After the first appropriation was made available, a Commission including four doctors and the General Secretary, was appointed to find a location where the neighborhood would be friendly to the idea of bringing together leper people from thirty-two states in the new Federal Hospital. The objections raised in many quarters over certain very suitable sites, caused the Commission great difficulty and led to the selection of the state leper hospital in Louisiana as the logical headquarters for the federal institution. This is a four hundred acre tract of land on the east bank of the Mississippi river with open space on three sides. Here the immediate neighbors and people of Louisiana were most considerate and welcomed the proposed arrangement. The plant purchased, Dr. O. E. Denney, whose successful administration of the Philippine Leper Colony was well known, was called home to undertake the task of organizing, equipping and directing the new enterprise. It was wisely decided that the new colony should be called not "Hospital for Lepers" or "Leprosarium," but just "Hospital No. 66," a place where leper people are treated as human beings and given a chance to get well.

In some cases leprosy patients are being paroled, free to mingle safely with their friends again, owing to the successful use of the chaulmoogric treatment developed through the excellent research of men trained in American Universities. The physical welfare of the patients is the constant care of the resident physicians. There are also weekly visits of specialists for eye, ear, nose and throat disorders. A resident dentist has now been appointed as well, a fact which will bring comfort to the patients whose care in this regard has been neglected, in some cases, for years.

From the very outset Dr. Denney recognized his patients as possessed of spirit and mind, as well as body. Realizing from long experience that sometimes they suffer even more from homesickness than from leprosy, he has administered a policy calculated to include

all needs—social, intellectual and physical. Entertainments, social functions, moving pictures, together with special services are provided at irregular intervals as well as on particular occasions to keep the colony in good spirits. Current news is brought to the patients by a weekly "Current Events" evening. Tri-weekly community "Sing Songs" in which the staff representatives participate as well, contribute to the homelike atmosphere in this colony of isolated humanity.

During the years in which the Louisiana Leper Hospital was state property and controlled locally, the Catholics were represented by a resident priest and a commodious chapel. The Protestants, with a smaller number of adherents to their faith, had no religious center until the Mission to Lepers led in the movement to build a small frame building where visiting ministers from New Orleans and Baton Rouge might hold occasional services.

With the advent of the federal administration and the consequent increase in the population of Hospital No. 66, there was an immediate necessity for the employment of a Chaplain who should give full time service to the spiritual life of the community, as well as contribute to the social and educational activities. During the past two years Dr. Henry Cousins has been a resident pastor, but on account of ill health he has been obliged to resign this post. To fill the vacancy, the American Mission to Lepers has just secured a new Chaplain, Dr. W. Myles Phillips, of Scranton, Pennsylvania. The patients and hospital staff, joining in a unanimous invitation, Dr. and Mrs. Phillips enter upon their new work immediately. Dr. Phillips was born in Australia. As a young man he came into active Christian work under one of the Chapman and Alexander campaigns in Sidney. He served a preliminary period of service in the Methodist Church, but coming to the United States in 1917, he entered the Auburn Theological Seminary and in 1919 was ordained as a Presbyterian minister. Mrs. Phillips was born in Texas. She met Dr. Phillips while engaged in war work in the east. She plays both the organ and the piano. In addition to assisting in a pastoral capacity, she will direct the musical activities of the church. Dr. Phillips has resigned the pastorate of the Providence Presbyterian Church in Scranton, which he filled for five years, in order to accept the position as Chaplain of Hospital No. 66. This will involve considerable sacrifice and consecration, but both Dr. and Mrs. Phillips consider it a privilege to take up this new service which they believe offers larger opportunities for rich investment of their lives than any other place.

The dedication of the new Community Church building which is

the fulfillment of three years' effort on the part of friends of the American Mission to Lepers, will occur during the close of 1924. The erection of the church, under the direction of the government architect for the hospital, has cost $51,800. Some $18,000 more is needed to complete the fund. Hearing of this, the lepers in the colony at Chiengmai, Siam, took up a collection out of their pitiful earnings and sent $39.00 for the building fund.

The government provides a house for the chaplain and his wife, and "rations for the Chaplain." The salary of the Chaplain is covered by funds secured as a special contribution through the cooperation of the Women's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This Society is the only Mission Board of any denomination appropriating funds to aid in the work for lepers, either in this country or in other lands. It is interesting to note that this Home Missionary Society of women sought the opportunity to provide the salary of a Chaplain without respect to denomination, and made his service available for this interdenominational work for lepers.

Under the stars and stripes this federal institution is to be an example that may be followed by many other nations. What America is doing for her lepers in Hospital No. 66, in Hawaii and in the Philippines, where for more than fifteen years the policy of segregating lepers has been followed, the Mission to Lepers hopes ultimately to see accomplished in all parts of the world. Not only is sentiment growing in the United States and her island possessions toward humane treatment of all leper people, but in other countries local gifts and government grants show an awakened sense of responsibility. A remarkable demonstration of this fact was the response to Governor Wood's request for gifts for the Philippine leper settlement. Many tons of useful articles have been contributed in Manila and the effort to raise two hundred thousand pesos is sponsored by Philippine residents, national and foreign. The Governor has also interested himself in the purchase of three tons of chaulmoogra, making it possible for thirty-six hundred patients to take the treatment.

The influences of the Mission to Lepers are at work in all parts of the world in which it is seeking to accomplish four objectives:—

1. To preach the Gospel to the lepers.
2. To relieve their dreadful suffering.
3. To supply their simple wants.
4. Finally to rid the world of leprosy.

The cooperation of Christian and humane people everywhere is asked on behalf of the lepers for three reasons:

1. Our sympathy should be challenged because the lepers are suffering human beings.

2. Our thrift should be challenged because of the economic loss and the added burden to society of two million sick people.

3. Our Christianity should be challenged because the Master said, "Cleanse the lepers."

The growth of The Mission to Lepers covers a period of just fifty years, during which the ministry of its work resulted in the care of thousands of lepers and in the stimulation of governments like our own United States, to share through legislation and grants of money in its world objective. Specific participation in this work is quite possible on the part of intelligent citizens everywhere. At Missionary Conference and Religious Assemblies and general church meetings suitable material can be displayed, advertising this work. Striking incidents and stories illustrating the work can always be furnished for speakers who are willing to voice the leper appeal.

The Mission to Lepers has organized the Christian forces with a common purpose. Its program To Rid the World of Leprosy by nation-wide, continent-wide, and world-wide cooperation. The church at large must be interested in this objective. The story should be told in public assemblies and in religious papers as well as the secular press. Efforts are made to encourage volunteer workers rather than to secure paid workers for each field. To work through existing organizations in gathering funds and extending the field of sympathy and interest for lepers is a justified program of Economy. The Mission to Lepers encourages every effort for suitable legislation in the leper's behalf. The necessity for government grants to provide their food, clothing and shelter is now recognized in many lands. The responsibility of religious bodies to give Christian teaching and sympathetic fellowship to these neglected ones should be shared by people of every church.

An Awakening in the Antilles

By REV. PHILO W. DRURY, D. D.,
Editor of the Puerto Rico Evangelico.

It is my privilege to represent Porto Rico where I have labored during the past twenty-three years in the cause of the Master. This island is the most eastern and at the same time the smallest of the group known as the Greater Antilles. It is rectangular in shape, measuring about 36 miles in width by about 100 miles in length. It has a population of 1,300,000, with an average of 360 people to the square mile.

While this is one of the newest mission fields, yet its discovery antedates that of the United States. It was on his second trip to the new world in 1493 that Columbus touched Porto Rico. Ponce de Leon, the searcher of the fountain of youth, was its first governor. Its first church was built in San German in 1537. Yet the island became the victim of the joint oppressive rule of Spain and the Roman Church and for four centuries was held in the slumber of ignorance and superstition and deprived of those blessings and opportunities that make for a people's highest welfare. But in the providence of God a new era dawned for Porto Rico. On the 25th day of July, 1898, General Nelson A. Miles, who was then engaged in the Spanish-American war, entered the harbor of Guanica on the southern coast and took possession of the Island in the name of the United States. He declared the benevolent purpose of the United States in taking this step, assuring the people that their welfare would be foremost in every act of the government.

Shortly after this change of sovereignty the church of Christ, alert to its opportunities, had representatives on the field, and these two powerful factors—a Christian government and a pure religion—began to bear upon the life of the Island, and the changes wrought are worthy of consideration.

There are three propositions of a general character that have been demonstrated by facts that have come under my personal observation in Porto Rico:

1. **The influences of Christian civilization are positive and uplifting.** Under the new form of government with all that this signified, and with the help of the Christian church, varied and abiding results have been brought to pass. After twenty-six years under the new regime it is interesting to study present conditions and contrast them with those that prevailed under the Spanish rule.

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WINONA LAKE, IND.

The material changes are very marked. Exports have increased from $8,500,000 to an average of $150,000,000 annually. Then there were but about 100 miles of good macadamized roads, now there are 1400 miles penetrating into the interior and connecting the principal towns of the Island. Unsanitary conditions have given away to generally healthful conditions so that it is not at all likely that the epidemics so much dreaded in the tropics will visit this Island.

Politically there has been a transition from a monarchial form of government in which the officials were largely appointed by the mother country to a republican form. With the exception of the governor, the auditor, and the commissioner of the interior, the insular officials are in the main elected by the people while a few are appointed by the governor with the "consent and advice of the Senate."

At the time of change of government there was not one building owned by the government devoted to educational purposes and there were only 20,000 children receiving the benefits of the poorly organized and directed schools. Now there are hundreds of modern well-equipped buildings owned by the government which minister to the needs of 225,600 children. There is a number of standard high schools. A university in the process of development already has collegiate and normal departments, as well as of law, pharmacy, agriculture and mechanical arts. Illiteracy has been reduced from 85 to 90 per cent to 55 per cent.

The spiritual results attained while not so extensive as those enumerated already are none the less real. The Protestant churches entering this territory brought a new interpretation of Christianity. Mere form and ceremony had constituted religion for the vast majority of the people, but now it was to be understood as a life generated by contact with the divine and living Christ. This new conception of religion worked marked transformations in the lives of hundreds and thousands of people and a new influence was being transmitted to society. The boys and girls who were members of our Sunday schools twenty years ago have grown to manhood and womanhood, many of whom have established Christian homes where the spirit of Christ rules and the beauty of his presence is seen.

There are now 229 organized Protestant churches in Porto Rico with a membership of 14,000 and there are over 400 Sunday schools with an enrollment approximating 30,000.

These mighty changes that have been effected are not to be attributed wholly to the coming of these new influences, but to them there must be added another essential element, the cooperation and receptivity of the people of Porto Rico.

2. A second proposition demonstrated in Porto Rico is this: **The task of evangelization is essentially a cooperative one.** The churches have a common task, the building up of the Kingdom, and there must be the closest cooperation in its accomplishment. This truth was early learned in the work in Porto Rico. First of all, there was an understanding in reference to territory, and while the plan has not been ideal, yet it has been of untold benefit to the work and with but rare exceptions stands as first agreed upon. Thus each one of the denominations has its specific field for which it is responsible for evangelization and Christian development, and with unflagging devotion they give themselves to their task.

But there is work of a general character on which the denominational agencies can unite, and to this end the Evangelical Union of Porto Rico was organized a number of years ago with which the following denominations are affiliated: Baptist, Congregational, Christian, Disciples of Christ, Methodist Episcopal, Presbyterian and United Brethren. The Union Church of San Juan, the capitol, which serves the American colony, is also affiliated with the Evangelical Union. A union paper is published under the auspices of the Union, and is its official organ. When it speaks it does so largely in the name of united Protestantism in the Island. A union printing plant and bookstore are also maintained.

A union theological seminary, known as the Evangelical Seminary of Porto Rico, is also fostered by the Union. Professors from four denominations constitute the faculty. Among the fine young men who compose the student body are not only Porto Ricans but also students from Venezuela and the Dominican Republic. Graduates from the Seminary are occupying the leading pastorates in Porto Rico, while others are laboring successfully in Cuba, the Dominican Republic and New York.

In the Summer Conference, where about 200 workers gather annually at the Polytechnic Institute in San German for inspirational meetings, in a social purity campaign, in evangelical campaigns and in other united movements, there has been that same cordial spirit of cooperation that has yielded splendid results. Plans are now being made for a social and economic survey which will uncover unwholesome conditions and will doubtless discover adequate remedies.

One of the most interesting campaigns that have been waged was that in reference to prohibition. In 1917, when a new constitution of a more liberal type was given to Porto Rico, in which American citizenship was conferred upon the residents of the Island, an opportun-

ity was offered for voting on prohibition. The Protestant forces were recognized as the foremost leaders in the campaign and after a most intense struggle, prohibition won by a majority of almost 40,000. The Roman Catholic church had bitterly opposed the measure.

Last November, when we were observing the 25th anniversary of the beginning of evangelical work in the Island, a pageant was given in the theater in Ponce before a gathering of over 1500 persons. In this was depicted the beginnings and development of the work with the gathering of adherents, the organization of churches, the preparation of workers, the distribution of the Bible, the establishment of the medical, educational, publication and social work as well as other activities, and it was shown that a comprehensive well coordinated program had been formulated and was being executed through cooperation. The effect of this large united work was electrifying.

Three other denominations—the Lutheran, Christian and Missionary Alliance and the Episcopal—are also laboring in Porto Rico and making their contributions to Kingdom building.

3. A third proposition is this: **The Christian Church in its normal development comes to a consciousness of its task which it seeks to accomplish.** It accepts the program of Christ to witness in Jerusalem, in Judea, in Samaria and to the uttermost parts of the world.

The church in Porto Rico has been no exception to this rule. First of all there has been the effort to intensify the spiritual life of the church, make it a force in the community and place it on the way to self support. While self support is quite remote it is gratifying to state that last year the contributions of the churches almost reached the sum of $70,000.

There has also been the projection of the work in the Island. Churches have assumed the responsibility of directing the work in nearby communities, furnishing the material as well as the personal element necessary for that. At least 50 chapels in rural districts have been constructed with funds contributed by the native churches.

The work of Kingdom building has transcended the shores of Porto Rico and has reached the neighboring island where the Dominican Republic is found. This is our Samaria. Here was a people with the same language, and more or less the same traditions and customs, but practically without the knowledge of the Gospel. Then there were Porto Ricans in rather large numbers in the Republic, most of whom knew nothing about the Gospel. These conditions constituted an urgent call to "come over and help us." As a result a board was organized in Porto Rico for the propagation of the Gospel

in Santo Domingo. The native churches began to gather funds and the first missionary was sent over—a devoted Porto Rican. Plans were being pushed for sending additional missionaries, when word was received from representatives of the boards in New York asking that we delay our plans inasmuch as they thought it possible to help in the enterprise. The result was that a Board for Christian Work in Santo Domingo was formed with representation of five mission boards, and under this new board work was begun in 1920. Porto Rico made a very real contribution to the work there by releasing three of its best ministers representing three denominations. At a later period the churches of Porto Rico contributed the sum of $3000 to help in the opening up of much needed medical work. Contributions continue to be sent to the Republic, and Porto Rico is now considering a plan, which if executed, will enable the workers in Santo Domingo to enter a territory which is entirely virgin so far as the preaching of the Gospel is concerned. At the present time an evangelistic campaign is being conducted in the Republic by the Rev. H. Strachan, assisted by several Porto Rican ministers.

A leading Porto Rican worker ably assisted in an evangelistic campaign in Venezuela a year ago and calls have come from Colombia for this same help.

Persistent calls have come to Porto Rico for help in agriculture, in education and in religion. Some have been responded to, but many necessarily have been passed by. But the fact remains that Porto Rico because of its strategic location and because of its peculiar advantages, being the meeting ground of Saxon and Latin civilizations, has opportunities not enjoyed by other countries—opportunities fraught with tremendous responsibilities. May Porto Rico recognize these opportunities as God-given and make its contribution to the bringing in of the Kingdom.

Last January the Rev. Dr. S. G. Inman, executive secretary of the Committee on Cooperation in Latin America, after a visit to Porto Rico and a study of the work there, made the following statement: "We have come away from the few days' visit to Porto Rico feeling that twenty-five years of missionary work in the Island have been among the most remarkable victories accomplished in the history of the Christian church from the days of Pentecost. If any one is doubtful or pessimistic or disturbed in his faith concerning the power of the Gospel, let him come to Porto Rico and see what it has done in this quarter of a century."

As we consider what God has wrought, let us thank God and take courage.

The Pocket Testament League

By REV. HENRY N. FAULCONER, D. D.,
Field Secretary of the National Business Men's Pocket Testament League.

Between seven and eight years ago Mr. Charles M. Alexander visited the city of Philadelphia and organized what is known as the Business Men's Council of the Pocket Testament League.

The first duty of this Council at that time was to give Testaments to the soldier boys. After the war was over this body of Christian business men determined to carry on the work in the fields of Industry and in the last three or four years they have given out 275,000 Testaments. They have had a large number of conversions. One Methodist Church in the city of Philadelphia received 155 men into its membership as the result of this work.

The Lord laid upon the hearts of these same business men to give this work to the world. They have employed two National Field Secretaries, H. N. Faulconer and W. W. Shannon, whose business it is to go into all the cities and organize local Councils, composed of men of all the different denominations.

The Philadelphia Council has met every Thursday at a luncheon in the Wanamaker Store for the past seven years. It is beautiful to see the Christian fellowship that exists among them.

There have been four Councils organized in the past few months that are now doing great work. One in Columbus with D. R. Falkenberg as local Secretary; one in Baltimore, Lawrence B. Greenwood, Secretary; one in Wheeling, W. Va., W. W. Ware, Secretary; and one in Detroit with Reid N. Radford, Secretary. These four Councils with our home Council are now giving out Testaments at the rate of 150,000 a year. We hope in another year to have Councils sufficient to distribute 500,000 Pocket Testaments free.

There is no way of reaching the men outside of the churches that compares to this. Any one desiring fuller information would do well to address the National Business Men's Pocket Testament League, 803 Banker's Trust Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

Was Jesus Christ Only a Man?

By REV. FRANK M. GOODCHILD, D. D.,
Pastor Central Baptist Church, New York City.

I should hesitate to ask this question, "Was Jesus Christ only a man?" except that Jesus Christ himself did so. He said to his followers, "What think ye of Christ? Whose son is he?" He was willing to submit himself to examination. And so we have his own approval as we look at the foundations of our faith today and see whether our belief in the Divine Sonship of our Lord is warranted.

First of all, I wish to say that there never was such profound interest in the person of Jesus Christ as there is today. Some years ago, Hall Caine, who was then the most popular and the most capable of English novelists, declared that he hoped soon to write a life of Jesus Christ, and he gave as his reason that "Jesus Christ is the one person in whom everybody is interested." Professor Benjamin Jowett, who made Plato accessible to English readers, said that that tremendous work was but a preparation for one still greater. He said that he hoped to follow it with a study of the life of Jesus Christ answering in that study the question that Christ asked about himself on the hillside near Samaria. The greater work, alas, never was finished. While he was busy on it Professor Jowett passed away.

I suppose that Adolph Harnack may be esteemed the greatest historian of the Christian Church who has arisen during the last fifty years. His class room in Berlin was crowded with European and American students. When he lectured, not only students but merchants and bankers and statesmen thronged the hall and stood about the walls to listen. And yet Harnack had but one theme, and that was Jesus Christ, the times in which he lived and the influence he exerts on humanity. Harnack began his book on the "Beginnings of the Christian Church," by quoting John Stuart Mill's remark that mankind cannot be too often reminded that there was once a man by the name of Socrates. That is true, said the great German thinker, but it is vastly more important to remind men again and again that a man named Jesus Christ once stood among them. And then he went on to show that Christ's coming into the world changed the whole intellectual and moral landscape of the world and gave to men a new map of the soul. From the time when Jesus Christ on the hillside in northern Palestine asked his disciples "Who say ye that I am?" his

personality has been the most interesting in the world, and never was he more highly esteemed than he is today. I think we may say that men are fairly unánimous today in acknowledging the matchless beauty of Christ's character and the matchless charm of Christ's teaching. The man who feels no interest in Jesus Christ today has lagged behind thinking men.

When Jesus Christ asked this question about himself so many hundreds of years ago two distinct opinions about Him were held. The disciples said that the people whom they heard speak about their Master said that he was one of the old prophets come back to the world—that is, they thought He was a man, one of the greatest of men, greater than any other man of that time, a man so great that He must have been imported into that time from some other and better age than theirs, but still He was only a man. They thought Him a man who brought a message from the other world but still He was nothing but a man. But when Jesus Christ asked that little group of men who had lived with Him and who knew Him better than any one else in the world, what they thought about Him, the one who always was the spokesman for the rest, said promptly, "Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God." And from that day to this there have been only those two opinions about Jesus Christ.

It may seem as though there has been a great variety of opinions about Jesus Christ. But really all the opinions men have held about Him are reducible to those two. One side says, "He was a man, a very great man, a very good man, greater and better than any other the world ever will know, but still He was only a man." The other side says, "He was more than man. He was the Son of God; the King of Israel; God manifest in the flesh; unapproached from the beginning of the world, unapproachable to the end of the world. Immanuel! God with us!"

I have spoken of the universal admiration that Jesus Christ commands today. But many of those who admire Christ have a very inadequate conception of Him. Ralph Waldo Emerson sang a verse like this

> "I am the owner of the sphere,
> Of the seven stars and the solar year,
> Of Caesar's hand and Plato's brain,
> Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain."

There they are you see—Caesar, Plato, Jesus, Shakespeare, all standing on the same level. Men of genius, men of superlative power, but nothing but men after all. Set over against such a statement as that the words of Charles Lamb. He said "If Shakespeare should enter

the room we should stand in his presence. If Jesus Christ should come in, we should fall on our knees and kiss the hem of His garment."

Now to be sure there is a great difference between men simply as men. That phrase "only a man" may describe one who is worthy of all the reverence we can command. We say "only a man" but after all that may mean a great deal. There are men and men. Some men seem below the brutes. But there are other men who seem close to the angels. And that one word includes all sorts. It includes John Wilkes Booth who is beyond any words of detestation that our lips can frame, and it includes also Abraham Lincoln who was so exalted a character that in less than fifty years after his death he was seen to be beyond any words of praise we can bestow upon him. The same word includes such a man as Voltaire whose stationery is said to have borne the words "Crush the wretch," referring to Jesus Christ, and it includes also such a man as John Wesley, who tirelessly roamed over England and America that he might bring the light of hope and peace into the lives of men who were little cared for by the rest of the world. It includes on the one hand, Judas Iscariot, who sold his Lord for the price of a common slave, and on the other hand it includes such a man as Paul, who so loved his Lord that he had no desire except to please Him. There is an unspeakable difference between men in moral stature. And yet the difference between the best of men and Jesus Christ is so immeasurable that compared with Him all who are merely men stand on the same level. The men who know Jesus Christ best perceive something in Him that puts a hush into their tones and reverence into their attitude when He approaches.

No doubt the first thing to do in forming an opinion about Jesus Christ is to discover what He said of Himself. And no one can read the words of Jesus Christ without seeing that He made tremendous claims for Himself. He separated Himself from other men by such a challenge as this, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" and by such a declaration as this, "I am from above. You are from beneath." He claimed authority over men. Without any hesitation he declared that men ought to render Him obedience. He said, "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." And again He said, "Why call ye me Lord and do not the things which I say?" And yet while he claimed authority over men He said that He was meek and lowly in heart. But if He had no rightful authority over men He was not only not meek and lowly in heart, but He was the most arrant egotist the world ever has known. He put himself above the Bible. The Scriptures were reverenced then as no one reverences them now.

They were studied with microscopic care. Every bit of every letter, the dot over an I and the crossing of a T were looked upon as divinely inspired. Some one has said, and justly said, that even the fly specks on the documents of Scriptures were regarded with reverence. We hardly can conceive how holy the Scriptures were to the ancient Jew. And yet Christ said again and again as he quoted from these Scriptures, "It is written thus and so, but I say unto you so and so." And so the people were astonished at His teaching because He taught them as one having authority in himself and not as the scribes who taught by quotation from other authorities. The Jews reverenced the Sabbath, but Christ said "The Son of Man is Lord of the Sabbath." He set himself above Abraham. "Before Abraham was, I am," He said. Abraham had been dead eighteen hundred years but Christ declared that He existed before that. He set himself above Solomon. "A greater than Solomon is here," He said. He declared that David, the idol of the nation, called him Lord. He said that by and by He is to judge all men. "Many will say unto me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name done many wonderful works?" and then He declares that He would say "Depart from me, I never knew you." He said that He was so identified with the Father that any one who had seen him had seen the Father. He said that men should worship Him—"All men should honor the Son even as also they honor the Father. He that honoreth not the Son honoreth not the Father." He declared that He was omnipotent. "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth," He said. He clamed to be omnipresent. He said "Wheresoever two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them," and again "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

Those are very great claims surely. Indeed there is absolutely nothing beyond them. The Jews were entirely right when they declared that he made himself equal with God. And if what he said was not true the Jews were entirely right in putting him to death. In doing that they were simply doing what the law that God gave them commanded them to do. I do not see how men can express admiration for Jesus as the purest, wisest and best of men, and stop with that. He was either more than that or he was less than that.

That peerless preacher, Richard Fuller, was right when he said that either Jesus Christ was God's Son or he was a liar and an im postor. He was in the pulpit when he said that. He was preaching on the deity of Christ. In the midst of his sermon he suddenly stopped and looked up to heaven for a moment and said very solemnly,

"Oh Saviour, forgive me if in order to expose impiety which seeks to tarnish thy name, I stain my lips with language which my soul abhors," and then looking at the people he said "If Jesus Christ was only a mortal he was not the purest and best, but he was the worst of men—He was the most presumptuous of impostors—he was a systematic blasphemer—and as God has made blasphemy a capital crime, the Jews did right to condemn and crucify him." Richard Fuller was right. There is no escape from his conclusion. Jesus Christ made such exalted claims for himself that if they were not true, I have no respect for him. If he was not the Son of God in such a sense as no one else is, he was the most colossal impostor the world has known. There are some men in our pulpits today and in our schools, who speak of Jesus Christ as only a man, and yet call themselves "advanced thinkers." Advanced thinkers indeed! Why should a man call himself an advanced thinker, when in his thinking he has not advanced a single inch beyond the notions held by the mob that hooted at Jesus Christ as he hung on the cross nineteen hundred years ago. They believed that Jesus Christ was only a man. These men of whom I speak believe no more than that.

Richard Watson Gilder, a gentle soul, one time editor of the Century Magazine wrote

"If Jesus Christ is a man
And only a man, I say
That of all mankind I will cleave to him,
And to him I will cleave alway."

Now I can conceive that a man who had heard Jesus Christ speak and was bewildered about him might use such words as that. I can see how a man who had not read the New Testament might cherish such ideas. But having read my New Testament and knowing what Jesus Christ claimed for himself, I confess I cannot say that. If Jesus Christ is only a man his testimony concerning himself is not true, and I must have a more trustworthy guide and helper than he. But Mr. Gilder goes on to say

"If Jesus Christ is a God
And the only God, I swear,
I will follow him through heaven and hell,
The earth, the sea, and the air."

Those words satisfy the hearts of all who know and love the Saviour.

Add to the claims of Jesus Christ for himself the testimony of those who stood nearest to him. They not only understood clearly what he said about himself, but they expressly acknowledged the truth of his claims. Peter said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the

living God." He put it more positively than that. He said, "We believe and are sure that thou art that Christ the Son of the living God." Thomas, the skeptic among the twelve, fell at his feet and said "My Lord and my God." John said as he concluded his account of the life of Jesus, "These things are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God." Paul says that "every tongue shall confess that Jesus is Lord to the glory of God the Father," and that "at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow of those in heaven and those in earth." That is, all heaven as well as all earth must fall on its knees in worship of Jesus Christ. The prophets and patriarchs will fall on their knees, the apostles on their knees, the angels and archangels on their knees! Before whom? A man only? No, no, that cannot be. Only God can receive such homage as that. And when John got a glimpse of what was really going on in heaven he found that what Paul had anticipated was true. He saw all heaven doing honor to Jesus Christ and singing his praises. Countless multitudes were there, a multitude that no man could number, all worshiping him whom some today call only a man.

And the whole course of human history since Christ came into the world has proved the truth of his claims. Gamaliel was right when he said "If this counsel or this work be of men it will come to nought; but if it be of God ye can not overthrow it." And now for nineteen hundred years the claims of Jesus Christ have been before the world. Sect after sect has arisen that has looked on Jesus Christ as a leader and teacher, a good and great man, but only a man. And those sects never have grown. About a hundred years ago the Congregationalists of New England split into two parts. One denied the deity of Christ, the other still worshiped Jesus Christ as Lord and loved him as Saviour. Those who denied Christ's deity had most of the wealth and learning. They kept the meeting houses and church endowments. They had such leaders as William E. Channing, Theodore Parker, and James Freeman Clarke. They were supported by that brilliant group of literary men, Emerson, Longfellow and Oliver Wendell Holmes. All the advantages seemed to be with them. One would have supposed that they would have won the free people of this land to their position. No. they did not. They have not greatly grown in all these years. Those who have held to the higher conception of our Lord's character have grown to be a great army of 900,000 people, and those who regard Jesus Christ as only a man are still a little company of about 100,000 in all this great land. In their Sunday Schools those who deny Christ's deity have only 20,240

pupils while the wing that worships Christ as Lord have in their Sunday Schools a great army numbering 779,753. Even in Boston the Unitarians have stood still. So they do everywhere. While the Baptists and the Methodists and the Presbyterians and others who have always held to the simplicity of the gospel message that makes Christ all in all have grown to a combined army of twenty millions of people in this country alone. If we may judge of a message by the way it wins a response from the human heart unquestionably it is true that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. As Coelridge so acutely put it, "It finds us." Reviewing the testimony of history we may say that nineteen centuries have passed away since Christ ascended into heaven, and all of them have put a crown on the head of our Lord, and have bowed the knee to him.

It is highly significant, too, that many of those who tried most strenuously to put aside the claims of Christ have ended by practically acknowledging them. David Friedrich Strauss, the German rationalist, did his best to reduce Christ to the level of other men. He declared the wonderful stories about him to be nothing but myths. But when he had done all that he could, he said "Christ remains the highest model of religion within reach of our thought, and no perfect piety is possible without his presence in the heart." William Lecky, the British historian, was an avowed rationalist, and yet in his History of European Morals he says, "It was reserved for Christianity to present to the world an ideal character, which through all the changes of nineteen hundred years has inspired the hearts of men with an impassioned love; has shown itself capable of acting on all ages, nations, temperaments and conditions; has been not only the highest pattern of virtue, but the strongest incentive to its practice, and has exercised so deep an influence that it may truly be said that the simple record of those three short years of active life has done more to regenerate and soften mankind than all the disquisitions of philosophers, and all the exhortations of moralists." The unbelieving French rationalist, Ernst Renan, after doing his utmost to distort the facts of Christ's life, burst out in an almost Christian rhapsody and said "Whatever be the surprises of the future, Jesus will never be surpassed. His worship will grow young without ceasing. His story will call forth tears without end. His sufferings will melt the noblest hearts. All ages will proclaim that among the sons of men there is none born greater than Jesus." At the beginning of His life wise men came from the east seeking the infant Christ. At the end of His life, some Greeks came from the west saying, "We would see Jesus." And ever since, from the north and the south, from the east and the

west, men have been making their way to Jesus Christ, and finding in Him all that their hearts need. He is far and away the most attractive person in all history. He is the dream of prophets, the theme of poets, the ideal of philosophers, the inspiration of artists, the hope and comfort of needy men and women. There is nothing that suggests a parallel to him anywhere . There is no duplicate of His character. He stands absolutely alone in His divine perfections. Never man spake like this man, and never man lived like this man His purity is spotless. His gentleness is ineffable. His power to save is undeniable. His glory is as far beyond the glory of all others as the sun is superior to the mingled light of all the stars that fade away when the king of day appears.

And the validity of the claims of Jesus Christ is still being demonstrated. Wherever men have gone carrying the good news about the Saviour men have yielded to his power. One morning the disciples came to Jesus and said, "Master all men seek thee." That soon will be true of all the world. Soon we shall be able to look up gratefully to heaven and say "Dear Lord, all men seek thee." Japan is turning to Christ today. The nation that once required all who stepped from a vessel to her shore to trample the cross of Christ under their feet ,is now lifting the cross on high. China is awaking from the sleep of centuries. She is carefully studying Christian things, and recent years have added many Chinese names to the list of those who were willing to suffer death and shame for Jesus' sake. India is multiplying converts, and really India is held in the British Empire today by her deepening faith in Jesus Christ. Africa too, dark too long, is stretching out her hands towards the light that is in Christ. Already all over the world our Lord is the center of adoring millions, the joy of unnumbered hearts. Each year more men acknowledge that He is the only hope of this world for which He shed His precious redeeming blood. The day is not far distant when Christ's claims will be fully vindicated, and the great prophecy be fulfilled that says He will be supreme from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth.

But the absolutely conclusive testimony to the divinity of Jesus Christ is found in what He has done for each one of us in the renewing of our hearts. There is no more positive proof than experience furnishes. That plain man was entirely right, who on being asked what proof he had that Jesus Christ is divine said "Bless your heart He saved my soul!" There is no other means that men know anything about by which the drunkard can be made sober, the debauchee be made pure, and the liar be made truthful. The

power of Jesus Christ can do that. So that each one of us whose heart has been made new by Christ's power has within himself the witness of the Spirit that Jesus Christ is the Son of God.

There is a tale that the ancients used to tell that speaks of Jupiter having a golden chain which at any time he could let down from heaven, and by it draw the earth and all its people to himself. What the ancient heathen saw dimly we see clearly. Jesus Christ is the golden chain let down from heaven once for all by which God is drawing the world to Himself. There is in Jesus Christ a sweet lowliness, an enticing gentleness, a divine graciousness, that few men are able to resist if they will but look at them. To be able to resist the influence of Jesus Christ you must get away from His presence. You must stop your ears to His word. You must shun the company of His people. You must take yourself away from all those who have in any way felt His power. So long as you listen to their testimony you cannot but believe. Take their testimony now. Ask them the question that Jesus Christ Himself propounded, "What think ye of Christ, whose son is he?" Is he son of man only or son of God? Ask the star that stood over His birthplace. Ask angels that announced His birth in song. Ask His mother, Mary, who knew the secrets of His birth and who hid all the wise sayings of His childhood in her heart. Ask the waves of Galilee that tossed mountain high and became smooth as a sea of glass when He bade them be still. Ask the lepers whom He cleansed, the blind to whom He gave sight, and the deaf whom He enabled to hear. Ask the dead whom He raised and the bereaved to whom He restored their dear ones. Ask the sun which at midday drew a thick veil over its face out of shame for the men who murdered their Redeemer. Ask the dead who burst the bonds of the grave when He, the Lord of life, died. Ask them, "Is He the Son of God?" And there breaks forth a unanimous reply, "Aye, aye, He is the Son of God." The flowers breathe it. The stars flash it forth. The redeemed celebrate it. The angels rise from their thrones to announce it. Oh men and women, do not doubt it. Let no IF be in your hearts today. Say frankly and honestly to yourself and to your neighbor, "He is the Son of God." May you feel it thoroughly, in every fibre of your body, with every faculty of your mind, with all the energy of your soul. Living may you rejoice in it. Dying may you pillow your head on its blessed consolations. Entering the other world may you find yourself ready to join at once in the song that proclaims Him King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

Primitive Evangelism

By REV. FRANK M. GOODCHILD, D. D.

The history of the Christian Church is the history of evangelism. Without evangelism there would be no story of the church to tell. The Church was born in an evangelistic effort. When the fires of evangelistic zeal have glowed, the church has made conquests. When they have died down Christianity has languished. Genuine evangelistic fervor, possessing the whole church, nothing can withstand. Indifference melts away before it. The stubbornness of rationalism yields to its demonstration of power as to nothing else. And a world that is dead in trespasses and sins awakens to new life under its more than human might.

But usually when we utter the word evangelism there comes before our minds the picture of great throngs of people held by the spell of some impassioned pleader. It brings before us a vision of Peter standing in the midst of that vast crowd in which were mingled people of every nation under heaven, preaching that sermon which Bengel said had a sting in its tail, so that when Peter finished, men were pricked in their hearts, and cried out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" We see the wandering preachers of the Middle Ages, like Era Rocco, preaching to great crowds of the Saxons and swaying them by the tide of their emotions as a tempest shakes a field of wheat. Or we see Savonarola giving the same message of a crucified Christ in Florence, and though nature had withheld from Savonarola almost all the gifts of the orator, when he had a theme like this, he swayed men at will. So pathetic, so melting, so resistless was his story that the reporter stopped his work and wrote under his last words by way of apology, "At this point sorrow and weeping came upon me so that I could go no further." Or we see John Wesley taking to the fields and by his preaching so changing and redeeming the common people of England that Britain was saved from the bloody revolution into which France was plunged. Or we see George Whitefield with marvellous voice preaching in the open air to thirty thousand people and making them hear—and hear to such purpose that even the thrifty Benjamin Franklin on the outskirts of the crowd was moved to give, and having no money with him sought to borrow from a Quaker who stood by, the Quaker answering, "Benjamin, I would lend thee ordinarily all thou wouldst ask, but

not now for thou art beside thyself." Or we think of Jonathan Edwards, leader of the Great Awakening, preaching with such power that his auditors held on to the arms of the pews to keep their feet from slipping into hell. Or we think of Charles G. Finney, whose appearance in the pulpit before he had spoken a word was sufficient to bring such conviction of sin to some that they fell to the floor suffering distress of mind and violent paroxysms of body—Charles G. Finney, out of whose evangelistic work came such notable institutions as the Broadway Tabernacle of New York City, and Oberlin College in Ohio. Or we think of Charles H. Spurgeon, with a voice like a silver trumpet, sounding out this mighty message from his pulpit in London for forty years, while all the world listened in. Or we think of Dwight L. Moody, whose prayers to God and pleadings with men swept tens of thousands into the kingdom of God in Great Britain and America. And time would fail me to speak of Torrey and Gypsy Smith, of Billy Sunday and Sam Jones, and a multitude of others well known and little known, who have faithfully preached the Word, and through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, out of weakness were made strong.

But it is not of these mass movements in evangelistic work that I wish to speak today. Such movements are rare, and efforts to bring them about usually fail. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth. So is every one that is born of the Spirit." The primitive method of evangelism when diligently used brings a thousand to Christ for every one who responds to the appeal of a sermon no matter by whom preached. The primitive method of evangelism was instituted by our Lord himself, and was intended by Him to be universal. It was the method of reaching one man by the personal appeal of some other man. The Lord himself set the example. He found Andrew, and Andrew went out and found Peter. Christ found John and John went out and found James. Christ found Philip and Philip went out and found Nathanael. Christ found the woman of Samaria, and lo, she went out and told a host of her friends, and the whole town came out to ask Him to be their guest. Christ found and healed that luckless wretch, the demoniac who dwelt among the tombs, and when the healed man begged that he might go with the Saviour He said, "No, no, no! go home and tell—tell how great things the Lord has done for you." It is a singular thing that in almost all of these instances the command is to tell the good news to one's home folks. Andrew and John found their own brothers. Philip found his friend.

The Samaritan woman found her intimate associates. The freed demoniac went to his home folks. That is as it should be.

And yet it is in our homes that some of us find it hardest to confess our obligations to Jesus Christ. We can do it elsewhere but at home where we ought to begin we find it practically impossible. But I declare that if I had a brother who was not a Christian I should not want some one else to lead him to Christ. I should wish to do that myself. If I had a child who was not a Christian I should not wish any one else to lead him or her—my child—to the Saviour. I should wish to do that myself. If I were a woman and had an unconverted husband, I should wish to use all the womanly arts I could command to lead my loved one to the feet of Jesus. That supreme service I should wish to render him myself. And if my wife were not a Christian I should not only wish to move her Christward by a consistent life, but by earnest pleadings and the persuasion of tears, I should wish to bring her to Christ, so that being joined together for this life we might have the assurance of being joined together for the life which is to come. I could not live in any sort of happiness from day to day if I thought that when the thread of this life snaps I should be separated from my loved ones forever and ever.

I have heard of a Christian minister who in the first year of his pastorate in a certain church tried to persuade a young mechanic to begin family worship. He did not succeed. One morning the man came to the Pastor's study and said, "My daughter is dead. She died suddenly this morning. She has gone to God I have no doubt. And if so, she will tell Him what I tell you now, that she never heard a prayer in her father's house, never heard a prayer from her father's lips. Oh if I only had her back for one day I should begin to do my duty!" I wonder whether there are any here whose children could say that of them—"I never heard my father pray. I never heard my mother confess her Saviour." Oh men and women, go home, go home, and "tell how great things the Lord hath done for you and hath had compassion on you."

Well, that was the way early Christianity spread. To be sure at Pentecost Peter appealed to the multitude and three thousand were converted simultaneously. But that was not the usual way. That was a solitary instance. Th usual way was for each one to win one. Soon after Pentecost persecution arose and we are told that the members of the Church, except the apostles, were scattered abroad and they went everywhere preaching the Word. The whole church membership except the preachers went out preaching. We who stand in the pulpit sometimes wonder how it is that almost every man

who sits in the pews thinks he knows how to preach, and imagines that he can give the preacher points on how to do his work. But I do not wonder at it. If a man has had an experience of Christ and tells of it—that is the essence of preaching. The trouble is the word PREACH has become a formal word. A man has to be trained to preach, we think. But if you use the word TELL, you put it better. Tell is a simpler word. But after all it means the same thing as preach. The Gadarene demoniac after he was healed was a preacher, no doubt of that. But what he did was simply to tell how great things the Lord had done for him. The man who tells something out of his heart is preaching. The subject matter of preaching is not something in the possession of only a few. Any believer in Christ has it. I know of a boy whose father was anxious to have him enter the ministry. But the boy said one day, "Father, I do not think I could be a preacher." "Why not." said the father. And the boy replied, "Because I should not know what to say." And that is a matter to give one pause. John Bright, England's great orator, once said that he could think of no more terrible task than to have to speak to the same people on the same subject two or three times every week from the beginning of the year to the end. That is the task that presses upon the pastor of a church, not for one year only but often for many years. And yet if a man adheres to the suggestion of the New Testament he need not lack. His subject is as wide as human experience. He is to tell how great things the Lord has done for him.

That was the way the early Church spread. The power of the Church was not in its organization. It had almost no organization. It was not in men who could stand up and speak to a crowd. It was in men who could sit down and talk with another man—with a brother, a neighbor, a friend—about the peace they had found in Jesus Christ. Paul usually preached to a much smaller crowd than any of us pastors have on Sunday evenings. He preached a great deal in houses. It was not by great orations that the early faith was spread, but by simple conversations. Each believer spoke about his faith to the man next to him, just as a forest fire spreads by each tree that is kindled setting fire to the next tree. Men who were thrown into prison told the good news to their jailers; prisoners like Paul told it to the soldiers who were chained to them as guards; servants told it to their masters; women told it to one another; and some were so in love with Jesus Christ that they told His story to anybody who would listen. It does not seem as though that would be a very effective way of spreading a new religious faith all over the world, but it proved the most effective way, and it was possible for

the Apostles in their own time to say that their faith was known to the ends of the world. Great is the power of earnest talk. Men are talked into health by earnest sensible physicians. Men talk themselves rich. Mr. Byran did not talk himself into the Presidency, but he talked himself into the nomination for the Presidency several times.

And happily this is a task that everybody can fulfill. All of us are natural talkers. Some of us are fearful talkers—talking always, day and night, talking even in our sleep. Talking about everything. Oh, if our talking were but consecrated! If we would but talk more about our Saviour. You may be sure of it, there is something wrong with your experience of Christ if you feel no such joy in Him as sends you out to talk of Him to others.

I saw a picture thrown on a screen not long ago in which was shown a man in China who had been blind but who by an operation performed in a Christian hospital had been made to see. The picture showed him bringing five other blind men to the hospital where he had been treated. They were walking in single file, the healed man at the head of the line ,and the other five walking behind, each with a hand on the shoulder of the man in front. I have heard of dogs even that were lame and had their legs mended bringing other dogs that were lame to the place of cure. If I have a serious malady and some physician cures me, I cannot help telling others of his kindness and skill. And if I am sick with a sickness that kills the soul and I am cured of it, how shall I help telling others who are sick in the same way of the Great Physician who healed me?

The men who did so effectually this work of finding others and bringing them to Jesus were no preachers, you know. Afterwards they became preachers. But they were not preachers at the time they did their work of bringing their brothers and friends to Jesus, and they did not use the methods of preachers. They were not trained for Christian work. They had no special equipment. They had spent a night with Jesus and that fired their souls with devotion to Him, that was all. John may have been a genius. But Andrew certainly was not. Andrew never had a very conspicuous place in Christian work. We hear very little about him. He was just an ordinary man who had had a great experience. And this ordinary man was the first to find his brother and bring him to Christ. I suspect that if HE had not brought his brother, John never would have besought his brother. Andrew set the example, John followed it. He said to John the first thing in the morning, "Oh I wish Simon had been here. I must go and find him." And thereupon John said "I must find James." We often think if we had this man's means,

or that man's abiilty, or some other man's opportunity, we could do something worth while. But Andrew was a man without unusual ability, without unusual opportunity. He simply made use of what he had and the world has been better ever since on account of what he did. That is the way the gospel was spread all over the known world by the end of the first century. All who had found Christ told others about Him and brought them to His feet. That is the first impulse of everybody who finds Christ, to tell somebody else about Him. If you do not have that impulse something is wrong. Whenever anything good happens to you, you tell of it. You cannot help it. When your heart is full, your lips speak. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. And when the best of all things happens, you must speak. We sometimes sing

"When Jesus has found you
Tell others the story."

But really that counsel ought not to be needed. If we followed our instinctive impulses we should do that very thing. When Andrew found Christ he did not dream of keeping the great discovery as a secret within himself. His first thought was to tell his brother Simon. He was full of it. He could not keep quiet. His face shone. His eyes were aflame. His voice had the ring of gladness in it. And as soon as morning dawned, out he went to hunt up his brother and make him a sharer in his experience. The day after he was converted, Andrew became a soul winner. And so it was with John.

Men have been much impressed with the growing power of Mohammedanism. The greatest conflict in the world today is not between Germany and the powers that conquered her; not between Russia and the powers that distrust her; but between Mohammedanism and Christianity. And Mohammedanism is spreading with terrible speed because she is doing what Christians have forgotten how to do. Every Mohammedan convert becomes an evangelist. I was struck with this fact when I was in India. Almost every evening you could see Mohammedan men standing on boxes in the streets speaking to the people who gathered, telling them what Islam could do for them, and seeking to win to their faith converts from Christianity and from Hinduism. They were not Mohammedan priests who were doing this work. They were just ordinary Mohammedan believers. In a newspaper published in Lahore not long ago there was given a list of native missionaries of Mohammedanism, and you can find in that list the names of school teachers, government clerks, a dealer in camel carts, a newspaper editor, a bookbinder, and a workman in a printing establishment. They were a group of people just

like the members of any Christian congregation, some of them doing one thing and some of them another to earn their daily bread, and when their day's work is over they go out to use their leisure time in seeking to win converts to their religion. Do you wonder that Mohammedanism is spreading like wlidfire all over Africa, while it holds its own in Asia and we seem unable to thrust it out of Europe?

It was this method of making personal appeals for Christ that Uncle John Vassar used. He was one of the greatest soul winners this country has ever known. He was not a preacher. He told his nephew who was the Pastor of a Church in Dutchess County, N. Y., that he, the nephew, was the shepherd of the sheep, but that he, Uncle John, was only the shepherd's dog running about to drive the sheep in. Uncle John's whole method was to talk to people about the Saviour. Traditions still lingered in that field when I was Pastor there, thirty years after Uncle John trotted about over those roads, of how people used to hide in the barns when they saw him coming because they knew that he would ask them to come to Christ. Once in a hotel parlor in Boston he saw a lady waiting for her husband and he said courteously to her, "Do you love Jesus?" When her husband came she told him about the odd old man who asked about her love for Christ. The husband said brusquely, "Why didn't you tell him to go about his business?" And the wife replied, "Ah, if you had heard him you would have thought he was about his business." And that is right. It was his business and it is ours. We are here on business for our king. When Uncle John was working in the army during the civil war he was taken prisoner by the Confederates. He at once began his usual tactics of appealing personally to the men in the army. And when he was brought before General J. E. B. Stuart, those who were in charge of Uncle John told the General that he had better get rid of the man, send him back into the Union lines, or anywhere else, and one of the men said "If you do not you'll have a prayer meeting all the way from here to Richmond."

It is made too exclusively the business of the pulpit to appeal to men in behalf of Christ. It is the business of every one who knows the Saviour to do that. And the experience you have had, the testimony you can bear, will move some of your associates as no preacher in the world could possibly move them. And there is not a person in any church in the land so poor and so illiterate that he could not go to some one like himself and by saying a few words about God's dealings with him lead his friend or acquaintance to the same fountain of blessedness that is flowing into his own life. You do not need to construct a convincing argument. You yourself will be the argument.

The man who was blind, whom Jesus healed did not know by what process he was healed. He simply said "I was blind. Now I see. And there is the one who did it for me."

Did you ever do any of this work? No? Then you do not know what joy is. Did you ever go hunting—hunting for big game? Do you remember how your heart almost stopped beating when you sighted your quarry, and what satisfaction you felt when your shot brought down your game? But, oh man, the excitement of the chase is nothing compared with the exhilaration there is in hunting a man for Jesus Christ and bringing him to the Master for whom you have taken him.

Did you ever go fishing? Do you remember the thrill that went over you when you saw a flashing leap from the water and felt a pull on your line, and how tense your nerves were during the fight you made to land your fish? But, men and women, that does not deserve to be mentioned alongside of the delight you experience in fishing for souls. You have transports of delight when you catch a man, or a woman, or a child, for your Saviour.

Did your ever sell goods? Do you know what it is to take a big order from a man to whom others could sell nothing—a man whom it was predicted you would fail with? Do you recall the sense of conquest you had when you came back with a bigger order than you dared to hope for? There is a tremendous fascination in business when you are active in it. It has something of the fierce excitement that lures men to the gaming table. It has something of the thrill of battle. I do not wonder that men are devoted to business. There is that in it that enchains the attention, so that I can easily understand men doing business just for the love of business. I know something of what that feeling is. I have felt its power. When I turned my back on business life and determined to go to college and prepare for the ministry it was no easy decision to make. I loved the exhilaration of business deals. I loved it so much that I did not care anything about the hours of work. I worked early and I worked late. I well remember how after I left my old employer to prepare for my life work, he came to see me and begged me to return to him and offered me a written agreement to give me a place in the firm in a year, and he closed his appeal to me by saying, "I must have you. Why," he said calling me by my first name "if you should lead a white elephant into my shop, the last thing in the world I should want, you could sell it to me, and what is more you could make me feel that I had a bargain in it." He could not understand why I should turn my back on a life which he knew I enjoyed for the

ministry. But then you see he did not know the sense of obligation that you and I feel toward Jesus Christ for what He has done for us. And he did not know, poor man, he could not know, that the satisfaction you feel in having won a customer in trade cannot be compared with the fine joy you have in winning a soul for Jesus Christ. There is nothing like it anywhere else. There is fascination in business, there can be no doubt of that. Oh to be sure there are some who find no pleasure in it, but that is because they go to business as Shakespeare says boys go to school, "crawling unwillingly." The secret of success in business is to put yourself into it. You yourself are the best part of your capital. And if you put yourself into your business you find not only profit in it, but pleasure as well, intense pleasure. But then, the pleasure of achievement in business is microscopic compared with the pleasure one can find in winning souls for Jesus Christ.

Christians sometimes act as though the one time of unparalleled joy in their lives was when they found Christ. That is a time of great joy. I do not wonder that people look back to it. We have a right to sing

> "When at first I believed
> What true joy I received,
> What a heaven in Jesus' sweet name."

But let me say clearly that the joy of having found a Saviour yourself, is vastly outdone by the joy of helping some one else to find Christ. And I know. I have tasted them both. And thank God many of you know. For you, too, have tasted them both.

Christian men and women, do you ever say a good word for your Saviour? Do you ever ask people to come to Him? Do you ever ask people to come to your church? A number of people used to work for my church on whom I had no such claim as a Pastor has on his members. One Christian man and woman who sometimes came into my congregation said to a physician in the neighborhood who had lost his wife, "Go to that church and you will find comfort. Sometimes we go there so tired that we hardly hold up our heads and we come away rested and refreshed by what we hear." One little girl who came to our services now and then said to her mother as they were passing our church one Sunday evening. "Mother, come in here tonight. If you would go in there once, you never would go anywhere else." The mother told me of it. She was a Presbyterian, staunch and loyal to her own church, bless her heart, and so she said, "Perhaps, daughter, that is a good reason why I should not go in there this once," and she went on to her own

church. One young woman whose soul was blessed by the sermon one Sunday came back the next Sunday bringing five other young women with her. If all our members did that every church would be overcrowded. Is there somebody here saying that it is the preacher's place to fill the pews? Oh no, it is the preacher's place to fill the pulpit. It is your place to fill the pews. And I will guarantee that if each one of you will let the truth of Christ have free play in your souls for a month, and will tell others what it does for you, you will not have a vacant seat in the church by the end of the month. Let each one win one and you will have a doubled membership in a year. And let that plan be followed another year and your membership will be quadrupled in two years' time—and more than that. For while you each one win one, the influence of your work will spread and many others will come of their own accord.

Andrew brought one soul to Christ, that of Simon his brother. But Simon stood up at Pentecost and three thousand people were converted under his appeal. The one soul that Andrew got that day, ere long brought a great throng. And I cannot help thinking that the three thousand souls converted on the day of Pentecost must be set down to the credit of Andrew who sought out Simon Peter and brought him to Jesus.

And Andrew's experience does not stand alone. There was the case of George Smith, the devoted Moravian. He went as a missionary to Africa. But he was driven away. He had time to lead only one person to the Saviour—a woman. Year after year he used to pray at twelve o'clock every day that God would allow him to go back to Africa. Livingstone was not the only one, nor was he the first one to die on his knees praying for Africa. George Smith died so. One day they found him dead on his knees, with his hands clasped, and his head bowed in prayer. He had died while praying for Africa, his beloved Africa. But though he did not go back his work was not lost. Some time after he left, a company of native men accidentally stumbled upon the place where George Smith used to pray. They found his Bible there. He had left it when driven away. They found near by, his one convert leading the Christian life he had taught her to live, and the testimony of that one woman worked on their hearts and they were brought to Christ. They told others.

> "They told to all the world around
> What a great Saviour they had found."

And the sure results followed, and some years ago it was said that no less than thirteen thousand converts could be traced to that one

man's brief work, that was long enough to win only one convert for Christ.

I knew a bricklayer in Philadelphia, a very ordinary man, who in one year brought fifty men to Christ and into the fellowship of his church. Oh Christian men and women, have you ever won a soul for Jesus Christ by your own personal appeal. What, you never tried? How do you think you will feel when at the last you come up to heaven unaccompanied, all alone, not one person in all the hosts above being there by anything you said for your Saviour? You never tried? What do you think the shining hosts of the redeemed will think of you when they see you coming up alone? What will Jesus Christ, who died for you, think when he sees you coming up alone?

The Unprofitable Servant

By REV. ARTHUR C. HILL, D. D.,
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"We are unprofitable servants"—Luke 17:10.

The claims of God are infinite. When we speak of the moral command, the obligation of duty, we recognize that this is true. There is no such thing as a superfluous duty. A man cannot do more than he ought. The command of duty means that in given circumstances we ought to do what is right. That right may carry us further than we had supposed. We do not always see in the beginning the conclusion to which a course of action will lead. But whatever that end may be, if we have once assured ourselves that it is right, we cannot withdraw from the career chosen with the excuse that we have already done sufficient. There is indeed something immeasurable, infinite, in the idea of the moral command, so that we can never be sure that we have exhausted all its claims on our devotion. What the moralist claims for his idea of duty, the religious man demands for the will of God. Religion gathers up all that is connected with the moral life! And thus we can say that there is no limit to the claims that God may rightfully have on the service of mankind!

Now the need for some such counsel and warning is plain enough. For one of the strong dispositions of mankind is to seek for some kind of mechanical virtue. We love to reduce things to order, to mark off their divisions, to see them confined within due bounds, so that none will intrude upon another. This is part of the desire, prompted by the reasoning faculty of man, to get system and arrangement into life. We like to make our virtue mechanical. This was the distinctive feature of Hebrew religious life, one against which the prophets were ever protesting. It has been noted as one of the marks of Chinese morality. "There is no dream in Chinese thought," says Renan. All is mapped out, the limits are described, the conduct is regulated by quantitative standards. And something of this may be found in our present day thinking. We also are inclined to say of religion that it consists in certain actions, or in the development and expression of particular sentiments. Be kind, sympathetic, charitable, make your conduct agreeable to the claims

of a genial humanism, and nothing more than this can be looked for from any man.

In opposition to that idea, so dear to the mind of the natural man, Jesus comes down upon us with this claim of an infinite moral obligation. We have seen that this is not confined to religion. It belongs to all morality properly understood. A man must be good, not good up to a point, not righteous just so far as it is safe or prudent, or wise according to the world, but good, righteous, according to the mandate of conscience. And in his religious teaching Jesus presses this to the utmost. There is no parity between what God does for us and what we can do for God. We are not to say that because we have been blessed, helped, therefore we will serve the Lord. That is Jacob's way. It is not the method and practise of high and pure religion. God has the right to all our service. His claim is beyond all measure.

Let it not be thought that this is verbal exaggeration. It is grounded on moral truth. It is rooted in the experience of mankind. When virtue loses sight of this immeasurable claim, when it becomes mechanical, capable of being measured by the foot rule of expediency, then it loses its vitalizing power. It begins to suffer, as the fish in those cavernous waters into which the light never comes, creatures perfect in all things but for lack of sight. It is like those pictures which give to us the interior of some homely cottage, but allow no sight of the broad heavens. Such work differs by a world from those paintings of the Venetian school in which there is always some expanse of blue sky to be seen. No morality is safe, no religion is secure, which does not lift man's eyes to the Infinite, show him the claims of the moral ideal on his allegiance, reveal to him those heavens which declare the glory of God and his immutable laws.

This is what makes the idea of a salvation by works so offensive to the religious mind. We may think that men have sometimes carried that dislike of practical religion, as we call it, too far. St. James has good right to be heard, as well as St. Paul. But the deeply religious temper has always been grounded in this idea of salvation by faith. It has seen that by no sort of service, no devotion in practice, can a claim of right be established as against God. That is why the finest religious spirits have resented the idea of superfluous service, such as is indicated in one of the Romish doctrines. That selling of Pardons, that hawking of Indulgences by immoral men under the cloak of religion, which moved Luther to indignant protest, is not accidental. It is one of the perils threatening a form of religion which says that morality can be mechanised,

tabulated, confined within a limited area, and that beyond such area there are works of supererogation. There are no such works. In the nature of things there cannot be. When we have done all we are still unprofitable servants.

How important this is we can see if we think of the kind of virtue that develops where there is not this element of the Infinite. Men keep the law, pay their debts, live righteously before their fellows, but they miss the finer treasurers of the spirit. They tend to become proud. They are inclined to dwell on their past achievements. They accentuate the difference between themselves and other men who have not kept the law. The leaven of the Pharisee works in their blood. A poisonous complaicency, a contentment with their own achievements, their own type of character, settles down upon them. And where that comes it is as though the plague of locusts had appeared again to wither and destroy the fair harvest of the soul.

Out of this limited view there emerges the egotism which ruins all noble virtues, makes even the morally good man appear detestable to his fellows. And it is not only in morals that this poison will work itself out to disastrous ends. It ruins all that it touches. Lely was said to have painted many lovely faces, but no great portrait. The reason is that he was always thinking more of himself than of the subject. He had not the art of losing himself in his work. It is to drag out of the human spirit this disposition to pernicious vanity that Jesus gives this counsel as to the true state of affairs between ourselves and God. He would have us understand that the truest goodness will always be unconscious of its own value. It will be deeply sensible of its need for compassionate consideration, for the forgiving love, of God. That is why the Master points us to the Magdalene who gave so generously of what she had and gave it with tears; to the widow who put into the treasury all she could afford, and did it without ostentation, seeking to hide her own charity; and in this teaching Jesus is founding his counsels on the rock of religious truth. He is shaking men free from their false securities, from those anchors which will not hold, that they may trust themselves to the deep waters of divine love. He would have men cease to be conscious of their own worthiness; become aware of all they owe to the Eternal Wisdom and Pity, which has created, redeemed them, without money and without price.

The Christian Program

By REV. ARTHUR C. HILL, D. D.

"And thou mayest add thereto." I Chron. 22:14.

The aged king is dying. Knowing that his end is near he turns to the recollections of the past, dwells in memory on his triumphs and defeats, successes and failures, especially on what seems to him now the "undone vast" that he must leave behind. His dream had been to build the Temple of God, but that is not to be accomplished by his hand. Another must take up the task and finish what he has but begun. Therefore to his son he gives these counsels, reminding him that all the preparatory work, the gathering of treasure, of precious stones and metals and timber, is but a beginning, "and thou mayest add thereto." It is the mood and attitude of each generation which, reflecting on the work it has attempted and has not been permitted to complete looks forward to the days to be, and hands on to its successors the unaccomplished task. It is the temper of those who look at this time to the new generation to complete what they themselves have but begun.

What then is the task left to this generation by the fathers? First of all we put, as the obligation resting on the new generation, the sanctifying of knowledge. It is plain that some such work is necessary in our time. Of the extension of knowledge in all branches, especially in the realm of the physical sciences, there is no need to speak. It is obvious to all. The chemist is busy in his laboratory discovering new forces, or fresh combinations of already known powers, bringing Nature, as we say, ever more under the dominion of the human mind. This is a work which will go on, whatever may be the attitude adopted towards it by the Christian Society. And we must regard it as part of that process by which God works out his designs in the world. There is no profit in quarreling with these men, who are themselves students of the works of God, though they approach their subject from a different angle, a point of view other than that from which we commence. What the Christian Society can and ought to do is to apply its moral judgment to the ends, the uses, for which this new knowledge is designed. Thus we can enforce upon the chemist the truth that his labors, if they are to be truly profitable, should be directed to the creation of a stable and secure order of existence for men, rather than the destruction of human life.

In Psychology also we can reasonably enter our protest against that disposition, so prominent in the work of the Freudian school, to make Sex the chief motive power of all human conduct. And we can boldly say that the idea, too generally held, that restraint and repression are necessarily evil, is in direct contradiction to all the teachings of the wise in past ages and has no ground in the moral principles of our religion. We can sanctify knowledge by continually keeping before men the high and holy purpose to which all knowledge should be directed.

Another task falling to us in our day is the reorganization of life. We have seen that life can be organized on the most colossal scale for purposes of war. Recent years have given us what will probably remain as the supreme instance of this endeavor. But there is now in the minds of men the world over the belief, reasonable or not, that as life has been organized for war, it should be possible to bring it under control to the same degree for the purposes of peace. Whether we can find a substitute for the moral enthusiasm of war, such as Wm. James desired, has yet to be proved. But that the will to seek this exists, that men are eager in their desire to create a peaceful world, is patent to everybody. And not only for peace must men organize. They should be able also to arrange life so that a measure of pure happiness may be found and enjoyed by those who use it as in the sight of God. Peace and joy, these are the marks of the ideal world toward which men are now striving.

Yet again the task of our age is the reconciliation of religion and life. We have to integrate the gospel of Christ in human life. That this is necessary few would deny. The modern world is to a large extent Pagan in its ideals. The life of the Spirit, the inner life by which men truly live, has not such a hold on the men of our time, does not charm them to the same extent, as it seems to have governed and charmed a former generation. There have been ages when the harmony between the religion professed by a great people and its actual existence was almost perfect. This was true, says Fustel de Coulanges, of the Greek people at a certain time in their history. It has been true at moments in our own history. Certainly we have a religion which goes far deeper, has a vastly wider grasp of universal life, than any form of the ancient faiths. But we have not yet succeeded in building it into the life of the common man, making it part of the existence of our great urban populations. To do this is the grand task of those who have given themselves to the service of Christ. It cannot be done by paring away at the Faith until there is nothing distinctive, nothing binding and authoritative,

left in the religion. It must be done by the presentation of a large and ample gospel which will cover all the various modes and forms of human interest and toil, by bringing the world up to the level of Jesus, not by reducing Jesus to the level of the world, or of a particular age of the world's history.

Who is sufficient for these things? The task is immense. And there are certain perplexities which are always with those who have devoted themselves to this undertaking. Take the most mundane of all, the insufficiency of material instruments. The striking thing about all such work is the comparative lack of the funds needed to carry it on. Never was the world richer in material things, allowing for the enormous expenditure of the war, than in our day. Yet in all the churches one finds the lament that there is so much to be done, and so little with which to do it. Without for a moment deprecating the expenditure of wealth on all sorts of educational and artistic efforts, rather welcoming these as signs that the charitable instincts of men are sound, we might fairly urge on those who control the world's wealth that they should give even more freely to that cause which is vital to the preservation of all other good causes, the dissemination of Christian truth, the perpetual enforcement of Christian counsel and teaching. For it is here that the foundations must be laid for all that can worthily be accomplished by Art and Science. Without a people deeply conscious of their obligations to God, of their allegiance to Christ, little can be done to purify the life, to elevate the tone, of humanity.

Nor should we forget the peril that comes from the inertia of the mass. It is not so much the direct antagonism of those who are enemies of the Cross of Christ that we have to fear, as the lethargy of the multitude, indifferent to the higher interests of the soul and certain that with security in earthly goods they have all that life can give them. Against this disposition we have to wage perpetual war, using every art and instrument to shake men out of their slumber, to awaken them to a sense of their real need for the bread of life.

And sometimes even the most ardent devotee will be discouraged by that mutability of purpose which seems inseparable from all human endeavor. Men are with us for a time, but they grow weary in well doing, they faint and fall by the way, they stray from the road, for no other reason than that they have lost, for a time, interest in spiritual things. "From that time they walked no more with Him," is a sentence which enables us to see that our Lord knew this experience. And no man has striven to lift his comrades to a higher level without having in some degree the experience of the Master.

The fickleness of the human heart has to be reckoned with whenever we are measuring ourselves against the purpose of Christ to bring all men under his spiritual control.

These things must be said, but on the other hand what a magnificent patrimony we possess, even when we have made all allowances for the hindrances to which human endeavor is subject. There are for instance, certain principles which seem to leap out at us when we read the Scriptures, to which we always turn for refreshment of the inner man. Chief of these is the rule that we esteem our work. We may magnify our office without departing from the great tradition of Christian service. In all humility, as the least of the Apostles, we may stress the importance of what we are trying to do. To keep the Church of God alive in some poor and ugly district of city or country, to maintain the faith amongst a band of youths or maidens by the work of a teacher, to persist in quiet charities when there is no word of gratitude or praise to encourage us, all this is but the natural thing for those who have learned to think much of their work and little of themselves. Then we shall be wise if we accept obscurity as our portion, knowing that it is enough to live in the work, without having our names on the lips of men. In an age given to publicity, counting often as of little worth whatever is not universally known and generally admired, it is a great thing to have a body of men and women at work who are not concerned about having their names shouted from the housetop, but who have learned to follow One of whom it was predicted that He would "neither strive nor cry nor cause his voice to be heard in the street."

Add to such simple precepts the reflection that we have always with us the high hearts of the best amongst God's children. For this is true. There has always been the Remnant, the chosen few, who have heard the Voice, seen the Vision, and follow meekly, though the world be all against them and their ideal. The Scriptures emphasize repeatedly this aspect of spiritual work. They teach us to believe that the few righteous are in every age the salt of the earth, the light of the world.

Above all we have with us the promised power of God. That is the source of all our strength. On that we can rely when all other resources fail. "God and one make a majority" is still true ,as it has always been. The men who have turned the world upside down, who have implanted in the soul of the race great ideas and holy aspirations, have seldom been favored by fortune, are not generally found in the kings palaces. They have learned to rely on powers invisible, knowing that "there's not a breathing of the common wind" but will

be to them an ally, since they have with them the whole armor of God, whose works are accomplished, not "by might nor by power but by my spirit." The inheritance is large, the responsibility is great. But the fathers cannot have lived and died in vain, and as they speak to us from their urns it is with some such voice as this of the dying king, reminding us that whatever they have bequeathed to us is given on condition "that thou mayest add thereto."

Industrial Life in Africa

By MR. FRED H. HOPE,
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Down on the West coast of Africa, near the equator, there is a country now known as Camerouns. Thirty years ago this was a "No Man's Land." Back in the interior was the great Bulu tribe. They knew nothing of the outside world, knew nothing outside of that great, dense, tropical jungle. The tribes between them and the ocean saw to it that no Bulu ever reached the ocean to see the white trader, who touched the coast to "trade white man's goods" for ivory and rubber.

The Bulu lived in little villages, little cleared places in this dense jungle forest, in little huts made of the bark of trees and covered with thatch. Their only cooking utensil was a clay pot, their only farming tool a little piece of iron driven into a stick. The insides of their huts were as black with smoke as were the outsides of their pots. About the only piece of furniture was a bed made of round poles. They were idol and fetish worshipers, believers in witchcraft, with all the superstition belonging to a primitive people.

The first white man to go back among those people was Dr. A. C. Good. A work was opened up and for several years carried on with very little success. The darkened mind did not easily grasp the idea of God. They were slow to believe and slow to accept Christianity. Many of the first missionaries lost their lives in that jungle. The country was known as the "White man's grave yard." Many died on the field and others were returned to homeland broken in health. After years of work the Board decided to close the work and transfer the missionaries to some less dangerous place.

The missionaries then on the field protested so strenuously that the Board compromised on a further ten year test, saying that at the end of ten years if progress had not been made sufficient to justify continuance of the work, then the Mission would be closed regardless of the opinion of any missionary on the field. Before the ten years was up there had been a great awakening and the work among the Bulu had attracted the attention of the whole missionary world. People were coming in from great distances to hear the Gospel and ask for teachers and evangelists. The Elat district had a wonderful growth

and at Elat a church had grown until on its rolls, counting church members and those in preparatory classes, were about 10,000 people at the close of the ten year test period.

But the story I have been asked to tell you is that of the industrial work. When the great awakening came the missionaries felt the need of teaching these primitive people industries, teaching them to do things. An industrial work was started but at first progress was slow. The man of tropical Africa has not been used to work. His women were the workers. Work was beneath his dignity. But this idea too changed and a very few years found most of the school boys anxious to learn to do things.

About this time a young man by the name of Frank James went out to the West coast to hunt big game. He wounded an elephant and it turned and killed him. His sister wished to put up a monument to his name. Dr. Halsey induced her to put her $1000.00 in industrial work and agreed to give it the name of the "Frank James Industrial School."

Seventeen years ago when I reached the field, I took up work in this school which at that time was little more than a name. Time is not given me here this afternoon to tell the story of the early struggles of the school, of its growth from a half dozen boys to the institution it now is.

What I want to do in the time left me is to give you some idea of the effect of the school on the natives, government officials and business men, and what it has done for the Mission.

In 1913 Colonial Secretary of Germany, Dr. Solft visited Kamerun in his official capacity. He visited the school and was so impressed with what he saw there that he asked that a set of furniture be made in time for him to take it home with him to his palace in Berlin. This was done. He mentioned in his report to the Kaiser and the Reichstag his visit to this Industrial School and what the American Mission was doing for these "Bush natives" of Tropical Africa.

When the Germans were defeated and driven out of the colony by the English and French, a military officer was sent by France to take charge of the Southern Cameroun. As he made his way through the country, visiting every military post the Army had taken over from the Germans, he found Christians in every village and chapels and school houses throughout Southern Cameroun. This seemed to enrage him. He seemed to be suspicious of the hold the American missionaries had on the territory. He began asking the Chiefs why they were allowing themselves to be deceived, telling them they were being deceived by the missionaries, that there was no God, that long

ago educated people had given up that old myth about a God. He also told the chiefs to send the teachers and evangelists to the gardens to work with the women or to the beach for loads or anything. No difference what they did to them they would not be held to account by him while he was governor. He even flogged some of the evangelists to show his contempt for Christianity. When he had reached Ebolowa, the main interior military post of Southern Cameroun, we sent up a note asking when we could call and pay our respects, which is according to the custom of colony. We were told that we could come that afternoon. At the appointed time, Dr. Johnston and I went up and he allowed us to wait in the outer office for one hour and a half. This was an insult for one white man to treat another thus in Cameroun. After this long wait he came in and addressed us in a gruff manner. He was almost insulting in his talk. He wanted to know why we had grown men in our schools. He said the law allowed only small boys up to age of 14 years in school but that large boys and young men should be at work. The natives have no records of ages whatever and none know how old they are. Dr. Johnston asked him to come down the next day and show us just what he meant by boys and to indicate to us what men or boys should be put out of the school. The grown men that were in school were the teachers of the Mission school system. They were educated in the Bulu language and in German. The Mission was now teaching them French. For him to forbid these men to go to school would have broken up our school system for some years and this he knew.

He said that he would come down the next day and show us what boys must be put out and those who could go to school. The next day he and the Captain, who was Governor of Ebolowa district, came down. We asked him if they would not go through the Industrial School and look at it. To this he agreed. First we took him into the shop where we were making rattan furniture. He looked at the chairs, sofas, lounges and mahogany topped tables and saw 35 men at work making this furniture. He asked me from where we had imported these men. I told him that every man there, both instructors and apprentices, was a Bulu, that all the instructors were graduates of our own school. He turned to the Captain who knew our work, and he verified the statement. From that on he took an interest in the work, examined the furniture and the work being done. When he was through I gave him a chair and a mahogany topped table as compliments of the Mission. We went then into the shop where a class of boys was being taught to make hats, caps, helmets of many kinds and headwear for women. This was also a surprise to him. From

there we went to the printing press. Here he saw natives setting up type, running the press and binding books. A little newspaper that is printed in Bulu and French attracted his attention as well as French school books that were coming off the press to be used by Mission Schools. He was intensely interested in this press room and spent some time in it, examining machinery and work done. Next we went into the tailor shop where there were 25 American sewing machines and 35 tailors at work. They were making clothes as good as he had on himself. There were orders being made for French officers, uniforms for French black soldiers and for prisoners. He took a keen interest in all their things. From the tailor class we went into the carpenter shop which is 90 feet long. 45 carpenters and apprentices were at work and we had pieces of mahogany furniture that had been made by the class to show him. Then we went into the shop where the sawmill was at work with the planes and other machinery; then on to the ivory department; then into the shoe shop where a class of boys was being taught to make shoes; then to the Blacksmith shop where a class was being taught to do all kinds of repair work; then to where we were extracting oil and making soap. After he had gone through our entire plant, he saw that a white man could come there to the school and be outfitted with a suit of clothes, underclothes, hat and shoes; could get his house built and furnished with mahogany furniture, everything complete and all the work done by men, who only a few short years before were primitive, naked slaves, not knowing how to do anything worth while.

We then went up to our home and his attention was called to the fact that the house, which was finished with mahogany and furnished with mahogany furniture, was all built by these Bulu boys he saw in the carpenter shop. After refreshments he was taken to other schools on the Mission grounds and to the big church that would seat 4000 people. He asked if the church was ever full and was told that only a few Sundays before, the house was full and that over 3000 people were on the outside unable to get in.

The last place to which we took him was our French school where there were grown men, our teachers who had been teaching German and were now learning French. He talked to the teacher, who was a graduate of The French Protestant Mission School and talked good French, and then asked some questions of the students that they were able to answer, in broken French of course. He then turned toward the door and walked outside, not saying a word about putting anyone out of the school. As they were about to mount their

horses, he turned to me and said, "I want to say, I did not understand, I did not know Missions meant a thing like this. I did not know Missions trained men to be useful citizens." Then turning to Dr. Johnston, he said, "I want to say I did not understand your work here. I am astounded. You have a blessed work here and if I can be of any service to you and your mission, you have only to command me." This was not merely politeness for he meant it and ever afterward was very kindly disposed toward the Mission. In an address he made to the Europeans at the Capital, he told of this visit to the Industrial School and said to his under officers, "If you can be of any service to the American Mission, do so; they are doing a real work."

The last year the work of this school brought in about $35,000.00. Fifteen years ago it was $300.00. Fifteen years ago there were about forty men, counting apprentices, teachers and laborers, while last year the entire force connected with the school was a thousand men.

The School had two large building projects on hand. The building of the New Central Hospital at Elat, which is to cost $50,000.00 and the rebuilding of McLean Station.

I want to tell you of this year's work to show what these Bulu boys are able to do after they have been trained in our Industrial School. In November the Cozzens set up the portable saw mill and other machinery and by the middle of the month sawing began. The first of February, we commenced on the Dispensary and hospital building, putting up an eleven room building. All the heavy timbers, siding, inside walls and flooring were of Lignum Vita, a wood the Germans called "iron wood." The building was finished in Mahogany. Next we put up three houses, residences for missionaries, making homes for three families and two single people. These buildings were made of Lignum Vita, mahogany and other beautiful African woods. These dwellings were finished by last August, and in September work was commenced on the "Dager Theological and Bible School." The main school building is 50 by 40 feet, two stories high, with the ground floor of cement. The building is made of the same material as the other buildings and 17 dormitories were built, giving each student a home for himself and family, consisting of a living room, bed room and kitchen. All this building was done by students and graduates of our own Industrial School at an extremely low cost, considering the material that went into them. These boys, a few years ago, were running around in the jungle, wearing a piece of

bark cloth. The school has changed them into useful men.

I must tell you of one man, our head man in the school, Udo Mekaa. He was the first apprentice I ever chose. He finished the carpenter class, the cabinet class and the ivory class and was head instructor in all these classes, and later we taught him to run the saw mill. One day Udo came to me and wanted to go to his home, which was 70 miles away. I felt that I could not get along without him but he said he needed to go very much. In a day or two I arranged to let him go. Ever since Udo had finished his course, he had been getting his brothers into the Industrial School, different ones into different classes, until he was able to start a shop of his own. He had a shop making furniture and various articles for sale and his brother was in charge of it. This brother, when he saw money coming in, could not resist the temptation to be a "rich man," which in the eyes of Bulu means owning many women. Udo heard of this, and this was the reason he wanted to go to his town. He went and shut down his factory, turned off all his apprentices and workmen and shut down his entire work, rather than allow the proceeds to be put to a wrong use. This was the test Christianity stood. Would that every Christian in business would stand the same test and run his business along Christian lines. He is a tither.

The Industrial School has a missionary society and the School supports in another tribe three of their own Christian evangelists.

The King On His Throne

By REV. JOHN S. HAMILTON, D. D.,
Evangelist.

Text: Matthew 27:37. "This is Jesus, the King of the Jews." Also Isaiah, 6-1: "In the year that King Uzziah died I saw the Lord high and lifted up."

It is Coronation day, and Jesus has on his head a crown of thorns; and above His head this superscription: "This is Jesus, the King of the Jews." And the mob cried in mock derision: "King of the Jews." Some of the Jews went to the Governor and said: "If we permit this to remain over His head, we will incriminate ourselves. We will be confessing that we have crucified our rightful King. Let us change it to 'He said: I am the King of the Jews.'" But the Governor was firm, and said: "What I have written, I have written; it shall remain as it is." Indeed, the Jews that day did put to death their King.

This superscription was written in three languages, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. The Hebrew was the language of Sacred writings; the Greek was the language of culture; and the Latin was the language of official power. These three languages represented three different types of men. The Greeks were people of intellect —they were always seeking for something new. Their conquest was purely intellectual. The Latins were a people of will. They were always looking for new territory; their sword was never permitted to rust. The Hebrews represented the religious life of the day. Their King had come into their midst, and they shouted: "Away with Him! Crucify Him!" Christ was not only King of all three classes, but He is King of the whole Man—the Intellect, Heart and Will. We speak a great deal about the High Priesthood of Christ, and His sacrifice. We cannot speak too much about it, but many times we forget that Jesus Christ is King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

When I read the story of Napoleon Bonaparte, I feel that I am reading a dream of history, so marvelous was his power to enlist sympathy and to conquer. His ambition was cruel, selfish, revengeful. Thrones of Europe trembled when he looked towards them, but he had his defeat. Our King Jesus shall never know defeat. He shall continue His conquest over mountains that have baffled the great warriors, and He shall leap the deepest seas with His Royal

sceptre. He shall proclaim the Kingdoms of this world to be His own. Knees that will not bow now shall bow to Him; tongues that will not confess Him now shall confess Him as Lord to the glory of God.

I have something in my mind tonight which means more than the crowning of any earthly King. It is to crown Jesus Christ King of our whole being. From this time on we can say: "I crown Thee Lord of my affection; I crown Thee King of my intellect; I crown Thee Master of my will."

"In the year that King Uzziah died, I saw the Lord high and lifted up." Isaiah had been in the prophetic office, and had already written five chapters; but something had occurred in his life worthy to be recorded in the sixth chapter. It was not that he began to love God, or became a child of God; but God gave the Prophet a revelation of his thrice Holiness, and the Prophet's sinfulness. The Prophet would never have been the man that he was if he had not had that vision. It was the pivotal point in his life; it was the great crisis that made the great Prophet; and he knew just when it was. It was the year that the King died. The people knew when it was because the old King had reigned fifty-two years. It was that year that the Prophet leaped out into the deeps of God.

I believe in conversion, because it is demanded of God, and to enter into the Kingdom one must be born again, and it shall be so as long as God is God; but there are many who have never gotten beyond the fact of their conversion—they are always pointing back to the time of their conversion, and they have never grown nor gotten taller in the stature of Jesus Christ. Have you had your day —when you cast everything to the winds, when you gave all of yourself on the Altar of God? Have you had your day when you went to the doorpost like the slave of old and let the Master pierce your ear with the awl that you might be his bondslave forever?

Moses had his day—when he was out on the plains of Midian and saw the bush aflame and the glory of God revealed. If you had talked with Moses he would have told you how he saw that bush being consumed and yet unconsumed—that changed him into another man.

Jacob had his day—when he wrestled with God, and when he had the stone for his pillow; and when the heavens seemed to be open to him, and he cried: "How dreadful is this place, this is none other than the house of God."

Peter had his day—when he was turned from a cringing coward,

in the denial of his Lord, and he became as bold and brave as a lion at bay.

Saul of Tarsus had his day—when he was on his way to persecute the Damascus Christians, and God unhorsed him when he was struck with that Heavenly Light, and he was changed from Saul to Paul. How Paul loved to tell of that great change, when he was smitten by a Light brighter than the Syrian noonday sun, and he was a changed man.

How many there are who have gone through life, never having had their day of consecration. They are wanting power with God, but they are holding on to the things of the world. When we drop the "coppers" of the world, God will fill our hands with gold, and when we cast to the winds the tinsels of life, He will fill our hands with rubies and diamonds. Have you had your day—the crisis, the pivot point—when you gave yourself without reservation? It doesn't matter whether you write it down or speak it out, whether in public or private, whether on the street or in the office—just give ourselves to Him. If we do, our lives will be sweeter, happier, holier, as we climb the steeps up toward God.

The First Christian Miracle

By MISS EVA RYERSON LUDGATE,
Evangelist and Bible Teacher.

I want to bring you today a portion of Scripture which is found in the third chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, beginning with the first verse:

> Now Peter and John went up together into the temple at the hour of prayer, being the ninth hour. And a certain man lame from his mother's womb was carried, whom they laid daily at the gate of the temple which is called Beautiful, to ask alms of them that entered into the temple; Who, seeing Peter and John about to go into the temple, asked an alms.
>
> And Peter, fastening his eyes upon him with John, said, Look on us.
>
> And he gave heed unto them, expecting to receive something of them.
>
> Then Peter said, Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk.
>
> And he took him by the right hand and lifted him up: and immediately his feet and ankle bones received strength.
>
> And he leaping up stood, and walked, and entered with them into the temple, walking, and leaping, and praising God.

This is the story of the first miracle which was performed after the Day of Pentecost. You will recall that just before our Lord left this earth He promised the disciples He would send them the Comforter. You will recall that they met together and prayed, and after ten days that Comforter came, and the Holy Spirit sat upon them in the form of golden tongues of fire. From that moment the men and women who received that baptism changed.

Consider the life of Peter, and you will realize how great that transformation was. Not long before this, a little servant girl had pointed at him, and he had denied that he had ever known the Master. But after this wonderful experience of Pentecost came into his life, he stood there in Jerusalem, on the very site where Jesus had been done to death, and said boldly, "God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ."

I want you to realize this, too: that Peter and John, who made this journey to the Temple that day, had had this marvelous experience, but it did not make them strange or peculiar. What they would ordinarily have done they kept on doing. They were accustomed to go to the Temple, and they quietly went on their way to worship there. And I want to take time to say just this: A great many people have the idea that to receive the baptism of the Holy Spirit will make them peculiar. And there are great numbers of people who have become "come-outers;" believing that they have had an unusual spiritual experience, they have felt superior to ordinary Christians; because of this experience, they have been unable to find a church that exactly suited them, and so have become "come-outers." I am thoroughly convinced of this: that when one becomes thoroughly Spirit-filled, it doesn't take this form; it doesn't make anyone peculiar. When one is thoroughly filled with the Spirit of God, one goes right on doing the ordinary duties of life, but there is a difference in the spirit of services, and there is Christ-like zeal about everything that is done.

I want you to see these two men as they were going to the Temple to worship, and as they were entering the Beautiful Gate. When I was in Jerusalem, I said to the guide, "Show me, please, where the Beautiful Gate once was, I remembered this story which I am trying to tell you this afternoon. You will recall that as Peter and John entered the gate, there was there a man who was a beggar, a man who was lame, a man who had been lame from the hour of his birth. It was not an unusual sight in the days when our Lord was upon the earth, and in the east today there are multiplied thousands of beggars, who earn a living by asking for alms. The unusual thing was not the beggar; the unusual thing was in the hearts of Peter and John. When they looked at this man, they saw not the loathsome beggar; when they looked at this man they saw not his rags and his filth and his poverty; when they looked at this beggar, what they saw was a soul in desperate need.

If you ask me the first experience which comes to the soul who has become Spirit-filled, I will say the opening of the spiritual vision, the opening of the eyes, so that we will see men and women as they are. You will agree with me—I think you will—when I say that we make such cheap estimates today. We gauge people on account of their clothes, their outward circumstances, the houses they live in, the social standing that they have. These things we look at, and we gauge their value to the kingdom of God by such things! I am sure that in doing that we are very far away from the

spirit of the Master. If we could only have our eyes open, and see that one soul—just one—is of greater value in the sight of God than this moral universe. If only we could look into the faces of people and see, not the clothing, not the things that make them stand out because of special privilege; but if we could look into their faces and see their need, and see how precious they are in the sight of God. How wonderful!

I had the privilege this summer of attending the International Sunday School Convention in Scotland, and I will never forget something that happened there. They were asking for gifts in order that the Sunday School work might be carried on. One man gave five hundred pounds, which in our money would be about twenty-five hundred dollars. There was great applause. Immediately afterwards some one gave one dollar—and there was no applause at all. After the offering was taken, and the money all raised, the leader of the session said, "We will pray." Suddenly there arose from the floor a man who said, "I want to say something before that, sir. We have been asking for gifts to carry on the work of the Sunday School Conventions. Someone gave five hundred pounds and there was great applause. Another person gave one dollar and there was no applause at all." Then said this man who was speaking from the floor, "I am sure that our Lord, Who sat in the Temple and saw the widow cast in her mite, and said, 'She hath given more than they all,' I am sure that He would not be pleased that we should recognize the five hundred pounds, and fail to recognize the one dollar. For," said he, "that one dollar may have cost the giver far more than the five hundred pounds could have possibly cost the one who gave it." I was tremendously impressed, for when that man made his protest, he put his finger on a very sore spot in our Christian life.

Let me ask you a question, you who are Sunday School teachers. If you have a girl in your class who comes from a good home, whose mother has a place in the social world, who has had all sorts of advantages; and if in the same school and in the same class you have another girl who never had a chance, who is not well dressed, who is not winsome in her personality: does that second girl mean as much to you? I wonder if you are showing forth the spirit of Jesus Christ in what you are trying to put into the life of that girl?

Peter and John had their eyes open, and saw this man's need. They did not go on into the Temple. They stopped. And they looked at the man, and called his attention to them. And then Peter said, "Silver and gold have I none." Is there any one here

this afternoon who has said, as I have said repeatedly, "Oh, I wish I were rich! If I were rich I could do so much in this world. I could endow libraries and endow schools, and build hospitals. Oh, I could do great things, if my hands were filled with gold. But I am poor, and therefore there is little that I can do." If such a one is here this afternoon, one who has given expression to this thought, let me say to you that though you have not a dollar to give, you have a priceless gift in your own hands. Do I need to convince you? What really counts today more than gifts of silver and gold? What is the great, striking need of the world today? It is men and women with seeing eyes and sympathetic, understanding hearts.

It is amazing to me how difficult it is, sometimes, to understand those whom we love the best. As I have gone from one city to another conducting missions of applied religion, I am constantly confronted with this problem. There are in thousands of homes men and women of the same name, living under the same roof, with the same blood flowing in their veins and utterly unable to understand each other, very far apart in their sympathies. That is true from the north to the south pole!

There came to me one day the mother of a boy of seventeen, who said, "Miss Ludgate, I wish you would help me."

(That was my work. I conduct clinics, personal problem clinics, and they come to me in the hotel where I stay.)

"I shall be glad to help you. What can I do for you?"

"I have an only son, a boy of seventeen. That boy is going wrong, and he is breaking his father's heart, and he is breaking my heart," she said. "We can't do a thing with him."

I said, "Have you talked to him?"

"Talked to him! I've done little else!"

"What have you said?"

"Well, I have said to that boy, 'You are ruining your father's good name.' I have told him that he was disgracing the family. I have told him in my moments of desperation, 'I would not be surprised if you were to end up in the penitentiary.' That did not do any good. The more I talk, the harder he seems to be. We are no more than strangers, though we are in the same house."

I prayed as I answered her, "Have you come to me as to a physician?"

Yes, I have."

"If I give you a prescription will you act on it?"

"Yes, I will."

"All right, this is my prescription: Promise me that you will go to that boy of yours before you sleep tonight, put your arms around him, and tell him how much you love him. You do love him, don't you?"

"Love him? I would lay down my life for him gladly, if it would bring him to his senses. But you have asked me to do the one thing I can't do. You don't realize what a great barrier there is between us. He comes to the house only to sleep and eat, that is all. We are not even friends. How can I go to him and put my arms around him and tell him I love him?"

"I don't know how, but I know you are going to do it."

Three days later she came into the church with that same boy, and she came to me after the service. "I did it, and it worked."

"Tell me about it." (She was a woman of some means, and they had a lovely home.)

"My boy was seated in the library waiting for me to call him to dinner. It was dark, and I said to myself, 'It is now or never.' I went into the room, bent over him, put my arms around the back of the chair, and I said, 'My dear boy, I wonder if you have any idea how much I love you?' "

"What happened then?"

She told it with tears streaming down her cheeks. "He turned to me and he said with a catch in his voice, 'Do you, mother? Do you?' I said, 'Why, yes, my son. Didn't you know it?' He said, 'No, mother, I thought you and father hated me. The reason I have been acting as I have is because I was sure you and father had no use for me. You have told me so often I was no good that I have come to believe it.' "

From that moment that boy's life was changed. Why? Because his mother had shown her heart to her son. You know that is what we need. We need, somehow or other, to give the gift of opening our hearts to each other. I am convinced that there is no door that cannot be opened by the key of love. If there is some one who hears me this afternoon who has a son or a daughter or a husband or a brother, some one who is very dear to you, who is breaking your heart, and you have worried, and scolded, and talked, until it has seemed to you that you could say no more, will you not let that one know how great your love is? I am sure that you will find that your hearts, when they are opened, can get together.

And not only do we need to show sympathy and love for those who are of our own household, but we need also sympathetic and

understanding hearts for men and women who have gone wrong. I have been ordained for ten years. When I was about to be ordained, I received a letter from a woman who had been engaged in Christian work before I was born. She wrote in this letter one sentence that I shall never forget. "Eva, whatever you do, keep your heart tender." That is what she wrote to me, "Whatever you do, keep your heart tender." I think that is a very difficult thing to do, especially if you are engaged in Christian work, and you hear of so many who have worries, and so many people who are in trouble, and you come to know how great are the problems in the lives of men and women. How we need to pray that the spirit of the compassionate, tender-hearted Christ will give us hearts to feel for everybody else!

I remember on one occasion, a woman, who was conducting a mission and doing a successful work among girls in the red-light district, came to me and said, "Come with me and visit these women. They need a woman minister. You can do more for them than a man-minister can."

"Oh, I can't do it," I said. "Saturday night is my only rest night. I simply can't go."

But the woman convinced me, and I went. I met in one of those houses a girl whose father was a leading manufacturer. She had been well educated. She could speak five languages, and had been around the world twice. She was a beautiful girl. I met her chum also.

"Won't you come to hear me preach?" I asked.

"No, I won't and what is more, I won't go to church or anywhere else to hear any one else preach."

"Why?"

This is what she told me: "A week ago last Saturday, my father was out of town, so I went to see my mother. The only time I can go to see my mother is when my father is out of town. He won't let me in the house. Mother wept over me and prayed with me. I came back to this house, and said to my chum, 'I want to be a different woman.' We went to a mission run by two women, and we sat on the back seat. The woman conducting the service that night spotted us as soon as we came in, and she knew who we were. That woman stood there and preached at us, and tried to describe how vile the life we were living was. The more she talked the harder we got." Then she said this: "We got up and walked out, because we did not go to that mission to have any one tell us how bad we were. Only God in heaven knows how vile is the life

we are living. We went into that mission because we wanted someone to tell us how good we might be if we would only give God a chance."

A week later I was shopping in a department store, and I went to the ribbon counter to buy a yard of ribbon, and there I saw this same girl.

"Where is your chum?" I asked.

"Didn't you read about her in the paper yesterday? She drank carbolic acid and died. Her body is in the morgue."

I went back to the hotel, got down on my knees, and I wept and prayed, and I said, "Oh God, help me never to make the mistake these women made." They had a matchless opportunity to win those two girls to Christ. It is no way to win people to Christ by showing them how vile they are, but by showing them how good they can be. Oh, that is what the world needs today! That is what we need today. We need to believe in other people, and we need to have other people believe in us.

I want to say this, and in a moment I will close. We see these men, Peter and John, having no silver or gold; but this lame man, the moment that he looked into their faces, felt a change. Something that had never lived in that man's heart before was born, a hope was kindled there. Looking into the faces of Peter and John, he believed for himself. Peter not only spoke unto him a word of cheer, but he stooped down, got hold of him, and lifted him up. He put his hand under his shoulder, and lifted him to his feet, and he was made whole.

I first came to Winona when I was a young girl, and I remember hearing Dr. Dean tell this story. Some of you will remember it. He said, "My mother was a poor woman in the slums of Chicago, and there were seven children," (I think the number was seven), "and we were desperately poor. One day there climbed the steps of the old tenement house where we lived a Christian woman. She was a woman of wealth, but she came to that place not as a wealthy woman calling on a poor woman, but as one sister calling on another. My mother washed for a living, and she sat down and talked to my mother while she washed the clothes. Later she sent clothing so that my brothers and sisters and I would have something to wear to Sunday School. I am a preacher of the Gospel today because a Christian woman climbed the stairs to a tenement house, and talked to my mother with a heart of love. The whole family was brought to Christ."

Let me say just this as I close. It doesn't make much difference

where we are, or who we are, or what our profession, or what our position in the church may be. What does that count for, if there is not in our hearts the Spirit of our Master? I pray God that there may come into our hearts as Christian women the very spirit of Christ; the spirit that, when it is thoroughly in the heart of a woman, makes her face to be winsome and sweet; the spirit that, when it possesses the soul of a woman makes her the sister of every other woman who is in need. I wish that, as we come to the close of this hour, we would all pray earnestly that God may give to us seeing eyes and understanding hearts, and help us to love the unlovely, and those who need it most.

The Virgin Birth

By REV. J. GRESHAM MACHEN, D. D.,
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According to the belief of all the historic branches of the Christian Church, Jesus of Nazareth was born without human father, being conceived by the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary. In the present lecture we shall consider very briefly the origin of this belief. The belief of the Christian Church in the virgin birth of Christ is a fact of history which requires an explanation. In the first place the belief may be explained as being based upon fact—it may be held that the Church came to believe in the virgin birth because as a matter of fact Jesus was born of a virgin. Or in the second place it may be held that the belief arose in some other way. The task of the historian is to balance these two kinds of explanation against each other. Is it easier to explain the belief of the Church in the virgin birth on the hypothesis that it originated in fact or on the hypothesis that it arose in some other way?

We shall first examine the former hypothesis— that the belief in the virgin birth is based upon fact. Of course the most obvious thing to say is that this belief appears in the New Testament in the clearest possible terms. And most of our time will be taken up in examining the New Testament evidence. But before we come to examine the New Testament evidence it may be well to glance at the later Christian literature.

At the close of the second century, when the Christian literature outside of the New Testament becomes abundant, when we have full information about the belief of the Church at Alexandria, in Asia Minor, at Rome and in the West, we find that everywhere the virgin birth was accepted as a matter of course as one of the essential things in the Christian view of Christ. But this same kind of belief appears also at an earlier time—for example—in the old Roman baptismal confession which was the basis of our "Apostles' Creed," in Justin Martyr at the middle of the second century, and in Ignatius, bishop of Antioch, at the beginning of the century. There were, it is true, denials of the virgin birth not only by opponents of Christianity but also by some who professed a kind of Christian faith. But all of these denials look far more as though they were

due to philosophical prepossession than to any genuine historical tradition. The plain fact is that the virgin birth appears just as firmly fixed at the beginning of the second century as at the end of it; it is quite impossible to detect any gradual establishment of the doctrine as though it had to make its way against opposition. Particularly the testimony of Ignatius and of the "Apostles' Creed" shows not only that the virgin birth was accepted at a very early time, but that it was accepted as a matter of course and as one of the facts singled out for inclusion even in the briefest summaries of the most important things which the Christian needed to know about Christ. Even this evidence from outside the New Testament would suffice to show that a firm belief in the virgin birth existed in the Christian Church well before the close of the first century.

But still more important is the New Testament evidence, and to that evidence we now turn.

The virgin birth is attested in two of the New Testament books—the Gospel according to Matthew and the Gospel according to Luke. The value which will be attributed to this testimony depends of course to a considerable extent upon the view which one holds of each of these two gospels as a whole. Obviously it will not be possible to discuss these questions here; it would carry us too far afield to discuss the evidence for the early date and high historical value of the two Gospels in which the virgin birth appears. But one remark at least may be made in passing—it may at least be observed that the credit of the great double work, Luke-Acts, has been steadily rising in recent years even in circles which were formerly most hostile. The extraordinary strength of the literary evidence has led even men like Professor von Harnack of Berlin, Professor C. C. Torrey, of Yale, and the distinguished historian Eduard Meyer despite their rejection of the whole supernatural content of the book, to accept the traditional view that Luke-Acts was actually written by Luke the physician, a companion of Paul. It will not be possible here to review that literary evidence in detail; but surely the evidence must be very strong if it has been able to convince even those whose presuppositions render the hypothesis of Lucan authorship so extremely uncomfortable.

But if the Third Gospel was really written by Luke, its testimony as to events in Palestine must surely be received with the greatest possible respect. According to the information derived from the use of the first person plural in the Book of Acts, Luke had been in contact with James, the Lord's own brother, and with many other members of the primitive Jerusalem Church. Moreover he was in

Palestine in A. D. 58 and appears there again two years later; so that presumably he was in the country during the interval. Obviously such a man had the fullest possible opportunity for acquainting himself, not only with events concerning the Gentile mission of Paul, but also with events in the life of our Lord in Palestine. It is therefore a matter of no small importance that the virgin birth is narrated in the Third Gospel.

But the virgin birth is not merely narrated in the Third Gospel; it is narrated in a very peculiar part of that Gospel. The first two chapters of the Gospel are possessed of very remarkable literary characteristics. The hand of the author of the whole book has indeed been at work in these chapters, as the elaborate researches of von Harnack and others have clearly shown; but the author's hand has not been allowed to destroy the underlying literary character of the narrative. And that underlying character is very strongly marked. The truth is that the first two chapters of Luke, with the exception of the typical Greek sentence in Lk. 1, 1-4, are in spirit and style as well as in thought nothing in the world but a bit of the Old Testament embedded in the midst of the New Testament. Nowhere is there a narrative more transparently Jewish and Palestinian than this. It is another question how the Palestinian character of the narrative is to be explained. Some have supposed that Luke used a written Palestinian source, which had already been translated into Greek or which he himself translated; others have supposed that without written sources he has simply caught the truly Semitic flavor of the oral information that came to him in Palestine. At any rate, however the Palestinian character of the narrative is to be explained, that Palestinian character itself is perfectly plain; in the first two chapters of Luke we are evidently dealing with a narrative that came from Palestinian soil.

That fact is of great importance for the question of the virgin birth. It shows that the virgin birth was narrated not merely in Gentile documents but also in the country which was the scene of the narrated event. But there is still another reason why the Palestinian character of the narrative is important. We shall observe in the latter part of the lecture that the great majority of these modern scholars who reject the fact of the virgin birth suppose that the idea of the virgin birth was derived from pagan sources. But if that hypothesis be accepted, the question arises how a pagan idea came to be attested just by the most transparently Jewish and Palestinian portion of the whole New Testament. The Palestinian Judaism of the first century was passionately opposed to pagan in-

fluences—especially that loyal type of Palestinian Judaism which appears with such beautiful clearness in Luke I, II. How could a pagan idea possibly find a place in such a narrative?

The question is really unanswerable; and in order to attempt to answer it, many modern scholars have had recourse to a truly desperate expedient—they have maintained that the virgin birth was not originally contained in the Palestinian narrative found in the first two chapters of Luke but has been later inserted into that narrative by interpolation. This interpolation theory has been held in two forms. According to the more radical form the virgin birth has been interpolated into the completed Gospel. This hypothesis is opposed by the great weight of manuscript attestation, there being not the slightest evidence among the many hundreds of manuscripts containing the Gospel of Luke that there ever was a form of that Gospel without the verses narrating the virgin birth. A more cautious form of the interpolation theory has therefore sometimes been preferred. According to that more cautious form, although the words attesting the virgin birth formed an original part of the Third Gospel they did not form an original part of the Palestinian source which the author of the Gospel was using in the first two chapters, but were interpolated by the author himself into the source which elsewhere he was closely following.

What shall be said of this interpolation theory? Very often the best and only refutation of an interpolation theory is the refutation which a distinguished preacher is once said to have applied to theosophy. A lady is reported to have asked the preacher after one of his lectures to give her the strongest evidence against theosophy. "Madam," he replied, "the strongest evidence against theosophy is that there is no evidence in its favor." Similarly it may be said that the burden of proof is clearly against those who advance an interpolation hypothesis; if no clear evidence can be adduced in its favor the hypothesis must be rejected, and the narrative must be taken as it stands. Even such a consideration alone would be decisive against the interpolation theory regarding the virgin birth in the infancy narrative of the Third Gospel. The advocates of the theory have signally failed to prove their point. The virgin birth is not merely narrated with great clearness in Lk. I. 34, 35, but is implied in several other verses; and no reason at all adequate for supposing that these portions of the narrative have been tampered with has yet been adduced. But as a matter of fact we are in the present case by no means limited to such a merely negative method of defense. The truth is that in the present case we can do far

more than disprove the arguments for the interpolation hypothesis—we can also actually prove positively that that hypothesis is false. A careful examination shows clearly that the virgin birth, far from being an addition to the narrative in the first chapter of Luke, is the thing for which the whole narrative exists. There is a clear parallelism between the account of the birth of John and that of the birth of Jesus. Even the birth of John was wonderful, since his parents were old. But the birth of Jesus was more wonderful still, and clearly it is the intention of the narrator to show that it was more wonderful. Are we to suppose that while narrating the wonderful birth of John the narrator simply mentioned an ordinary, non-miraculous birth of Jesus? The supposition is quite contrary to the entire manner in which the narrative is constructed. The truth is that if the virgin birth be removed from the first chapter of Luke the whole point is removed, and the narrative becomes quite meaningless. Never was an interpolation hypothesis more clearly false.

But personally I am very glad that the interpolation hypothesis has been proposed, because it indicates the desperate expedients to which those who deny the virgin birth are reduced. The great majority of these who reject the virgin birth of Christ suppose that the idea arose on pagan ground, and admit that other derivations of the idea are inadequate. But in order to hold this view they are simply forced to hold the interpolation theory regarding the first chapter of Luke; for only so can they explain how a pagan idea came to find a place in so transparently Jewish a narrative. But the interpolation theory being demonstrably false, the whole modern way of explaining the idea of the virgin birth of Christ results in signal failure. The naturalistic historians in other words are forced by their theory to hold the interpolation hypothesis; they stake their all upon that hypothesis. But that hypothesis is clearly false; hence the entire construction falls to the ground.

So much then for the account of the virgin birth in Luke. Let us now turn to the Gospel according to Matthew. Here the virgin birth is narrated with a plainness which leaves nothing to be desired. Some men used to say that the first two chapters of the Gospel are a later addition, but this hypothesis has now been almost universally abandoned.

The value of this testimony depends of course upon the view that is held of the Gospel as a whole. But it is generally admitted by scholars of the most diverse points of view that the Gospel was written especially for Jews, and the Jewish character of the infancy narrative in the first two chapters is particularly plain.

If this lecture were being delivered under the conditions that prevailed some years ago, it might be thought necessary for us to enter at length into the question of Matt. I. 16. Some time ago the textual question regarding this verse was discussed even in the newspapers, and created a good deal of excitement. It was maintained by some persons that an ancient manuscript of the Gospels which was discovered in the monastery of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai provided a testimony against the virgin birth. The manuscript referred to is the so-called Sinaitic Syriac, a manuscript of an ancient translation of the Gospels into the Syriac language. This manuscript is not, as has sometimes been falsely asserted, the most ancient New Testament manuscript; since it is later than the two greatest manuscripts, the Codex Vaticanus and the Codex Sinaiticus, which also have the inestimable advantage of being manuscripts of the original Greek, not of a mere Syriac translation. But the Sinaitic Syriac is a very ancient manuscript, having been produced at about 500 A. D.; and despite the fact that the extravagant claims made for it have now for the most part been abandoned, a few words about it may still be in place.

The Sinaitic Syriac has a curious reading at Matt. I. 16. But the importance of this witness must not be exaggerated. In order to accept the witness of the Sinaitic Syriac against all other documents one must suppose (1) that this manuscript has correctly reproduced at the point in question the ancient Syriac translation from which it is descended by a process of transmission. (2) that this ancient Syriac translation (which was probably produced in the latter part of the second century) correctly represents at this point the Greek manuscript from which the translation was made, and (3) that that Greek manuscript correctly represented at this point the autograph of the Gospel from which it was descended by a process of transmission. All of this is exceedingly uncertain in view of the overwhelming mass of evidence on the other side. To accept one witness against all the other witnesses is a very precarious kind of textual criticism where the evidence is so exceedingly abundant as it is in the case of the New Testament.

But as a matter of fact the Sinaitic Syriac does not deny the virgin birth at all. It attests the virgin birth in Matt. I. 18-25 just as clearly as do the other manuscripts, and it implies it even in Matt. I. 16. The reading of the Sinaitic Syriac which has given rise to the discussion is (translated into English by Burkitt) as follows: "Jacob begat Joseph; Joseph, to whom was betrothed Mary the virgin, begat Jesus that is called the Messiah." That would be self-con-

tradictory if the word "begat" meant what it means in English. But as a matter of fact the scribe of the Sinaitic Syriac, if he thought of what he was doing and was not simply making a careless mistake, clearly used the word "begat" in the sense, "had as a legal descendant." It is interesting to note that Professor F. C. Burkitt, the greatest British authority on the Syriac manuscripts, who certainly is far from being prejudiced in favor of the virgin birth, holds that even if the original text were simply "Joseph begat Jesus" (which as a matter of fact appears in no manuscript) it would be absolutely without significance as a testimony against the virgin birth; for it would only mean that Joseph had Jesus as his legal heir. The author of the First Gospel is interested in two things—in one of them just as much as in the other. He is interested in showing (1) that Jesus was the heir of David through Joseph, and (2) that He was a gift of God to the house of David in a more wonderful way than would have been the case if He had been descended from David by ordinary generation.

Thus even if the Sinaitic Syriac did represent the original text, it would not deny the virgin birth. But as a matter of fact it does not represent the original text at all. The original text of Matt. I. 16 is exactly the text that we are familiar with in our Bibles.

Accordingly we have an unequivocal double witness to the virgin birth in the Gospel according to Matthew and in the Gospel according to Luke. These two witnesses are clearly independent. If one thing is clear to modern scholars—and to every common-sense reader—it is that Matthew has not used Luke and Luke has not used Matthew. The very difficulties of fitting the two infancy narratives together is, to the believer in the virgin birth, a blessing in disguise; for it demonstrates at least the complete independence of the two accounts. The unanimity of these two independent witnesses constitutes the very strongest possible testimony to the central fact about which they are perfectly and obviously agreed.

But at this point an objection is often made. The rest of the New Testament, we are told, says nothing about the virgin birth; Paul says nothing about it, neither does Mark. Hence the testimony in favor of it is often said to be weak; and men are often impressed with this argument from silence.

Now the argument from silence needs to be used with a great deal of caution. The silence of a writer about any detail is without significance unless it has been shown that if the writer in question had known and accepted that detail he would have been obliged to mention it.

But that is just exactly what cannot be shown in the case of the silence about the virgin birth. Paul, for example, does not mention the virgin birth, and much has been made of his silence. "What is good enough for Paul," we are told in effect, "is good enough for us; if he got along without the virgin birth we can get along without it too." It is rather surprising, indeed, to find the Modernists of today advancing that particular argument; it is rather surprising to find them maintaining that what is good enough for Paul is good enough for them, and that things which are not found in Paul cannot be essential to Christianity. For the center of their religion is found in the ethical teaching of Jesus, especially in the Golden Rule. But where does Paul say anything about the Golden Rule, and where does he quote at any length the ethical teachings of Jesus? We do not mean at all that the silence about such things in the Epistles shows that Paul did not know or care about the words and example of our Lord. On the contrary there are clear intimations that the reason why the Apostle does not tell more about what Jesus did and said in Palestine is not that these things were to him unimportant but that they were so important that instruction about them had been given at the very beginning in the churches and so did not need to be repeated in the Epistles, which are addressed to special needs. And where Paul does give details about Jesus the incidental way in which he does so shows clearly that there is a great deal else which he would have told if he had found occasion. The all-important passage in I Cor. xv. 3-8 provides a striking example. In that passage Paul gives a list of appearances of the risen Christ. He would not have done so if it had not been for the chance (humanly speaking) of certain misunderstandings that had arisen in Corinth. Yet if he had not done so, it is appalling to think of the inferences which would have been drawn from his silence by modern scholars. And yet, even if the occasion for mentioning the list of appearances had not happened to arise in the Epistles, it would still have remained true that that list of appearances was one of the absolutely fundamental elements of teaching which Paul gave to the churches at the very beginning.

That example should make us extremely cautious about drawing inferences from the silence of Paul. In the Epistles Paul mentions very few things about the earthly life of Jesus; yet clearly he knew far more than in the Epistles he has found occasion to tell. It does not at all follow therefore that because he does not mention a thing in the Epistles he did not know about it. Hence the fact

that he does not mention the virgin birth does not prove that the virgin birth was to him unknown.

Moreover, although Paul does not mention the virgin birth the entire account which he gives of Jesus as an entirely new beginning in humanity, as the second Adam, is profoundly congruous with the virgin birth and profoundly incongruous with the view that makes Jesus the son, by ordinary generation, of Joseph and Mary. The entire Christology of Paul is a powerful witness to the same event that is narrated in Matthew and Luke; the religion of Paul presupposes a Jesus who was conceived by the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary.

The silence of Mark is of just as little importance as the silence of Paul. The Gospel according to Mark seems to have been preeminently the missionary gospel; it was not intended to give all the facts about Jesus, but simply those which needed to be given first to those who had not already been won to Christ. Reading the Second Gospel, you stand in astonishment like those who were in the synagogue at Capernaum in the scene described in the first chapter. You see the wonderful works of Jesus; you stand afar off looking at Him; you are not introduced to Him with the intimacy of detail which one finds in Matthew and Luke. The fact that Mark does not narrate the virgin birth does not prove that he does not believe in the virgin birth or that it is to him less important than other facts; but shows merely that the narration of the birth of Jesus in any form is quite contrary to the plan of his Gospel, which begins with the public ministry. The most important things that need to be said are not always the first things; and Mark is concerned with the first things that would make an impression even upon those who had not already been won to Christ.

The New Testament does indeed imply that the contemporaries of Jesus in Palestine were unaware of the story of the virgin birth, and perhaps it also makes probable that the virgin birth formed no part of the earliest missionary preaching of the apostles in Jerusalem. But all that is just what could be expected even if the virgin birth was a fact. The virgin birth was a holy mystery which was capable of the grossest misunderstanding; certainly it would not be spoken of by a person like Mary whose meditative character is so delicately and so vividly depicted in the first two chapters of Luke. It would not be spoken of to the hostile multitude, and least of all would it be spoken of to the brothers of Jesus. Also it would certainly not be mentioned in the earliest public missionary preaching before the crowds in Jerusalem. Only at some time

after the resurrection, when the miracle of the virgin birth had at last been vindicated by the resurrection and exaltation of Jesus, would Mary breathe the mystery of Jesus' birth to sympathetic ears. Hence it found its way into the wonderful narrative preserved by Luke and from there into the hearts of Christians of all the ages.

Such is the course of events which would be expected if the virgin birth was a fact. And the attestation of the event in the New Testament is just exactly what is suited to these antecedent probabilities. The attestation in the very nature of the case could not be equal to that of an event like the resurrection, of which there were many eye-witnesses; but it is just what it would naturally be if the event really occurred in the manner in which it is said to have occurred in Matthew and Luke.

But the full force of the New Testament evidence can be appreciated only if the accounts are allowed to speak for themselves. These narratives are wonderfully self-evidencing; they certainly do not read as though they were based on fiction; and they are profoundly congruous with that entire account of Jesus without which the origin of the Christian religion is an insoluble puzzle.

If this testimony is to be rejected, what is to be put in its place? If the belief of the Christian Church in the virgin birth was not founded upon fact, how did it actually originate? The consideration of this question constitutes the second main division of our subject. If the virgin birth is not a fact, how did the idea find a place in the New Testament and at the center of the Church's belief? If Jesus was really born of Joseph and Mary, how shall we explain the fact that in the New Testament we have this strange account of His birth?

The first explanation which has been proposed is that the false idea arose on Jewish-Christian ground. We have observed that the New Testament narratives of the virgin birth are strikingly Jewish in character; it is natural then to find the origin of the idea among the Jews. Some scholars therefore have supposed that the virgin birth was attributed to Jesus because devout Jewish Christians desired to find a fulfillment for the prophecy of Is. vii. 14, "Behold the virgin shall conceive." But this method of explaining the origin of New Testament narratives has come into general disfavor in recent years; and such disfavor is particularly well deserved with regard to Is. vii. 14. There is not the slightest real evidence for supposing that that verse was ever interpreted by the pre-Christian Jews as indicating a virgin birth of the Messiah. We do not mean that

Is. vii. 14 is not a true prophecy; on the contrary we regard it as a very precious prophecy of the virgin birth of the Lord. But it is one thing to understand such a prophecy after the event and quite a different thing to understand the prophecy before the event. In general, adherents of the mythical theory about the New Testament have become much less confident than they formerly were about supposing that the myths arose in order to show fulfillment of Old Testament prophecies. Usually it is admitted to be clearly the other way around—only after certain things came to be believed about Jesus on independent grounds were the Old Testament prophecies in question interpreted as referring to Him.

But the advocates of the Jewish derivation of the idea of the virgin birth also point to the wonderful birth of heroes like Isaac. Isaac, it is said, was born by a kind of miracle after his parents were old; it was therefore only a slight further step to suppose that there was an even greater miracle in the case of one who was greater than Isaac; and thus in the case of Jesus the human father was excluded altogether. This explanation ignores the characteristic Jewish attitude toward marriage and the begetting of children. There was among the Jews not the slightest tendency toward asceticism; and far from being only a slight step in advance, the exclusion of the human father makes the birth of Jesus totally different from that of Isaac. The very point of the narrative about Isaac is that Abraham actually was in a physical sense his father; it is just the paternity of Abraham which the narrative stresses. There is nothing in the story of Isaac therefore which could among the Jews have caused the development of the story of the virgin birth. It is no wonder then that many modern scholars are inclined to agree with A. Merx in holding that the idea of the virgin birth is "as un-Jewish as possible."

If then the Jewish derivation of the supposed myth of the virgin birth is impossible, recourse is often had to pagan influences. Sometimes, it is true, attention has been called to the philosophic Judaism of Philo of Alexandria, who combined a strange allegorical interpretation of the Old Testament with acceptance of the doctrines of Greek philosophy. But there is not to be found in the works of Philo any real parallel to the virgin birth of Christ, the apparent parallels being due to the fact that in his treatment of Old Testament characters such as Abraham and Isaac, Philo has often lost sight of the literal significance of the history and is thinking only of the allegorical interpretation in accordance with which these characters represent only spiritual qualities or the like. Moreover

the whole atmosphere of Philo is as remote as anything could possibly be from the Palestinian atmosphere that appears with such wonderful clearness in the infancy narratives of Matthew and Luke. It is no wonder then, in view of the obvious insufficiency of the Jewish derivation of the idea of the virgin birth, that the majority of modern scholars who have denied the fact, have had recourse, for the explanation of the origin of the idea, to purely pagan sources.

But at this point a double protest must be raised. How could a pagan idea find a place in primitive Christianity? Against the entrance of such an idea there was a two-fold barrier. In the first place there was the barrier that separated all of primitive Christianity from the pagan world. Christianity at its inception involved a tremendous protest against paganism, and nothing would have been more abhorrent to the early Christians than the introduction into their thought about Jesus of the crassly pagan idea of the begetting of men by the gods—an idea which belonged not merely to paganism but to paganism in its most revolting and immoral aspects. That was the first barrier that needed to be surmounted before a pagan idea could find a place in the infancy narratives of Matthew and Luke. This barrier has been rightly and very ably insisted upon by Professor von Harnack, though in the interest, not of a defense of the virgin birth, but of a derivation of the idea from Jewish sources.

But even if this barrier were surmounted, another question would still remain. Even if the supposed pagan idea could have attained a place in the belief of the early Church, how could it ever have entered, not into Gentile Christian documents, but into the most clearly Jewish and Palestinian narratives in the whole New Testament—particularly into the infancy narrative of Luke? This question constitutes an insuperable objection, at the start, to the whole hypothesis of pagan influence, unless the interpolation theory regarding the first chapter of Luke be correct. The hypothesis of pagan influence is absolutely bound up with the interpolation theory. But that interpolation theory, as we have already observed, is clearly false. The virgin birth is an integral part of the narrative in Luke, to say nothing of its place in Matthew. But in reading the infancy narrative in Luke we are simply breathing the atmosphere of Palestine, and are separated by whole worlds from the life of the Gentiles. Every word breathes the spirit of the Jewish expectation of the Messiah, and of Jewish life and thought. And yet it is supposed that a crassly pagan idea has found a place in such a narrative!

Thus the double barrier remains against the entrance of a pagan idea into the infancy narratives—first, the barrier that separated the whole of primitive Christianity, whether Jewish or Gentile from pagan ideas; and, second, the barrier that separated Palestinian Judaism from the Gentile world. In view of these initial objections, it is only for the sake of the argument that we examine the alleged pagan parallels at all. And as a matter of fact the parallels upon examination all break down.

The Modernist preachers of the day, in their attack upon the New Testament account of our Lord, sometimes speak of "virgin births" in pagan mythology as though they were the commonest things in the world. But as a matter of fact, in Greek mythology at least, there is no such thing as a virgin birth at all. Certain heroes were regarded as having been born without human fathers; but that means, not that they were born of virgin mothers, but that the Greek gods were conceived of in a thoroughly anthropomorphic way as possessing human passions and as falling into very human sins. The children begotten of certain women by Zeus, in the course of his numerous amours, were certainly not virgin-born. The same notion was transferred to certain historical characters such as Plato and Alexander the Great and the emperor Augustus. Whether seriously or not, these characters by a form of flattery were sometimes said to have been begotten, like the demigods of old, by some god, who took the place of the human father. But such a conception was possible only because of the grossly anthropomorphic way in which the Greek gods were thought of in the pagan world.

But in the infancy narratives in Matthew and Luke we find ourselves in an entirely different circle of ideas. In these narratives Jesus is represented as conceived by the Holy Ghost. But certainly the divine Spirit is not regarded in any anthropomorphic way. Indeed, as has often been observed, the word for "Spirit" in Hebrew is not of masculine but of feminine gender. And what is more important still is the character of the narrative as a whole. In these chapters the lofty spiritual monotheism of the Old Testament prophets is preserved to the very full; and the conception of our Lord in the womb of the virgin Mary is regarded not in any anthropomorphic way but as a creative act of the same divine Spirit who was active in the first creation in accordance with the majestic narrative of Genesis. It is inconceivable that such a narrative should be the product of invention; but it is still more inconceivable

that it should have been derived from the most degraded and immoral parts of Greek mythology.

But one more explanation for the origin of the idea of our Lord's virgin birth has been proposed in recent years. Certain scholars, belonging to the most "advanced" school of comparative religion, having detected the impossibility of the hypotheses which we have just considered, have advanced a new hypothesis of their own. They have recognized the fact that the idea of the virgin birth is "as un-Jewish as possible," and so have rejected the derivation of the supposed virgin-birth myth on Jewish ground. On the other hand they have recognized the integrity of the narrative in the first chapter of Luke and have rejected the interpolation hypothesis which makes the virgin birth a later insertion. A pagan idea—that of the virgin birth—does stand, therefore, they hold, in a Jewish narrative. But, they suppose, this curious fact was possible because even before the time of Christ the Jews, had, under the influence of oriental paganism, already come to believe in a virgin birth of the coming Messiah. Thus in the New Testament the virgin birth appears in a Jewish narrative; but that means, it is supposed, not that the idea was originally Jewish, but only that a pagan idea had become so well naturalized among the pre-Christian Jews that in the first century its pagan origin had been forgotten.

This hypothesis is an interesting testimony to the defects of the alternative theories. But in itself it is improbable in the extreme. What evidence is there that late pre-Christian Judaism really expected a virgin birth for the Messiah There is really no evidence whatever. We do know something of the late pre-Christian Jewish doctrine of the Messiah, and what we know contains no mention of a virgin birth. Perhaps the Jews ought to have had the idea, because of Is. vii, 14, but there is no evidence that as a matter of fact they did have it. Surely it is quite inadmissable to posit such an idea without any definite evidence and simply in the interests of a theory regarding the Christian doctrine of the virgin birth of Jesus.

Thus all of the modern theories regarding the origin of the idea of the virgin birth supposing it not to have been founded on fact have been tried and found wanting. And it is interesting to observe how the advocates of one theory are often the best critics of the others. Thus von Harnack, in the interests of his Jewish derivation of the idea, does excellent service in showing the impossibility of the entrance of such an idea from pagan sources; advocates of the pagan derivation have well demonstrated the insufficiency of the Jewish derivation; and finally the most recent school

of comparative religion has triumphantly and quite correctly insisted upon the falsity of the interpolation theory regarding the first chapter of Luke, upon which the ordinary hypothesis of pagan derivation is based. The truth is that if the belief in the virgin birth of Christ be not founded upon fact no other satisfactory way of explaining the origin of the belief and its inclusion in Matthew and Luke has yet been proposed.

Shall we then simply accept the attestation of the virgin birth, which we have seen is very strong and very early? We should probably not be able to do so, despite all that has been said, if the virgin birth stood absolutely alone—if it were a question simply of a virgin birth of a man of the first century about whom we knew nothing. For the virgin birth is a stupendous miracle, and if it stood alone there would be a tremendous burden of proof against it. But as a matter of fact it does not stand alone, but is supported by a great mass of other facts; it is not a question simply of a virgin birth of some man of the first century about whom we know nothing, but it is a question of the virgin birth of one about whom we know a great deal—namely Jesus of Nazareth. If the New Testament picture of Jesus is false as a whole, then of course we shall not accept the virgin birth; but if Jesus was really in general what the New Testament represents Him as being, then we shall believe with the utmost firmness, on the basis of abundant evidence, that He was conceived by the Holy Ghost and born of the virgin Mary.

But what is the importance of the matter? That question has loomed large in recent discussions; and some have held that although they accept the virgin birth of Christ themselves they can make common cause in Christian service with those who do not accept it. But this indifferentist position is really almost worse from the Christian point of view than any doctrinaire denial could be. As a matter of fact, at any rate, the virgin birth is of central importance for Christian faith.

In the first place, it is important because of its bearing upon the question of the authority of the Bible. No one denies that the attestation of the virgin birth forms an integral part of the Bible; it is not a question whether the Bible teaches the virgin birth but whether, teaching the virgin birth as it admittedly does, the Bible is true or false. We must therefore face the question frankly. If the Bible has allowed myth to enter at this point into the representation not of something on the periphery but of Christ himself, then Scripture authority is gone, and some different basis must be sought for Christian doctrine and Christian life. Deny the virgin

birth of Christ, and you must relinquish the authority of the Bible; accept the virgin birth, and you may continue to regard the Bible as the very Word of God.

In the second place, the virgin birth is a test as to the view which a man holds, in general, about Christ. Two opposite views of Jesus of Nazareth are struggling for the ascendancy in the church today. According to one view He was a teacher who initiated a new type of religious life, who founded Christianity by being the first Christian; according to the other view He was the eternal Son of God who came voluntarily into this world from outside the world and who founded Christianity by redeeming men from the guilt and power of sin. The conflict between these two views is the conflict between naturalism and supernaturalism; and that is a conflict not between two varieties of Christianity, but between two mutually exclusive religions. But how can we tell which view any individual holds? Conceivably one might ask him whether he believes in the deity of Christ. But unfortunately the word "deity" or the word "god" has been degraded so low in Modernist parlance that when the Modernist says that "Jesus is God" he means something even far more remote from Christian belief than the older Unitarians meant when they said "Jesus is not God." Or it may conceivably be asked whether the individual in question believes in the resurrection. But here again the answer may mean nothing; since the word "resurrection" is often interpreted (quite absurdly, it is true) to mean simply the continued existence of Jesus or His continued influence, and not to involve the miracle of the emergence of His body from the tomb. But, over against all such ambiguities, when a man says that he believes Jesus to have had no human father, one can tell pretty clearly where he stands.

The impression is indeed often produced that many men who reject the virgin birth maintain in general the New Testament account of our Lord. But that impression is entirely false. There have been, it is true, a few men in the history of the modern church who have rejected the virgin birth and yet have accepted the supernatural Christ and have believed in His true resurrection from the dead. But these men have been few and far between; and it would probably be impossible to name a single one of any prominence who is living today. Particularly false is the notion that many men who deny the virgin birth yet accept the incarnation; for the men who deny the virgin birth usually mean by "incarnation" almost the exact opposite of what Christians mean by that term. The truth is that the conflict about the virgin birth is only one phase of the

great religious conflict of the day. And that conflict is a conflict which the Christian religion is carrying on against a naturalistic or agnostic Modernism which is anti-Christian to the core.

In the third place, the virgin birth is important in itself—even aside from its importance as being connected with the question of the authority of Scripture and as being a test for the differentiating of naturalism from supernaturalism. The Christian world, in other words, has a clearer and better conception of Christ than it would have had if God had never told us of the virgin birth and had allowed us to think that Jesus was the son, by ordinary generation, of Joseph and Mary. Conceivably indeed we might have been Christians even if God had never told us of the virgin birth. Certainly never to have heard of the virgin birth would have been a much less serious thing than it is to reject it now that we have heard of it. But it is easy to see the errors which might then have arisen, or which would have attained additional momentum if God had never told us of the virgin birth of our Lord. What the knowledge of the virgin birth does is to fix with unescapable clearness the supernaturalism of the life of Jesus from the very beginning; the virgin birth for example intensifies the impossibility of holding that our Lord only grew up gradually into his divinity, or of holding in Gnostic fashion that the Son of God descended upon a man Jesus at the baptism. All such errors are excluded by many things in the New Testament. But they are excluded with special clearness in the precious narrative of the virgin birth. That narrative represents our Lord clearly as no product of sinful humanity but as one who came into the world by a mighty creative act of God. And that representation is at the very center and core of the Christian faith.

No doubt the virgin birth is not the point at which one should begin in trying to convince a man who has not yet come to Christian belief. No doubt one should begin rather with the resurrection, of which the direct testimony is, and must be in the very nature of the case, vastly more abundant. But when a man has once been convinced that Jesus is truly the risen and ascended Lord, and when he has once accepted Him as Saviour, then his faith will be unstable and incomplete unless he goes forward to accept the precious testimony of Matthew and Luke as to our Lord's entrance into the world.

The truth is that the New Testament account of Christ is a wonderfully unitary thing, and an integral part of it is the virgin

birth. Believe that Jesus is simply the fairest flower of humanity, and the infancy narrative of the Gospels, despite its marvellous beauty, will be to you abhorrent; but accept the dear Lord and Saviour presented to you in the Word of God, and you will believe and confess, with a heart full of gratitude and love and joy, that He was "conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary."

The Resurrection

By Rev. J. GRESHAM MACHEN, D. D.

Some nineteen hundred years ago, in an obscure corner of the Roman Empire, there lived one who, to a casual observer, would have semed to be a remarkable man. Up to the age of about thirty years, He lived an obscure life in the midst of an humble family. Then He began a remarkable course of ethical and religious teaching, accompanied by a ministry of healing. At first He was very popular. Great crowds followed Him gladly, and the intellectual men of His people were interested in what He said. But His teaching presented revolutionary features, and He did not satisfy the political expectations of the populace. And so, before long, after some three years, He fell a victim to the jealousy of the leaders of His people and the cowardice of the Roman governor. He died the death of the criminals of those days, on the cross. At His death, the disciples whom He had gathered about Him were utterly discouraged. In Him had centered all their loftiest hopes, and now that He was taken from them by a shameful death, their hopes were shattered. They fled from Him in cowardly fear in the hour of His need, and an observer would have said, "Never was a movement more hopelessly dead." These followers of Jesus had evidently been far inferior to Him in spiritual discernment and in courage. They had not been able, even when He was with them, to understand the lofty teachings of their leader. How, then, could they understand Him when He was gone? The movement depended, one might have said, too much on one extraordinary man, and when He was taken away, then surely the movement was dead.

But then the astonishing thing happened. The plain fact, which no one doubts, is that those same weak, discouraged men who had just fled in the hour of their Master's need, and who were altogether hopeless on account of His death, suddenly began in Jerusalem, a very few days or weeks after their Master's death, what is certainly the most remarkable spiritual movement that the world has ever seen. At first, the movement thus begun remained within the limits of the Jewish people. But soon it broke the bands of Judaism, and began to be planted in all the great cities of the Roman world.

Within three hundred years, the Empire itself had been conquered by the Christian faith.

But this movement was begun in those few decisive days after the death of Jesus. What was it which caused the striking change in those weak, discouraged disciples that made them the spiritual conquerors of the world?

Historians of today are perfectly agreed that something must have happened, something decisive, after the death of Jesus, in order to begin this new movement. It was not just an ordinary continuation of the influence of Jesus' teaching. The modern historians are at least agreed that some striking change took place after the death of Jesus, and before the beginning of the Christian missionary movement. They are agreed moreover, to some extent even about the question what the charge was; they are agreed in holding that the new Christian movement was begun by means of the belief of the disciples in the resurrection of Jesus; they are agreed in holding that in the minds and hearts of the disciples there was formed the conviction that Jesus had risen from the dead. Of course, that had not always been admitted. It used to be maintained in the early days of modern skepticism, that the disciples of Jesus only pretended that He had risen from the dead. But such hypotheses have long ago been placed in the limbo of discarded theories. The disciples of Jesus, the intimate friends of Jesus, it is now admitted, in a short time after His death came to believe honestly that He had risen from the dead. The only difference of opinion comes when we ask what in turn produced this belief.

The New Testament answer to this question is perfectly plain. According to the New Testament, the disciples believed in the resurrection of Jesus because Jesus really, after His death, came out of the tomb, appeared to them, and held extended intercourse with them, so that their belief in the resurrection was simply based on fact.

Of course, this explanation is rejected by those modern men who are unwilling to recognize in the origin of Christianity an entrance of the creative power of God, in distinction from the laws which operate in nature. And so another explanation has been proposed. It is that the belief of the disciples in the resurrection was produced by certain hallucinations in which they thought they saw Jesus, their teacher, and heard perhaps words of His ringing in their ears. An hallucination is a phenomenon well known to students of pathology. In an hallucination, the optic nerve is affected, and the patient therefore does actually in one sense "see" some one or some-

thing. But this effect is produced, not by an external object, but by the pathological condition of the subject himself. That is the view of the "appearances" of the risen Christ which is held today by those who reject the miraculous in connection with the origin of Christianity.

It is also held, it is true, that what was decisive in the resurrection faith of the early disciples was the impression which they had received of Jesus' person. Without that impression, it is supposed, they could never have had those pathological experiences which they called appearances of the risen Christ; so that those pathological experiences were merely the necessary form in which the continued impression of Jesus' person made itself felt in the life of the first disciples. But after all, on this hypothesis, the resurrection faith of the disciples, upon which the Christian church is founded, was really based upon a pathological experience in which those men thought they saw Jesus, and heard perhaps a word or two of His ringing in their ears, when there was nothing in the external world to make them think that they were in His presence.

Formerly, it is true, there were other explanations. It used to be held sometimes that the disciples came to believe in the resurrection because Jesus had not really been dead—that when He was placed in the cool air of the tomb He revived and came out, and the disciples thought that He had risen from the dead. But the great majority of skeptical historians today believe that this faith of the disciples was caused by hallucinations, which are called "appearances" of the risen Lord.

But let us examine the New Testament account of the resurrection of Jesus, and of the related events. This account is contained particularly in six of the New Testament books. Of course, all the New Testament books presuppose the resurrection, and witness is borne to it in all of them. But there are six of these books, above all others, which provide the details of the resurrection. These are the four Gospels, the Book of Acts, and the First Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians.

According to these six books, if their witness be put together, Jesus died on a Friday. His body was not allowed to remain and decompose on the cross, but was buried that same evening. He was placed in a grave chosen by a leader of the people, a member of the Sanhedrin. His burial was witnessed by certain women. He remained in the grave during the Sabbath. But on the morning of the first day of the week, He arose. Certain women who came to the grave found it empty, and saw angels who told them He had risen

from the dead. He appeared to these women. The grave was visited that same morning by Peter and the beloved disciple. In the course of the day Jesus appeared to Peter. In the evening He appeared to two unnamed disciples who were walking to Emmaus; and apparently later on the same evening, He appeared to all the apostles save Thomas. Then a week later He appeared again to the apostles, Thomas being present. Then He appeared in Galilee, as we learn from Matt. xxviii. Paul is probably mentioning this same appearance when he says that "He appeared to above five hundred brethren at once," I Cor. xv. 6. It was probably then, also, that He appeared to the seven disciples beside the sea of Galilee, John xxi. Then He appeared in Jerusalem, and ascended from the Mount of Olives. Some time in the course of the appearances there was one to James, His own brother, I Cor. xv. 7. Later on He appeared to Paul. Such is the New Testament account of the resurrection appearances of our Lord.

There are two features of this account to which great prominence has been given in recent discussions. These are, (1) the place, and (2) the character, of the appearances of Jesus.

According to the New Testament, the place was first Jerusalem, then Galilee, and then Jerusalem again. The appearances took place, not only in Galilee and not only in Jerusalem, but both in Jerusalem and in Galilee; and the first appearances took place in Jerusalem.

So much for the place of the appearances. As for the character of the appearances, they were, according to the New Testament, of a plain, physical kind. In the New Testament Jesus is represented even as holding table companionship with His disciples after His resurrection, and as engaging in rather extended intercourse with them. There was, it is true, something mysterious about this intercourse; it was not just a continuation of the old Galilean relationship. Jesus' body was independent of conditions of time and space in a way that appeared only rarely, at the most, in His previous ministry. There was a change. But there was also continuity. The body of Jesus came out of the tomb and appeared to the disciples in such a way that a man could put his finger in the marks of the nails in His hands.

In two particulars, this account is contradicted by modern scholars. In the first place, the character of the appearances, is supposed to have been different. The disciples of Jesus, it is supposed, saw Him just for a moment in glory, and perhaps heard a word or two ringing in their ears. Of course this was not, according to the modern naturalistic historians, a real seeing and hearing,

but an hallucination. But the point is, that those who regard these appearances as hallucinations are not able to take the New Testament account and prove from it that these appearances were hallucinations and were not founded upon the real presence of the body of Jesus, but are obliged first to reduce the New Testament account to manageable proportions. The reason is that there are limits to an hallucination. No sane men could think that they had had extended companionship with one who was not really present, or could believe that they had walked with Him and talked with Him after His death. You cannot enter upon the modern explanation of these happenings as genuine experiences but at the same time mere visions, until you modify the account that is given of the appearances themselves. And if this modified account be true, there must be a great deal in the New Testament account that is legendary. You must admit this, if you are going to explain these appearances as hallucinations. So there is a difference concerning the **nature** of the appearances according to modern reconstruction, as over against the New Testament.

And there is a difference also concerning the **place** of the appearances. According to the customary modern view of naturalistic historians, the first appearances took place in Galilee, and not in Jerusalem. But what is the importance of that difference of opinion? It looks at first sight as though it were a mere matter of detail. But in reality it is profoundly important for the whole modern reconstruction. If you are going to explain these experiences as hallucinations, the necessary psychological conditions must have prevailed in order for the disciples to have had the experiences. Therefore modern historians are careful to allow time for the profound discouragement of the disciples to be gotten rid of—for the disciples to return to Galilee, and to live again in the scenes where they had lived with Jesus; to muse upon Him, and be ready to have these visions of Him. Time must be permitted, and the place must be favorable. And then there is another important element.

We come here to one of the most important things of all—the empty tomb. If the first appearances were in Jerusalem, why did not the disciples or the enemies investigate the tomb, and refute this belief by finding the body of Jesus still there? This argument is thought to be refuted by the Galilean hypothesis regarding the first appearances. If the first appearances took place not till weeks afterward and in Galilee, this mystery is thought to be explained. There would be no opportunity to investigate the tomb until it was too late; and so the matter could have been allowed to pass, and the

resurrection faith could have arisen. Of course, this explanation is not quite satisfactory, because one cannot see how the disciples would not have been stimulated to investigate the tomb, whenever and wherever the appearances took place. We have not quite explained the empty tomb, even by this Galilean hypothesis. But you can understand the insistence of the modern writers that the first appearances took place in Galilee.

So there is a difference between the modern historian and the New Testament account in the matters of the manner and of the place of these experiences. Were the experiences of a kind such that they could be explained as hallucinations or were they such that they could only be regarded as real appearances? Was the first appearance on the third day after Jesus' death. and near the tomb, or later on in Galilee?

Let us come now to the New Testament account.

The first source that we should consider is the first Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians. It is perhaps the earliest of the sources. But—what is more important still—the authorship and time of this particular source of information have been agreed upon even by the opponents of Christianity. So this is not only a source of first-rate historical importance, but it is a source of admitted importance. We have here a fixed starting-point in all controversy.

We must examine, then, this document with some care. It was probably written, roughly speaking, about 55 A. D., about twenty-five years after the death of Jesus, about as long after the death of Jesus as 1924 is after the Spanish-American War. That is not such a very long period of time. And of course there is one vital element in the testimony here, which does not prevail in the case of the Spanish War. Most people have forgotten many details of the Spanish-American War, because they have not had them continuously in mind. But it would not be so in the case now under consideration. The resurrection of Jesus was the thing which formed the basis of all the thought of the early Christians, and so the memory of it when it was twenty-five years past was very much fresher than the memory of an event like the Spanish-American War of twenty-five years ago, which has passed out of our consciousness.

Let us turn, then, to I Corinthians xv., and read the first verses. "Morever, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand; by which also ye are saved, if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain. For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received." "First of all," or "among

the first things," may mean first in point of time, or first in point of importance. At any rate, this was a part of Paul's fundamental preaching in Corinth, in about the year 51 or 52. So we get back a little farther than the time when the Epistle was written. But these things were evidently also first and fundamental in Paul's preaching in other places. So that you are taken back an indefinite period in the ministry of Paul for this evidence. But then you are taken back by the next words farther still—"that which I also received." There is a common agreement as to the source from which Paul "received" this information; it is pretty generally agreed that he received it from the Jerusalem church. According to the Epistle to the Galatians, he had been in company with Peter and James only three years after his conversion. That was the time for Paul to receive this tradition. Historians are usually willing to admit that this information is nothing less than the account which the primitive Church, including Peter and James, gave of the events which lay at the foundation of the Church. So you have here, even in the admission of modern men, a piece of historical information of priceless value.

"For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the Scriptures." Why does Paul mention the burial of Jesus? The impression which the mention of the burial naturally produces upon every reader who comes to it for the first time is that Paul means to say that the body of Jesus was laid in the tomb, and was then raised out of the tomb. The burial, in other words, implies the empty tomb. And yet a great many modern historians say that Paul "knows nothing" about the empty tomb! Surely such an assertion is quite false. Paul does not indeed mention the empty tomb in so many words; he does not give a detailed description of it here. But that does not mean that he knew nothing about it. Those to whom he was writing believed in it already, and he is simply reviewing a previous argument in order to draw inferences from it with regard to the resurrection of Christians. To say that Paul knows nothing about the empty tomb ignores the fact that the mention of the burial is quite meaningless unless Paul had in mind the empty tomb. I do not see how any one can get any other impression. Moreover is not that what resurrection means, after all? Modern historians say that Paul was interested simply in the continued life of Jesus in a new body which had nothing to do with the body which lay in the tomb. That is rather strange in this connec-

tion. Paul is arguing, in this passage, not against men who denied the immortality of the soul, but against men who held the Greek view of the immortality of the soul without the body. The view that they were holding would logically make of the resurrection of Jesus just the simple continuance of His personal life. There is no point at all, then, in what Paul says against them unless he is referring to the resurrection from the tomb. Unless he is referring to this, he is playing into the hands of his opponents. But many men nowadays have such a strangely unhistorical notion of what "resurrection" meant to the early disciples. They talk as though the resurrection faith meant that those disciples simply believed that Jesus continued to exist after His crucifixion. This is absurd. Those men believed in the continued existence, after death, of every man. There is not the slightest doubt about that. They were thoroughly imbued with this belief. They were not Sadducees. Even in those first three days after Jesus' crucifixion, they still believed that He was alive. If that is all that resurrection meant, there was nothing in it to cause joy. Conviction of the continued life of Jesus would not make Him any different from other men. But what changed sadness into joy and brought about the founding of the Church was the substitution for a belief in the continued existence of Jesus of a belief in the emergence of His body from the tomb. And Paul's words implying that surely seem to be clear.

"And that He rose again **the third day**." Of all the important things that Paul says, this is perhaps the most important, from the point of view of modern discussion. There are few words in the New Testament that are more disconcerting to modern naturalistic historians than the words, "on the third day." We have just observed what the modern reconstruction is. The disciples went back to Galilee, it is supposed, and there, some time after the crucifixion, they came to believe that Jesus was alive. But if the first appearance took place on the third day, this explanation is not possible. The modern reconstruction disappears altogether if you believe that the first appearances were on the third day. If Paul's words are to be taken at their face value, the whole elaborate psychological reconstruction of the conditions in the disciples' minds, leading up to the hallucinations in Galilee, disappears.

Many men, it is true, have an answer ready. "Let us not," they say in effect, "go beyond what Paul actually says! Paul does not say that the first appearance occurred on the third day, but only that Christ rose on that day. He might have risen some time before He first appeared to them; the resurrection might have occurred on

the third day and yet the first appearance might have occurred some weeks after, in Galilee."

But why, if nothing in particular happened on the third day, and if the first appearance occurred some weeks after, did the disciples hit upon just the third day as the day of the supposed resurrection? Surely it was very strange for them to suppose that Jesus had really risen a considerable time before He appeared to them and had left them all that time in their despair. So strange a supposition on the part of the disciples surely requires an explanation. Why was it, if nothing happened on the third day, that the disciples ever came to suppose that the resurrection occurred on that day and not on some other day?

One proposed explanation is that the third day was hit upon as the day of the supposed resurrection because Scripture was thought to require it. Paul says, it will be remembered, that Jesus rose the third day **according to the Scriptures.** But where will you find in the Old Testament Scriptures any clear reference to the third day, as the day of the resurrection of Christ? No doubt there is the "sign of Jonah," and there is also Hosea vi. 2. We are certainly not denying that these passages (at least the former) are true prophecies of the resurrection on the third day. But could they ever have been understood before the fulfilment had come? That is more than doubtful. Indeed it is not even quite clear whether Paul means the words "according to the Scriptures" to refer to the third day at all, and not merely to the central fact of the resurrection itself. At any rate the Scripture passages never could have suggested the third day to the disciples unless something had actually happened on that day to indicate that Christ had then risen.

But had not Jesus Himself predicted that He would rise on the third day, and might not this prediction have caused the disciples to suppose that He had risen on that day even if the first appearance did not occur till long afterwards? This is an obvious way out of the difficulty, but it is effectually closed to the modern naturalistic historian. For it would require us to suppose that Jesus' predictions of His resurrection, recorded in the Gospels, are historical. But the naturalistic historians are usually concerned with few things more than with the denial of the authenticity of these predictions. According to the ordinary "liberal" view, Jesus certainly could not have predicted that He would rise from the dead in the manner recorded in the Gospels. So for the "liberal" historians this explanation of "third day" becomes impossible. The explanation would perhaps ex-

plain "the third day" in the belief of the disciples, but it would also destroy the whole account of the "liberal Jesus."

Accordingly it becomes necessary to seek explanation farther afield. Some have appealed to a supposed belief in antiquity to the effect that the soul of a dead person hovered around the body for three days and then departed. This belief, it is said, might have seemed to the disciples to make it necessary to put the supposed resurrection not later than the third day. But how far did this belief prevail in Palestine in the first century? The question is perhaps not capable of satisfactory answer. Moreover, it is highly dangerous from the point of view of the modern naturalistic historians to appeal to this belief, since it would show that some interest was taken in the body of Jesus; and yet that is what these modern historians are most concerned to deny. For if interest was taken in the body, the old question arises again why the tomb was not investigated. And then the whole vision hypothesis breaks down.

These explanations having proved unsatisfactory, some modern scholars have had recourse to a fourth explanation. There was in ancient times, they say, a pagan belief about a god who died and rose again. On the first day the worshipers of the god were to mourn, but on the third day they were to rejoice, because of the resurrection of the god. So it is thought that the disciples may have been influenced by this pagan belief. But surely this is a desperate expedient. It is only a very few students of the history of religions who would be quite so bold as to believe that in Palestine, in the time of Christ, there was any prevalence of this pagan belief with its dying and rising god. Indeed the importance and clearness of this belief have been enormously exaggerated in recent works—particularly as regards the rising of the god on the third day.

The truth is that the third day in the primitive account of the resurrection of Christ remains, and that there is no satisfactory means of explaining it away. Indeed some naturalistic historians are actually coming back to the view that perhaps we cannot explain this third day away, and that perhaps something did happen on the third day to produce the faith of the disciples. But if this conclusion be reached, then the whole psychological reconstruction disappears, and particularly the modern hypothesis about the place of the appearances. Something must in that case have happened to produce the disciples' belief in the resurrection not far off in Galilee but near the tomb in Jerusalem. But if so, there would be no time for the elaborate psychological process which is supposed to have

produced the visions, and there would be ample opportunity for the investigation of the tomb.

It is therefore a fact of enormous importance that it is just Paul, in a passage where he is admittedly reproducing the tradition of the primitive Jerusalem Church, who mentions the third day.

Then, after mentioning the third day, Paul gives a detailed account, which is not quite complete, of the resurrection appearances. He leaves out the account of the appearance to the women, because he is merely giving the official list of the appearances to the leaders in the Jerusalem church.

So much for the testimony of Paul. This testimony is sufficient of itself to refute the modern naturalistic reconstruction. But it is time to glance briefly at the testimony in the Gospels.

If you will take the shortest Gospel, the Gospel according to Mark, you will find, first, that Mark gives an account of the burial, which is of great importance. Modern historians cannot deny that Jesus was buried, because that is attested by the universally accepted source of information, I Cor. xv. Thus Mark is here confirmed by the Jerusalem tradition as preserved by Paul. But the account of the burial in Mark is followed by the account of the empty tomb, and the two things are indissolubly connected. If one is historical, it is difficult to reject the other.

Modern naturalistic historians are in a divided condition about this matter of the empty tomb. Some admit that the tomb was empty. Others deny that it ever was. Some say what we have just outlined —that the tomb was never investigated at all until it was too late, and that then the account of the empty tomb grew up as a legend in the Church. But other historians are clear-sighted enough to see that you cannot get rid of the empty tomb in any such fashion.

But if the tomb was empty, why was it empty? The New Testament says that it was empty because the body of Jesus had been raised out of it. But if this be not the case, then why was the tomb empty? Some say that the enemies of Jesus took the body away. If so, they have done the greatest possible service to the resurrection faith which they so much hated. Others say that the disciples stole the body away to make the people believe that Jesus had risen. But no one holds that view now. Others say that Joseph of Arimathea changed the place of burial. That is difficult to understand, because if such were the case, why should Joseph of Arimathea have kept silence when the resurrection faith arose? Other explanations no doubt have been proposed. But it cannot be said that these hypotheses have altogether satisfied even those historians who have

proposed them. The empty tomb has never been successfully explained away.

We might go on to consider the other accounts. But I think we have pointed out some of the most important parts of the evidence. The resurrection was of a bodily kind, and appears in connection with the empty tomb. It is quite a misrepresentation of the state of affairs when people talk about "interpreting" the New Testament in accordance with the modern view of natural law as operating in connection with the origin of Christianity. What is really being engaged in is not an interpretation of the New Testament but a complete contradiction of the New Testament at its central point. In order to explain the resurrection faith of the disciples as caused by hallucinations, you must first pick and choose in the sources of information, and reconstruct a statement of the case for which you have no historical information. You must first reconstruct this account, different from that which is given in the only sources of information, before you can even begin to explain the appearances as hallucinations. And even then you are really no better off. It is after all quite preposterous to explain the origin of the Christian Church as being due to pathological experiences of weak-minded men. So mighty a building was not founded upon so small a pin-point.

So the witness of the whole New Testament has not been put out of the way. It alone explains the origin of the Church, and the change of the disciples from weak men into the spiritual conquerors of the world.

Why is it, then, if the evidence be so strong, that so many modern men refuse to accept the New Testament testimony to the resurrection of Christ? The answer is perfectly plain. The resurrection if it be a fact is a stupendous miracle, and against the miraculous or the supernatural there is a tremendous opposition in the modern mind.

But is the opposition well-grounded? It would perhaps be well-grounded if the direct evidence for the resurrection stood absolutely alone—if it were simply a question whether a man of the first century, otherwise unknown, really rose from the dead. There would in that case be a strong burden of proof against the belief in the resurrection. But as a matter of fact the question is not whether any ordinary man rose from the dead, but whether Jesus rose from the dead. We know something of Jesus from the Gospels, and as thus made known He is certainly different from all other men. A man who comes into contact with His tremendous personality will say to himself, "It is impossible that Jesus could ever have been holden of death." Thus when the extraordinary testimony to the

resurrection faith which has been outlined above comes to us, we add to this our tremendous impression of Jesus' Person, gained from the reading of the Gospels, and we accept this strange belief which comes to us and fills us with joy, that the Redeemer really triumphed over death and the grave and sin.

And if He be living, we come to Him today. And thus finally we add to the direct historical evidence our own Christian experience. If He be a living Saviour, we come to Him for salvation today, and we add to the evidence from the New Testament documents an immediacy of conviction which delivers us from fear. The Christian man should indeed never say, as men often say: "Because of my experience of Christ in my soul I am independent of the basic facts of Christianity; I am independent of the question whether the body of Jesus rose from the grave or not." But Christian experience, though it cannot make us Christians whether Jesus rose or not, still can add to the direct historical evidence a confirming witness that, as a matter of fact, Christ did really rise from the dead on the third day, according to the Scriptures. The "witness of the Spirit" is not, as it is often quite falsely represented today, independent of the Bible; on the contrary it is a witness to the fact that the Bible is true.

Missionary Work in Persia

By REV. ABRAHAM MOORHATCH, D. D.,
Foreign Missionary to Tabriz, Persia.

I stand here as a living witness testifying to the great and glorious work that missionaries have accomplished in my native land. I say this because some are skeptical about missionary work. If ever you meet such a person please send him to me. I can tell him I am a saved sinner and a preacher of the Gospel. By the grace of God hundreds of people have come into the kingdom of God through my instrumentality. As I said above, I am one of the fruits of the foreign mission work.

I met a lady in Pittsburg who asked me if I knew Dr. Shedd, of Urumiah, Persia. I said, "Certainly I do." Then she asked me about a certain young man who was being educated in Persia, in order to be a minister. At one time, this lady had sent $120.00 to be used to educate a ministerial student. She wondered if I knew such a young man. I told her that I did not know any certain young man who had received this $120.00, but I would look into the matter and find out for her. Yes, I wrote to Dr. Shedd about this lady. He wrote me that he remembered very well having received such a sum of money from this lady. He wrote that they never apply such money to a certain person, but put it in a fund, and it is used in a general way; and if the lady wants to find out some more about it she can take you, that's me, as the young man who was educated with her money.

Now, I want to get back to my story. Nearly a century ago, when the missionary spirit was sweeping over this country, our brethren from here came to look for the remains of the old Nestorian Church. When they reported to America that there was a remnant of that old church, Mr. Perkins was appointed by the American Board to come over as a missionary. He came to Urumiah, Persia, about 90 years ago. He was followed by godly men and women from this country. For the first thirty years they only tried to reform the old Nestorian Church. Seeing that this would not work, they separated from the Nestorian Church and established a strictly Presbyterian Church. For fifty years the church grew and reached to all parts of Persia. New mission stations were opened in Jabrix, Teheran, Hamadan, Resht and Meshad. In Urumiah, before the War, we had a college for men, a seminary for women, a hospital, a printing

press, four Presbyteries, and over a hundred schools in different villages, and one synod. It was just when the church was becoming independent and self-supporting the great World War came. Unfortunately, as a people, we were driven into the struggle. As a result we lost 50 per cent of our number, all our property, our churches, and our homes. We were persecuted because we were Christians. At the end we were entirely ignored by those who should have helped us.

I graduated from McCormick Seminary, Chicago, in 1893. Since then I have worked in different departments of the mission. My last field, for the past ten years has been Jabrez, working among different nationalities. Glory to God, everywhere my work has been crowned with success.

Our Lord has left us three maxims, namely:—"Come to Me;" "Abide with Me;" and "Go away from Me." The command is to "go to the end of the world." Then Saint Paul says (Romans 10, 13-15) "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent? Even as it is written How beautiful are the feet of those that bring glad tidings of good things." Christians "Whosoever" means everybody. Let us all give hand to hand and bring everybody to Christ. The remedy for this world is Christ. Nothing can save this world but Christ. This is the missionary work. I am here for a rest in this country. Soon I expect to return and resume my good work in my home land. Pray for Persia.

What Jesus Does to Men

By REV. FREDERICK W. NORWOOD, D. D.,
Pastor City Temple, London.

"Know ye what I have done unto you?" John 13, 12.

Of course they did not, for no man can really learn a great spiritual lesson in a secluded classroom, even though it be the upper chamber with Christ Himself as his teacher. There is only one place where spiritual lessons are learned, and that is in the school of life. All that a teacher may do for you is to give you your point of direction, your theory around which life's experiences will afterward cluster.

And of course they did not, because He had done something different to each one of them. It is one of our commonest mistakes to suppose that the same object means the same thing to every beholder. Never since the world began has an entire class taken away exactly and entirely the same lesson. Every man sees the truth through the prism of his own individuality. It needs the whole world, sun, moon and stars, and everything else there is, to give a man the entree into that portion of the truth that he is fitted to receive.

Twelve different disciples took away twelve varying shades of meaning from the same deed of our Lord. The cause did not lie with Jesus, for He did precisely the same thing to each one of them. There was no order of precedence. Simon Peter spoke first, but apparently he was not attended to first. I take it that the disciples were grouped about the Master in the way that was common to them, and He began to lave the feet of the one who was nearest to Him, and so passed around the circle. He made no distinctions. He laved the feet of Judas as He laved the feet of Peter. He did the same thing to every one of them. The deed of Jesus was His own. But that which every man saw in the deed was his own. All that he had thought or said or done or was, decided his reaction to this deed of the Master.

Surprise was common to them all, for they had all been brought up under the same social customs, and they understood it was the task that was allotted to the lowliest of the household servants to lave the feet of the guests. They were surprised to see Jesus take this attitude, for they had never thought of Him as their

servant; He was their Master. They loved Him, He was the Savior of their life, He was the center of their feast. They were astonished to see Him take the place of the lowliest of the servants. But their surprise arose from different causes. Simon Peter was surprised that He who was manifestly first, admittedly the leader. should voluntarily take the most obscure position in the group. John was surprised because he had never understood so clearly from the words of the Master what He really meant to teach as now it broke in upon him when he saw Him do the thing he had often heard Him say. Andrew would be surprised because a certain habit of mind of his own for which he had often blamed himself, and had often been blamed by others, was now vindicated by the Master in this solemn hour. Thomas was surprised because He who had knowledge such as none of the others had, who could appeal to the minds of men and give them instruction, should subdue His knowledge as it were, and be content to minister at the feet of men, instead of at the portal of their brains. And Judas was surprised and irritated because this same humility of the Master which had chafed him now for many months, should be persisted in at a moment when he knew the Master's life was hanging by a thread.

May I explain those particular thoughts, and let us take these five disciples as our object lesson.

Of course there were seven others in that group, but we may not think of them now, and curiously enough they do not challenge thought very much. The other Simon and the other Judas, and the others of the twelve, though we know their names we know little of their personality. There are some men who seem always to melt into the crowd, as though they were dressed in khaki or hodden grey. And they may be none the worse for that. But there are some men who have sufficient individuality of their own to stand out distinctly in any group. And these five are just themselves, even though they lived amidst the radiance that streamed from the personality of Jesus. So we will consider the five.

Simon Peter first, not that he was first as I have suggested in the order in which he was ministered to, but he was always first. Simon Peter had been first in his own little family group, I imagine; he had dominated his brother Andrew since they were children together. When he came to live a fisherman's life along the shores of Galilee, he was a leader among the fishermen. And when he came to be gathered in the group of twelve disciples he

was their leader again. He felt it; they acknowledged it. But Simon Peter was not a fool. He had never thought of putting himself beyond or even beside the Master. The stag knows the mastery of the lion; the captain salutes the king. And Simon Peter's face colored with shame as the Master stooped down at his feet. He drew his honest foot back with indignation, with amazement of heart. He said, "Lord, thou shalt never wash my feet."

But Simon Peter had to obey. Jesus never, I think, showed His mastery over Peter so conclusively as at that moment. Had He asked him to do some brave or great thing, he would have sprung to the challenge. But to ask him to submit to be ministered to by his Lord, as though his Lord were his servant, that was his bitter trial that day. And when it was clear to him that he must obey the Master—for this man there were not lights and shades, it was always Yea or Nay with him, he was always straightforward —he said, "Then Lord, if you mean to suggest that I am unclean, I admit it; wash not my feet only but my hands and my head also." And Jesus smiled at him and said, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

So you must go your way Simon Peter. There is something in this thing you cannot comprehend in the classroom. You must go out and live your life until it becomes clear to you. One day when He has been taken away from you, you will be admittedly the leader of the group, you will be a prince in that church which is soon to be set up. Then remember, Simon Peter, what He did to thee that night. There will come a man by and by named Paul, no whit inferior to you; he will divide the group with you. Some will say, "I am of Paul," and others, "I am of Peter." Then remember, Simon Peter. One day he will resist you to your face, and condemn you in the presence of others, because you will be to be condemned. Then remember, Simon Peter, what He did to you that night. There is a word written by Peter long afterward apparently, when his hair was silvered with grey. He writes: Account that the long suffering of the Lord is our salvation, as also our beloved brother Paul had written you aforetime. Simon Peter I think you learned not in the upper room, but in the furnace of life what it was He did to thee that night. You learned that there is no leadership that is not filled with the spirit of service.

Jesus is kneeling at the feet of John. I do not see John's face covered with shame. John is smiling. He is seeing things now as he had never seen them before. John was one of those intuitive souls who believe in love. I should imagine he was always like

that. I do not think that Jesus made John to be a loving soul. I think He found him that. That was what attracted Him to him. He deepened that spirit in John, but it was there before He met him. I should imagine that the mother of John noticed that peculiarity about him when he was a little curly headed child; when she compared him with James, his brother, she knew that this child of hers was one of those sweet intuitive children who always seem able to love. It is recorded, you remember, that when they were seated together in the homely and familiar fashion, it was the habit of John to lean his head upon the bosom of the Master. I submit that that is rather a rare thing for a man to do, and that no man can do that unless he is just born that way. Men do not lean their heads upon one another's breasts; they don't know how to do it as a rule. When their friendship is deepest and when their emotion is most deeply stirred, as a rule they are then most taciturn, and clumsy in their speech. The man who could lean his head upon the Master's bosom as naturally as when a child he had leaned it upon his mother's bosom was born that way.

John was the man who in after days came to cast in language, exceedingly simple language, a most sublime thought. He said, God is love. Maybe in his mind there was already dimly shaping itself that great word which most of us attribute to him: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him might not perish, but have everlasting life." This was the man among the group who always saw things in terms of love. It would not occur to him that Jesus humiliated Himself by kneeling at his feet. He understood quite well that love's natural instinct is to serve. John was one of the men whom the thought of God's omnipotence would never have satisfied. He could never have been captured by a God who was merely despotically great. God was love to him, and Christ had made God luminous to him because in every word and in every deed he illustrated this attribute of God. John's face would be radiant while Jesus kneeled at his feet.

And yet even John cannot learn the whole of that lesson in that upper room. He too must go his way and learn it amidst the furnace of life. He will live to be so old, this man, that all his friends will have died. He will outlive them. He will be so aged that he will naturally talk of other people as though they were little children. There will come to be a phrase upon his lips, and dropping easily from his pen, which everybody will

recognize as characteristic of him; Little children, love one another. Go thy way, Saint John, life will teach thee as even He could not teach thee in the upper room, what it is He has done to thee this night.

Jesus is kneeling at the feet of Andrew. I seem to see Andrew with a quiet smile upon his face also. I know not how it is with you, my friends, but for my part I can never understand anything until I see it; I have to make pictures or I cannot form thoughts. This is Andrew—Andrew of the second place, Andrew of whom whenever they mention his name, people said, Andrew, Simon Peter's brother. That was his title to fame. This was the Andrew, you remember, whom the Master called to be His disciple one day, and Andrew suddenly remembered that Peter had not been called, and to him it seemed a strange omission, a strange injustice. He sped away as quickly as he could go to find his brother Peter, and to bring him to Jesus. He seemed to be saying in his heart, Lord, thou hast called me to be thy disciple, I will come willingly enough; but it is Peter you want, Peter is the strong man; if you can capture him and make him one of your chosen ones he will do valiant things for thee. I myself will be Thy disciple, I will be with Peter, and I will be with Thee.

Andrew of the second place. I do not imagine he was very much interested that day when the group were discussing angrily which should be the greatest. Whoever thought of Andrew being the greatest among the twelve? He was not in that chosen group who were with the Master on the Mount of Transfiguration. He was not among the three who were in the house of Jairus when the little girl was restored to life. He was not among the three who companied with our Lord in the Garden of Gethsemane. He was just Andrew of the second place. Don't you remember that on one occasion when the Master was busy among the crowd, there came some foreigners hoping that they might see Him. They spoke to Philip and asked if they might see Jesus, and whom did Philip turn to but to Andrew. He would never have thought of turning to Peter. But he went to Andrew and said, "Andrew, these foreigners are asking if they may speak to the Master; do you think He would receive them? Do you think they have a right to speak to Him?" And Andrew turned with beaming face to the foreigners, and said, "Come with me, I will introduce you to Him, He will be glad to see you."

That was Andrew, never very conspicuous himself, but with a strange faculty of bringing others into the orbit of Christ's in-

fluence. Andrew must have been built that way, and he must have been quite conscious of it. He must have caught the note of depreciation in the voices of others some times when they spoke of him as Andrew, Simon Peter's brother. I suppose there were times when he wished that he might emulate that forceful brother of his. But to do so was as if David put on Saul's armor. He could not help it. He was Andrew of the second place. He had worried over it sometimes, chided himself because of his want of forcefulness. But this day there is a light in his face, for it seems to him as though the Master Himself commends that spirit that was so native to him. Lo, He, the Master, kneels at Andrew's feet and laves them as though He were the lowliest of the servants.

O Andrew, life will teach you too, what He has done to you this night. There will always be a place for men like you even in the innermost group of the disciples. We cannot all lead, and they who will be first cause much trouble and sorrow. What would the world be, Andrew without men of your type? You need not fear that this native, inherent diffidence of yours will shut you out of the range of His service. Go thy way Andrew; face life as life comes to you, as God meant it to come to you; for there is not only one life, there is a separate life for every man who lives. Go thy way Andrew; life will make it clearer to you as the years pass by what He did to you that night.

Jesus is kneeling at the feet of Thomas. No serene brow is this, but a brow upon which always the thought-clouds are gathered. This is that Thomas who finds it very difficult to believe but who has a passion to know. He cannot take truths to his heart as some of his friends do, and yet he thinks about them more than they do. They take them to their hearts and seem to forget them; he cannot take them to his heart, but he broods over them day after day. It is Thomas the slow thinker, Thomas the candid soul, who never can give a home to a truth until he has looked behind it. Thomas has probably been drawn to Jesus in the first place by the serenity of his mind, the certainty of his knowledge. He never captures the note of doubt in the accents of the Master He never sees in His face the look of perplexity. It seems to him that whenever the Master speaks He speaks with absolute certainty, and even when He speaks of God He speaks with a note of intimacy. He seems to Thomas as though He lives upon some serene height above the storms of the world. Thomas would like to dwell there with Him, but the more he strives to reach that height of serenity, the more he feels himself plunged into the

fogs of doubt. Every new truth that Thomas grasps suggests a new cluster of doubts. Thomas is not happy to see his Lord at his feet. It seems to him almost a prostitution of the Master's greatness. Here is the Master who can appeal to the minds of men, can open up invisible doors of knowledge, can appeal to their intellect, can carry them to the heights. And lo, there He is down upon His knees, His hands wet, His garments soiled with the lowly service of the meanest of the household servants.

Thomas has a cloud upon his brow as Jesus laves his feet. When the Master says, "Know ye what I have done unto you?" I seem to hear Thomas say, "No. No, I do not understand, I will not understand. Any lowly one can do this thing thou doest. The world is perishing for want of knowledge, for want of guidance. Why dost thou, who mightest give them what they need, content thyself with humiliation like this?" O loyal hearted, dark-browed Thomas, you would be better to go thy way, too, out of the upper room through life's challenges and conflicts. Thou hast a slow mind, but thou hast a loyal heart. It will come to you as the years pass that knowledge is a thing not only of the mountain top, but also of the valley; that knowledge alone cannot save men. Men are never in more peril than when they have much knowledge and not much love. They have knowledge enough to ransack the earth and extract from it its deadliest poisons, its deadliest combustibles. They have only knowledge and not love, they may wipe this civilization off the earth. If knowledge is a thing to blast men and not to serve them, why it is a thing to be feared.

Go thy way, Thomas. The world's greatest difficulty is not its want of knowledge, but its want of the spirit of service. Go and learn through the years what He has done to thee this night. Didst thou not notice that He smiled at thee before He turned away from thee to minister to Judas?

Jesus is kneeling at the feet of Judas. O Judas, I see thee draw thy feet back quickly and then thrust them out again defiantly. This is Judas who has believed in Christ as the Messiah longer than any others among the group. Long ago he discerned that Jesus was the king. The strength of His personality, His latent greatness, His compelling force and the flash of His eye, the authority of His word, all these things, I think had impressed Judas before the others had learned the meaning of them. This was the ardent patriot who was looking for Israel's deliverer, and believed that he had found him. And believing that, he was willing to serve Him to the uttermost. He sacrificed all that he had in the world

in order to be one of the henchmen of Jesus. He was not lacking in courage, he would have fought for Him. He was not lacking in patriotism; there is no price he would not have paid for the deliverance of Israel.

But Judas' hopes had been slowly dampened and blighted as he had discerned this strange humility in Christ. He never seemed as if He mounted the steps to the throne for which He was made. When the multitudes were quivering like aspen leaves, waiting for His mere word of command, Judas saw Him turn away again and again, and go and pray in the wilderness. When they came to Him with a crown he saw Him put it aside. When it was open to Him to have the patronage of the great and wealthy, he saw Him make friends with the publicans and the harlots. When the palaces of the land were open to Him, he saw Him pillow His head upon the sod, and say that the foxes had holes and the birds of the air had nests, but the Son of Man had not where to lay His head. Judas had caught the flash of moral indignation in the Master's eye when the disciples refused to let the people come to Him to be blessed, but he had seen Him look at the Roman soldiers again and again with no flash of hate or indignation. This strange humility of Jesus had baffled and irritated, and at last had soured Judas. He had begun to brood upon the things he had hoped for and now despaired of. He began to think of the price he had paid for nothing. As his soul grew bitter and more bitter he often recalculated the losses he had endured, estimated them even in money until his great soul became demeaned, and all the universe was shut out of his view except the thought of his loss. And he even began to calculate in money terms.

O Judas, even now thou hast come back from trafficking with the chief priests and the rulers; even now what is it thou hast in thy wallet? Thirty pieces of silver. Thy restless fingers have been fumbling with them now. This very night thou hast been counting them over and over again. And yet thou art not happy. Thou hast come back from this guilty tryst of thine half hoping that even now He will assert Himself, and if even at the eleventh hour He would draw Himself up and show His authority, speak the word of command, and dare the challenge of fate, why Judas, I think you would stand with Him even now. But lo, instead of that, He has girded Himself with a towel, and is kneeling at the feet of His disciples.

O Judas, out with thee! Thou canst not rest here, thou hast no part with the saviors and the sufferers of the world. I see thee

looking for the door. Out with thee Judas! He has sprung to the door and opened it. The darkness floods in, the night sounds, the tramp of many feet, the thunder of the world's powers. Judas is speeding along the darkened street to take his place as the guide of guilty assassins. O Judas, knowest thou what He has done unto thee? Thou knowest not, but thou shalt know hereafter. Thou shalt come back again, thy feet stained with mud as thy heart will be, and thou shalt cast down the guilty money and say, Lo, I have shed the innocent blood. And then thou shalt go out again, and it will be night.

I have a great compassion for Judas. I do not think we have been fair to him. I think he must have been a loyal soul or he would not have been in that group. I think the bitterness of his repentance is some testimony to the native loyalty of his soul. The man who is so overcome with contrition that he spilled his very life was not a man who was dead to fine and noble influences. Of late years I have thought of a significant name in your history when I have usually thought of Judas. I have thought of Benedict Arnold. I question if this country ever produced a braver and more chivalrous man than Benedict Arnold. Think of the exploits of his earlier years, his chivalry, his daring, his magnetic hold upon the hearts of his soldiers. But Benedict Arnold was irritated by the attitude of the men in congress; he was thwarted of his legitimate ambition, he was checked and hindered everywhere until his heart turned sour. He brooded over it in secrecy; he told no man. If he had only done that he might have been saved. Other men's words, other men's thoughts might have let in some ray of light, brought as it were some fresh breeze to cleanse away the poisonous gases that had accumulated in his heart. He did not tell his wife, but brooded over his grievances until his royal soul went sour. And one night he was ready to open the gates of the fortress to the enemy. Nay, he probably thought that, seeing that the cause of the Revolution was lost as he deemed it to be, it might be better for his country in the end if he opened the gates and brought back the strong old government. Poor Benedict Arnold, nobody can have fellowship with him in his ultimate deed of treachery. He stands on the pages of your history as though the lightning played around his head. His name that might have been a glory has become a scorn. Children are told his name to illustrate to them the thing they must not be and must not do. And yet, it seems to me at the beginning at any rate, Benedict Arnold was a great soul. And it even seems to me that in the long years of his

shame he displayed again great qualities of manhood. I have no sympathy with Benedict Arnold's traitorous action, but down beneath it I have got some sympathy with the man. I have no sympathy with Judas' betrayal. Oh, to think of it! That man who had been in the closest company with Jesus for three long years. could measure His price in dirty silver, and count Him as valued by thirty pieces of it! No, No! But that is Judas when he went to seed. That is Judas when the devil gripped him. It is not the Judas whom Jesus called to be one of the Twelve. And maybe, surely, there must be mercy for Judas somewhere in the counsels of the All-holy and the All-Loving One.

Nay, I am not sure that Judas' sin is a unique sin. I rather think it is one of the common sins of the world. So many people believe in Christ, and would fain have Him king, but doubt His method. They think His method of gentleness, of understanding, of forgiveness, is as beautiful as a rainbow, but just as substantial. There are multitudes of men who while they want the things of Christ today take in their hands the weapons of antichrist. Did not a whole world go reeling down into the most unchristian thing the world has ever seen, and the yearning world proclaimed with sincerity, with its conscience behind it, that this was the way the Christ would slay antichrist and bring in His kingdom? No, I am not sure but what the sin of Judas is not symptomatic, and is by no means as unique as it might seem.

Five men they were and the Christ did the same thing to every one of them. But to each of them it meant something different. My brethren, my sisters, religion is the most individualistic thing in the world. God does not come to souls by the same pathway. Whoever models his religious experience upon that of another, is doing a foolish and futile thing. God must come to every man in the way that each man can receive Him. Be true to God as He comes to you. To every man is given his share in the Kingdom that you can see Him precisely as others see Him. Do not think that you can proclaim Him exactly as others proclaim Him. The world suffers from few things more than this, that folks dare not be original. That is to say they dare not be natural, for we are never original until we become natural. We lack the fire of inspiration in our preaching because we fear it will be a little unconventional. Many a time we refuse to say the thing with which our own heart is burning because we are afraid that it may not be commended to the hearts of those who listen. And so often we

check God in His condescending way of dealing with each one of us as if there were only two beings in the universe, God and ourselves. I do not mean that religion is intended to end in individualism. It is intended to reach out to the social complex. But it must begin there. The more we try to standardize men the greater the injustice we do to them. An ideal state of society is that state where every man comes to his full height, and yet learns to live with his brethren in fellowship and mutual service. Christ not only brings something to us; we bring something to Him, and what He brings to us is conditioned very largely by what we bring to Him.

I suppose all this group are represented among us today. We have our Peters here, and Johns and Andrews and Thomases, and I would not say again our Judases, although I think, as I have tried to explain Judas, there is something of his spirit even in our midst.

If God made you to lead as Peter was meant to lead, why not lead? The acid test is whether you can lead and still serve. If God made you to love like John did, why not love? It may break your heart, but that is not everything. If God made you to believe intuitively in the noble and sweet things in the world, why not believe in them? But seek also to gather to your intuitive belief your practical methods of realising the kingdom. If God made you to doubt like Thomas, why not doubt, so long as doubt is not your objective, so long as you are pressing on to truth and your heart is loyal as his was. If God made you to be diffident like Andrew, if he denied to you those picturesque qualities that make you stand out as a leader, why worry about that? Only let not your diffidence be a mere hereditary weakness. See what you can take hold of with the hands of your spirit to make your natural modesty to become a thing noble and significant and helpful.

I have tried in some weak way to bring you—I was going to say to the feet of Jesus, in these last moments. It is rather Jesus at our feet. That is the sublime ministry of religion, that God waits upon men, that God kneels as it were, at men's feet and waits for them to learn His will. He suffers men to trample over His universe, to pull down beautiful things, to fill it with hideous inventions. That is the mystery of God. When men have tried to bring in the kingdom of Christ by great sweeping organized methods, they have usually failed in the end. The organization has remained when the spirit of Christ has evaporated. The wonder of the grace of our Lord is His ceaseless patience, His waiting for the kindling of the fire, His stirring the noble things in our hearts, His wooing us to the high and the good. The thought I would like to leave with

you, I should not mind if it were the only thought that stayed in your mind, is this thought of the Master at the feet of His disciples. Know you what He hath done to us? We know not, but if each of us went our own way along the track of our own individuality, and translated into life that spirit that He exemplified as He kneels at our feet, why, the country or countries in which we live would be somewhat different next year, and much good and much beauty and much glory would come to the sons of men because we realize the infinite grace of the kneeling Master.

He is counting on you,
On the love that you share
In His burden of prayer,
For the soul that He bought
With His life blood, and sought
'Mid His sorrow and pain,
To win home once again.
He is counting on you.
If you fail Him, what then?

He is counting on you,
Oh the joy and the grace
To look Christ in the face,
And not be ashamed:
For you gave what He claimed,
And you laid down your all
For His sake, at His call.
He was counting on you,
And you failed not, What then?

New Orientation of the Bible

By REV. FREDERICK W. NORWOOD, D. D.

The interpretation of the first three chapters of Genesis is to be the basis of my sermon this evening. I want to emphasize the fact that while, according to the story of creation, man was given dominion "over the fish of the sea, over the fowls of the air and over the beasts of the field," he was not given dominion over his fellow men. Down through all the ages, to the present time, tragedies have followed man's efforts to have dominion over his fellow man.

And all this time you have seen no motive power at work to account for these changes unless it were that mysterious, inscrutable Power which came down from above to hover over the deep. But on the "sixth day," as this poet calls it in his vision, a new thing happens. The voice says, "Let us make man in our own image, and let him have dominion over the fish of the sea, over the birds of the air, over the beasts of the field, and over the earth." And now at last there comes into existence a creature not altogether unlike those which have preceded him, and yet unlike them in this, that he has the mental and moral and spiritual power to enter, however slowly, at last into the purposes of the Creator, and to carry his work to perfection. And when this creature has come into existence the voice says, "Let him have the dominion."

Why, my Christian friends, it is really man who is shaping the world; man—shall I dare to say, rather than God. Not that man can make anything. He has never made anything from the beginning, nor will he do so unto the end. There is but one Creator; it is the Unseen Being. Man is the discoverer, the combiner, the adapter, the manufacturer of things. God has fixed the laws of nature irrevocably; since the world began not one of them has been amended or rescinded. They stand precisely today as they must have been at the beginning, and as they will be at the end. But within the limits of these fixed laws man is the maker of the world. The voice has said, "Let him have dominion over the fish of the sea, over the birds of the air, over the beasts of the field, and over the earth."

And the next thing the poet says is that God rested. Surely that must be the only sense in which it may truly be said that the

Creator has ever rested. Our fathers used to think that God had made the earth and the heaven in so many periods called days, and then as though He were weary rested. Any school boy knows today that creation is a continuous process. Mountains are being made now as truly as ever in days gone by; rivers are cutting out their valleys as they roll down to the sea. Creation is an unfolding glory. But God has rested in this sense that, having made a creature at last—let the scientists tell us how as soon as they can find out—we know that he is here—having made a creature at last who has the faculty of entering into the purposes of his Creator, God has said, "Let him have dominion." Man has gone forth to his labor, and God has retired into the shadows. This is not to endorse the old Deistic view of God, as of one who had made the world.

Why, there is no closer bond in life than the bond between the man and the earth. The man is like the earth; the earth is like the man. You Americans are actually America. I cannot make up my mind whether you are making America or America is making you. When I went to England the first time, the mother land of all Britishers, I used to say, if I had arrived by aeroplane and had never seen an Englishman before, but looked down from above and seen England, I could have guessed what an Englishman would be like. There is the land so trim and neat and green and fixed. They never have earthquakes or volcanoes; they don't know what a tornado is. The gardens have been cultivated for centuries, every path is made, all the edges of the lawn are trimmed. What else could an Englishman be, but neat and poised and self-assured? In himself he is like his country. His country is with invisible hands molding him all the time. When I went to Wales I understood, I thought, what makes Welshmen; Wales makes them. When I went amongst those hills where the sunlight chases the shadows incessantly upon the slopes of them, where noisy little rivulets roll down the slopes of the hills into the gorges and go prattling away to the sea, what else could a Welshman be but a little more voluble and poetic and changeable than an Englishman? When I went to Scotland and saw the bold scenery and the poor soil, I knew why they all go to London and take places in banks.

Put Man in Land.

God put man in the land. He bound them together in an ageless fellowship. He said, I will make the land to shape the man, and I will allow the man to shape the land. And it is man who is shaping the land. Show me a cultivated country and I will prophesy that there is living there an orderly, industry loving race of people.

Show me a country that was once a garden and has grown into a wilderness, and I will tell you either that the people are shiftless, anything but industrious, or else they are wasting their substance in constant warfare. Go over to Europe and in some parts of it today you see the marks of ravage and ruin, cities shattered, villages obliterated, fields pitted and pockmarked with shell holes, all that was in the heart of man first before it became imprinted upon the sensitive film of nature.

Does it not seem clear to you that the Creator has purposely made the world incomplete? There is scarcely anything in it that concerns a man but man's brain and man's hand must be brought to bear upon it. So the man has been set by God to have dominion over the fish of the sea, over the birds of the air, over the beasts of the field ,and over the earth. If that were all he had to do we might say at last that man is undoubtedly the lord of creation. He is the master of every lower form of life. The wildest beasts there are retreat from him farther and farther back into the wilderness, and the tamer among them submit to him and become his domesticated servants. Man is the master of all forms of terrestrial life. He is the lord of the earth. He has harnessed the lightning and made it carry his messages for him. He can girdle the earth with his will, he can husband the waters, he can act as arbiter between the invisible chemical elements of air, of land, and of water. He is the lord of the earth undoubtedly.

But my young friend with the fresh mind suggested something to me that had not occurred to me. He said, "Isn't there something missing from that first verse you have just quoted? It says, 'Let him have dominion over the fish of the seas, over the birds of the air, over the beasts of the field, and over the earth.' It does not say anything about his fellowman. Is he to have dominion over him too?"

Is Lord of Earth.

And it is precisely around that significant silence, that hiatus in the primary command that all the struggle and sorrow of the ages has surged. So long as man only wished to rule the earth he is lord. So long as he only means to govern the lower creatures which of them can resist him? But when man seeks to dominate his brother man then there is inevitable recoil and unrest. The oppressed of one generation become the oppressors of the next. The weak of one period become the strong of the next. And so long as man seeks to dominate his brother man there will not be rest upon the earth, neither will there be complete lordship of man.

We ought to know that, for our generation has lived through the bitterest struggle the ages have seen between man and man for domination. And now that it is over, and we have won what we are pleased to call the victory, the more thoughtful of us perceive that not only has man failed to dominate his brother man, but in the midst of the struggle he has lost ground in nature. He has lost kingship even over the lower creatures. The earth is not so fruitful, nor so pleasant now as it was. Many a land that once was rich in food and treasure is now a naked, barren place where the hungry starve and where little children moan, fields that were covered with waving corn are now overrun with vermin, and underneath the sod the mean worm has held high carnival upon the flesh of humanity's bravest. The wild beast has gained ground; in many a place he has been driven, and now roams at large. The earth is not so big as it was. It seems to have shrunken behind us. Men may not move about so freely as they did; they are held up by all manner of barriers, barriers of armament, barriers of tariff, intangible, invisible. but more terrible barriers of fear and suspicion and hate. You would know it when you travel in Europe; you cannot go many miles without obtaining a new passport. You feel all the time that you are looked upon with suspicion. And will you pardon me for saying it?—America which has been the last refuge of distressed people is closing her doors now. I do not blame you, I am not discussing the political aspects of it, I am only pointing out the fact that, whereas into this land for generations there has streamed a flood of distressed people, such is the aftermath of the War, of fear and suspicion that is in all men's minds, even the freest under heaven, that you are afraid now, and you are closing your doors in order, as you legitimately say, that you may learn to control those vast masses of people you already have. You are pushing up your tariff walls—I won't discuss that because I want to keep on good terms with you; you are becoming an island, a great island running down the middle of the earth, from which all the rest of the earth is standing aloof. I am pretty much assured that the greatest facts of your history are working themselves out around that cluster of truths. I am not a politician, and do not wish to discuss politics. Sufficient for me to point out the fact that the bitterest struggle the ages have seen for the lordship of man has not only failed to give lordship anywhere, but it has contracted the earth, made it harder to live in, given spoils to the wild beasts and vermin, and made the kingdom of men about it become an anarchy.

Right to Dominion.

In this wonderful picture on the front page of the Bible you see the first man and woman, conscious of the divine world which gave them the right to have dominion. You see them go into the midst of the garden and they perceive power hanging in the form of fruit upon a tree. And the man reaches out his hand and grasps it; and the thought in his mind is not the thought of reverence for his Creator or service for his fellow but it is the thought of domination, power. He says, "Give it to me, and I shall be as a god." And the next you see, he is fleeing from the garden, and behind him is a flaming sword. Now you may call it poetry or history, allegory or myth, call it what you like, so long as you see it is the truth. There never could have been a more inspired picture than this that lies confronting us when we open the pages of the old, old Book. Why that man has hardly got out of the garden when one of his boys lifts up his hand and smites down another of his boys. Then as you turn the pages you see how the twelve sons of Jacob contend among them for the mastery, and hate their younger brother Joseph because guilelessly he tells how he dreamed that their sheaves bowed down to his sheaf, and their stars made obeisance to his star. Turn over the pages again, and you find the twelve tribes of Israel contending for the mastery; still further on the consolidated kingdom breaks in twain because of this struggle for lordship. Still further, and you see the shadow of great world empires, Egypt, Syria, Assyria, Nineveh, Babylon, Greece, and Rome. You find the soul of man always looking up to God, pleading for some fuller revelation.

When you turn the pages of the Bible you are turning over centuries, as it were, sometimes, but never do you get away from this incessant struggle between man and man for lordship. And then you come to what we call the end of the Old Testament, the book of Malachi, and between the book of Malachi and the first book of the New Testament, Matthew, there is, as it were, a great crevasse, something like four hundred years of silence. You seem to be looking out over that terrible gorge, when suddenly on the the other side of it you see another man. We call him Jesus. The church has always called Him the second Adam, and quite apart from critical theories, the church has been intuitively, instinctively right. Jesus Christ has brought into view a new type of manhood.

Now whatever we may think about our Lord, at least let us see this clearly, he is the man. Every since he appeared men have discussed him. He has been the most vital center of all manner of

GRACE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
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human inquiry. But in the midst of clashing dogmas and struggling sects, with believers on one side and unbelievers on the other side opposed to them, this one thing at least emerges. They all confess that He is the man. To say the very least of Him He is the greatest man who ever lived. He has gathered up in Himself all that men see to be noble. He is the only universal man. The dust of the roadway was on His sandals, and the hem of His robe sweeps across the faces of the lilies in the valley. He is the man. More than that, we Christians believe, but at least that. And at most that. For a revelation of a mere God would not have meant as much in the earth as the revelation of the man who makes us think of God and brings us to God.

Can Great Be Good?

One of our English statesmen said a little while ago, "A great man cannot possibly be a good man, for the essence of greatness, he said, was self-assertion and the essence of goodness is self-denial." Now did ever a so-called great man say a littler thing than that? Self-assertion is not greatness, my Christian friends. It is the yellow streak in greatness.

Ah, but the greatness of Jesus was His goodness. If He had not been good His kingdom would have perished long ago. The last claim He makes upon the soul is the claim of His flawless purity. God forgive us! goodness is with us almost a negative quality. We say a man is good if he does not drink, does not swear, does not gamble, and does not do anything except keep out of the grave. But real goodness is the greatest of all achievements. To keep good in this old world with all its haunting vices and its constant vicissitudes, to keep good when men flatter you and when they curse you, when they help you and when they betray you, when men would crown you and when they would crucify you, to keep good in all that is the highest thing that we know.

Power To Dominate.

There is no question of our Lord's power. His power to dominate every human being who came in touch with Him was swayed as by an invisible scepter. Whether it was Pontius Pilate on the seat of power, or some poor publican or harlot; whether it was a sinner reeking with his sins or a Nicodemus or a rich young ruler pure from his cradle up; whether it was a disciple who loved Him with a love like a woman's or whether it was a Herod who hated Him with a hate like a cat's; there was no question about it, they all felt the mastery of Jesus, even when they put Him upon the

cross between two thieves they knew in their own minds that He was king. And Pontius Pilate was not only stubborn but he obeyed the impulse of his heart when he had nailed over His drooping head, "This is Jesus the King." That Lord of ours went to the cross because He was strong, not because He was weak. If He had been a little less strong He need not have gone there. If He had been content to tamper with the truth just a little, to pander to their prejudices just a little, He might have had a crown on His brow, instead of being crucified. But He went to the cross because of His vitality, because He was so strong, His life so rich and full that He seemed harassed down there in the valley amidst the hate and fear and bigotry of men. He said in His soul, "Let me go up yonder where the breezes blow, let me look out over the years to be." And a voice said to Him, "But they will crucify You." But He said, "Let them crucify Me; I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." They put a crown of thorns upon His brow; He did not mind; He knew the value of a crown is decided not by the weight or the splendor of the metals, but by the quality of the brow that wears it. They put a reed of mockery in His hand, and He grasped it knowing it was a veritable scepter, for He knew the value of a scepter did not depend on its jewels but upon the arm that wields it. They spat in his face; He was shamed, He did not blush. He knew that spittle upon one's face is not necessarily dishonoring save to him who spat. None can be dishonored who does not dishonor himself. Oh, He is royal, and great and strong.

I sometimes think it would almost perhaps be good for us if we just forgot our Christianity for six months and came to it fresh again. This is the most romantic and bold thing the world has ever dreamed of. Oh, this is the greatest thing that has ever happened in the ages, that there should come in veritable flesh one with so divine a spirit, that never truckled to the base and the mean, but perfectly loyal to the truth and loving with the full orbed love of the sunlight. He not only won the place of uttermost kingship but has kept it to our knowledge for at least 1900 years. Many a kingdom has risen and fallen in that time. Many a mighty world conquering campaign has run its course and vanished away again in the mists, but Christ abides. He is the king. There will not be another, there has not been another, He is the king. He is not a dream of men's hearts or a myth of their imaginings. He is history, vital history. Somehow He has got Himself fixed as it were in the heart of the world. We have never been Christian yet. I

sometimes think it may be some three thousand years yet before the world will have a right to call itself approximately Christian. There has not been a Christian nation yet, though Christianity has been the best thing in nations. There has scarce been a Christian man, God knows, we confess that, for much as we love Him and seek to follow Him, which of us is not tormented with frequent discoveries of our inherent sinfulness and the revelation of our own betrayal of our highest ideals? No, no, we are not Christian in the full sense of the word, just because we are not good enough, we are not brave enough yet, we are not clean enough yet. He is always, as it were, the leader of a forlorn hope. He is always despised and rejected of men. Ah, but He haunts the conscience of the world. We cannot shake Him off. He has made us see what men ought to be, and see the white light of His glory. Your Alexanders and your Caesars and your Napoleons and your Foches, for that matter, may march ceaselessly by, but we do not make the heart's greatest obeisance to them. We make it to the Nazarene. He is the Lord. He was the Lord.

But one thing He never did was to dominate men in the bad sense of domination. Never did He use His mystic powers for the crushing of men into subservience. He came to set men free, He came to make them strong, even though their strength might be their temptation in the end. He loved men, He served men. His noblest title is the Son of Man. The noblest prophetic word concerning Him is Servant of the Lord.

Say, there is something wonderful in that old book after all, that you could travel over the centuries like that and see this picture on the front page, the picture of a man's inspired dream it may be, the picture of humanity grasping after domination, until in the fullness of time there comes another man who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but humbled Himself and took upon Him the form of a servant, and being found in fashion as a man He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. He is the man. We know now what a man ought to be. We know now towards what a man ought to approximate. He is so utterly man that we cannot keep back another word in our heart, we cannot help but say, "My Lord and my God! Behold the Man!"

Earth and Spirit

By REV. FREDERICK W. NORWOOD, D. D.

The theme this morning is "Earth and Spirit." It roots itself as always in the first three chapters of Genesis with the whole of the Bible as its background. The special passages in Genesis are these: "And God said, let us make man in our own image;" and this; "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul."

The critical questions concerning the book of Genesis are of course exceedingly intricate and ultimately insoluble. I suppose we shall never reach a point when we can say the last dogmatic final word concerning the authorship or even the date of these wonderful chapters. We should have sympathy and appreciation for all who study these questions, and receive their findings with gladness of heart. In the meanwhile simple folk may rejoice because these chapters for many centuries now have formed, as it were, the prelude to the great book we call the Bible, and that somehow or other the unknown author, or say authors if you like, has left as it were, on the front page this noble conception of man, that God made man in His own image.

Now when the Old Testament closes and the New Testament opens, there upon its foremost pages is imprinted the image of One who seems to fulfill its own completeness that original prophetic word. You might write over the portal of the gospel again, God said, Let us make man in our own image. In his face and in his form the godly souls of the believers have seen the ancient word fulfilled. They have seen man as he ought to be. They have seen God as he is cognizable by humanity. There is about our Lord some suggestion of the earth. He is a son of the earth. He said himself he was the Son of man. He evidently counted it a proud and noble title. He was man in the fullest and richest sense. He put no barrier between himself and ordinary mankind. He had no distinctive dress. He had naught in His hands. His hands were empty of the things we usually think man needs to make himself complete. He had no wealth. He had no symbols of power. He claimed nothing of recognized authority. He needed no throne or any seat of state. He lived the life of a peasant here, He labored

in a carpenter shop, He spoke the language of the ordinary folk. He was as much like them as it was possible to be, and yet without their weaknesses, without their failings. In Him is made complete the ancient word that said, "When God made man of the dust of the earth He breathed upon him the breath of life." Jesus in the midst of His utter humanity seems rather of the spirit than of the flesh. There is about Him the breath of the eternal, the fragrance of God Himself. He has made our thought of God run in his own groove. It may be possible to believe in some other god than the one in whom Jesus believed. It is possible, for there are many who so believe. But it is not possible for those who have seen Jesus and seen God in Jesus, to adore, to love, to worship any other God than the living and true God.

Spiritual Liberation.

Now Jesus comes as the pioneer of a great spiritual liberation. He was quite aware of the sinfulness of the human heart, but He talks less about it than any one else who ever lived. He never talks about His own sin. You cannot catch in all His words the slightest echo of contrition. He is not proud, He is not vain, He is meek and lowly in heart, but never in the hours of His travail does He sob as the men of God in the Old Testament sobbed, because of the discovery of their own depravity. Somehow He lives in the realm of the spirit; it is native to Him; He does not strain after it, it is the place of His abode. He speaks the words that rise naturally in His own heart without affectation, without camouflage; but He speaks the language of the spirit.

Christianity began its corporate existence in the world as a demonstration of spiritual power. Pentecost was its natal day. On that day it was born, began to take unto itself an organization, began to root itself in the earth and live among its institutions. And it never would have begun except there had come to men's minds and hearts a revelation of spiritual power. It was not only the belief that Jesus had risen again from the dead that created the Christian church. That belief the disciples had cherished from but a few hours after the crucifixion. On the third day, as they counted, nearer than that as we count, the conviction came to the hearts of His closest disciples that the Lord still lived. But it seemed to bring no thrill of victory, no throb of power. As a matter of fact, the belief that our loved ones still live even after we have seen them die, is one of our most native and inveterate beliefs. It is not only Christian, it is human. Somehow the human soul always says when it has seen its loved one die, Death cannot be the final word,

the ultimate veto, the breaking off all bonds, the destruction of all communion. So, though the disciples were persuaded from a very early hour that the Master was not extinct, though they had seen Him die, that conviction brought no dynamic to them any more than the same conviction brings a dynamic to us. We have loved ones who have passed behind the veil, their continued existence is very precious to us, but it haunts us like a dream, rather than energizes as a dynamic. So if that conviction alone had come to the hearts of the disciples Christianity would never have been born.

Manifests Spiritual Power.

So Christianity began its existence as a manifestation of spiritual power, for the disciples not only came to believe in the power of their cause, but they discovered a new power in themselves. They spoke with tongues. They had courage where before they had timidity. They had vision where before there was darkness. They were mentally, morally, spiritually superior to what they had been before this manifestation came to them. You have only to read the pages of the New Testament to see quite clearly that in that day at least it was expected that whoever believed in Jesus Christ would become mentally, morally, spiritually stronger than he had been before. Christianity was a dynamic. And the apostles were not satisfied with the profession any one made unless it was apparent that in his life there was an accession of spiritual power. No wonder that those first three Christian centuries are the epic period of religious history. No wonder that while that truth was vitally felt, the Christian faith spread over the known world, made converts everywhere, bridged the gap between alien races, drew together estranged classes, gathered to its heart rich and poor, sinful and law-abiding, and all manner of men and women because of that mighty dynamic.

My brethren, Christianity must demonstrate itself as power or perish. We are really waiting for another Pentecost. There never was a day, I suppose, when so many tributes were paid to Jesus Christ by thoughtful writers and speakers. It is impossible to find any great book pouring out from the press today in which the writer does not seem to pay his tribute of admiration, of wistful longing to the Christ whom we love. But so often, even as they lay their flowers at His feet they seem to sigh, and say within their hearts, "Alas, it is a dream, it is not a dynamic." They tell you that Christianity is the finest thing in the world, they tell you it is the only thing that can deliver the world from the wilderness into which it has strayed, but even when they tell it you can catch the minor

note, the undertone of sorrow because they have not discovered the dynamic that is in Christianity. There are men who think they can explain Jesus if they only strip away His deity.

Sense of Sin.

You know this age of ours is suffering from a sense of sin. I just imagine you would want to contradict me there, some of you, straight away. You would say: "Why, that is the very note we miss in society, we do not hear men now making confession of their sin." We look back to our Puritan fathers who thought of salvation in purely individual terms, and we see them, strong and pious sincere men as they were, with their chin upon their breast, striking their hands together, and saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner." And you say, "Where do you see, or hear that now?"

Now I think I could tell you why you don't hear men speaking like that. This age of ours has a way, it cannot help it, of interpreting things in communal terms. We have been swept up in great world happenings. We have been made to feel that the race is one, that no one can live an individual life, that his faith and philosophy and conduct are all conditioned by social and national conditions. And the fact in the matter is, men are so conscious of wide spread moral weakness throughout the whole realm of society that the sense of individual weakness is submerged in them. Haven't you seen that? Again I refer to the War days. I saw men many times, once they were plunged into that maelstrom where life did not count, and the ordinary sanctions were removed, put down their hands and say in their hearts, "What is the good of trying? I am not worse than others; we are all in it together; why not be with the crowd?" And since the War has ended we have become poignantly conscious of the irreconcilable hates and suspicions that obtain between races. We have seen, as it were, the secret wires of the political game. It has been as if the door of the blue chamber of diplomacy has been thrown open.

Really it seems to me that in a strange way the Bible is always a kind of key to the opening of any day. It seems to me often when I read the Scriptures as if history circles round them, so to speak, and you find the same great movements essentially repeating themselves. We do not speak in the scriptural language today so much as our Puritan fathers did, but our thought is mostly based upon Scripture. That much the Bible has done for us. There are multitudes who think in scriptural terms and are not aware of it. This old Book has somehow permeated our society in a very strange and wonderful way. We do not talk about the

coming Messiah now, but we do look most wistfully for a leader. Over yonder in England you may see for instance, a strange thing today. Here is a country with aristocratic traditions which have endured through centuries. It would seem to be the least susceptible to change. And yet within the last year or so labor government comes into power. Now I do not express any party view, I merely point out a phenomenon. I have asked myself how the thing came about. It happened bloodlessly; it brought no revolution, it was accepted tacitly. Anyhow I think I could tell you how it happened. All over the land men were searching the horizon every day, scanning each new political aspirant, asking themselves these questions about him: "Is he the intellectual peer of his fellows? Is he their moral superior? Is he above intrigue? Is his heart sincere? Will he give the people the leadership for which they are craving? For do you know in old England party politics were never in such a fluid state. Party managers are getting quite worried; they are afraid if they are not careful the waters will flow over all the land, and they will not be able to find the barriers any more. Party leaders are trying to bring Tory waters behind the Tory dam, and Liberal waters behind the Liberal dam, and even the Labor waters behind the Labor dam; because the old order changes, giving place to the new. The people are not thinking now in party terms; they are feeling as perhaps they never felt for centuries their need of clean moral guidance to rectitude and honor. I venture to say, though I claim to be no political prophet, that whatever leader or leaders can establish the conviction within the hearts of their fellows that they can give the community the leadership they want, that there will be for them an accession of support and of power.

I think we ought to think the best of human nature. Do you know, I think one of the noblest political documents in the world is your Declaration of Independence. It is an awfully illogical thing, but it is grand. I do not think I can repeat it quite accurately, but I think I can give you the gist of it.

It is a great thing. Better to believe a noble half lie than an ignoble whole lie. Just suppose you had written that Declaration of Independence differently. You know I have read that when George Washington and his confreres drew up that Declaration they had not solved the slave question. George Washington himself had negro slaves, and so had many of his fellow-laborers. Even then it must have worried their consciences; only you see they were not bothering about the slave business then; they were only bothered with the foolishness and pigheadedness of George III. And all they

could do at one time was to deal with George III, and his arrogant claims. So that the awful slave business stayed in abeyance. They made a statement here, which if they understood it, made slavery ultimately impossible. Political sagacity taught them not to start upon the slave question just then. Afterward there came a man, named Lincoln who knew that Declaration of Independence off by heart, and could say it, as it were in his sleep. And when he came to face the awful spreading problem of slavery which like a restless sea could not be confined, he lifted up his trumpet voice and resurrected that old word in the language, and said, "It is self-evident that all men are equal." And gentle heart as he was, he gave his great strength to the breaking of the bonds that kept the dark man in servitude.

Keep Declaration.

Oh, Americans, so long as you keep that Declaration of yours, let the cynic sneer at you if he likes. G. K. Chesterton makes great fun of it in one of his late books. But don't worry about G. K. C. He says some awfully good things, but he says some things that are not flawlessly wise. I guess he would say more wise things if he could only give himself time to say them less often.

Now if you were to throw the creed of orthodox religion into similar terms as your Declaration of Independence I think you would have stated it like this. It is a self-evident truth that all men are inveterate sinners and that they are doomed inalienably to death and bondage and to eternal torment. You would add of course a great proviso that this would be mitigated if they turned to Jesus Christ. Ah, but my brethren, let us look facts in the face. You know Jesus Christ has never had the whole world yet. Even Christian lands are only a segment of the earth today. And even in the land we call Christian you cannot say that all the people are Christians.

I saw your Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman once in a great meeting in Australia, lift up a huge white sheet of paper, flawlessly white and square, except that at one point somebody had flicked a pen and there was a blot of the ink. And to four thousand people he said: "What is this?" And from all parts of the great crowd came the answer, "A blot." And he said, "It is 99-100ths of pure white, and one blot." Haven't we rather concentrated on the blot? I am not minimizing sin for a moment, but I dare take my Lord as my exemplar, and I find that he quickened the sense of sin not by denouncing it but by appealing to the spiritual forces that were in

man. I venture to make the assertion that after all there is more goodness in the world than badness.

Just before I came away from London I took the children to the Wembley exhibition. I said, "Where do you want to go most?" They said, "To see the Queen's doll house." So we went into a room where some five hundred people were to see the finest toy even a queen could covet. We marched slowly around a great glass case in the center of a small room in which there was standing the most beautiful doll's house surely human eyes ever looked upon, and made for a queen; several stories high, of the richest material, most exquisite, artistic, every room furnished to the minutest detail with such things as it ought to have—the throne room, the council room, the library with veritable little books a child could scarcely pick out with her delicate fingers, all complete even to the titles on the back of them, bedrooms with quilts and counterpanes and sheets and all the other mysteries, maid's room, dining room, sculleries, kitchen, even the room at the back where the empty bottles were put for removal, and the room where the bottles that were not empty were rhythmically stored, little toy motor cars, little toy lawn mowers and outside a beautiful garden. Oh, it was a dream. And we went round it several times in circles that drew nearer and nearer. And I found myself not only interested in that exhibition, but interested in the people. I cannot help it. Some phrenologist told me my main interest in life is in people. I was watching and listening to them. They were manifestly poor, many of them; their clothes showed it. They were manifestly uneducated, many of them; their language revealed it. I knew in England there are a million and a quarter people who cannot find work, and even a Labor government says it won't be otherwise for at least three years. I knew a lot of men are living on a dole. I knew there ought to be at least a hundred thousand new houses built at once because people are crowded in wretched tenements. I knew there were thousands of young folks who dare not marry because there is no place where they can live. I said, "What will be the psychological effect of a vision of a toy for a child that might make these people rich for life, or might solve many of their pressing difficulties?" I listened when I came out, and I bear them record that I did not hear one unkind word; there were expressions of admiration, tributes to the queen, appreciation of her personal grace, acknowledgement of her charitableness in giving the proceeds of this exhibition to the hospitals. These were the things I heard from these people. And when I came out I raised my hat—they did not

know it of course, I raised my hat to England's poor. They are not covetous. The poor are not as a rule covetous, not very. The rich are. Covetousness grows by what it feeds on. The more a man has, the more he wants. It is like gluttony. The man who is usually hungry and occasionally has an orgy is not a glutton.

Greed and Covetousness.

Oh! it is greed that makes for covetousness. It is the full hand that makes the greedy heart. The poor, they are not so very covetous. I walk about London and sometimes it haunts me, that old city. Of course I have lived in a land that is nearly empty most of my life. And sometimes this great pulsating city gets on my nerves at night when I cannot sleep. I go along Regent Street or Piccadilly and see the jewels blazing in the shop windows. I think of the folk in the east end of London, thousands who don't know where the next meal is to come from as they don't know where the last one went. What keeps a city quiet like that? Isn't it strange that they do not riot Isn't it strange that men do not say, Why? I don't know. They are wonderfully patient people. We are not a greedy race; taken in the mass there is more contentment than there is insatiable greed. I am going to believe in the resignation of my fellow men rather than in their covetousness.

Having begun with the tenth commandment, I will venture to go back to the ninth. Thou shalt not bear false witness, thou shalt not lie. I hear men say the love of truth is diminished in our time. Men have not the same regard for what is true. I know it. Why should one try to hide one's eyes from the glaring sins of society? And yet surely there are more people speaking the truth than tell lies. If all the people in the world were admittedly liars we should all perish of neurasthenia. We would never be able to go to sleep, we would have to watch them. And they never would let us get out of their sight, they would be watching us. Even now the biggest insult you can give a man is to tell him he is a liar. He will stand a good many insults, but not that.

They say Bismarck never told a lie in diplomacy; he always told the truth, and because they were so unaccustomed to truth they supposed he had told them a lie, which was what he wanted. My father used to tell me when I was a child that the essence of a lie is the intention to deceive. I say the world is not all full of liars. It is mostly full of decent people who would rather tell the truth than lie, and a few predative people who plunder them because of their simplicity.

Take the eighth commandment. Thou shalt not steal. I know

there is a lot of dishonesty in the world, but consider the more business grows, and commerce and industry, the more we have got to tell the truth in that realm. Business in the main is an honest thing. It lives by reason of humanity's confidence. Every day some of you merchants are taking people's word far away over the sea whose faces you have never seen. If you had to be absolutely sure of the honesty of everybody you dealt with, if you dared not act until you are sure, you would never get out of bed in the morning.

The fact is, the man who makes money by dishonest means is a sharpshooter; he hides as it were in the bush and preys upon the honest, unsuspecting folk who walk down the middle of the road. There is more honesty in business than dishonesty. And the proof of that is that business still stands.

Take the next one. Thou shalt not commit adultery. In England we are having an orgy of divorce cases, and I understand that in America that is not unknown. I hear people saying the sanctions of married life are passing away. But tell me, or tell yourself, how many divorced couples do you happen to know? I tried to count up one day how many of my circle of acquaintances were in that category. Perhaps I missed some, I was not aware of—they don't advertise their unfaithfulness as they do Pink Pills for Pale People, and things of that kind. But I venture to say for every divorced couple you can find even now in a time of moral deterioration since the War, there are simply hundreds of decent sort of people who have lived together for years, through sunshine and shadow, pleasure and pain, wealth and poverty, and somehow their love abides, grows less demonstrative perhaps but stronger.

The more I look round upon life the more I think that most of our social and national institutions are just not good enough for men. A civilization that every now and again can find no other way but to fling its bravest and strongest against the equally brave and strong of another race and prematurely slaughter them, is a civilization that is just not worthy of Tom Brown and John Smith, who are made to be its instruments. A political system that can descend to graft and says there is no way to do its business except by secret, underhand ways, is not good enough for John Brown. He is a decent fellow anyhow, and honest. For my part I will insist, so far as I have power, that no man shall govern me who does not revere in his heart humanity, who does not hold the last thing to be said about man is that he is made in the image of God. Get a type of mind that looks that way and you will find a way out of the jungle. Get a type of mind that looks

the other way and you will go down into chaos and nothing can save you.

Master of the Spirit.

The Christ, the Christ is the Master of the Spirit. He is the lover of man's soul. He is the perfect seeker, who can find a pearl even amid the slime. He is one who will not cease His search even on the cross. He will lift up His eyes to catch the eyes of the dying thief, a man whose life is torn and soiled. He will say to him, when there is no chance for repentance, and no hope for recovery, "Be of good cheer! Today thou shalt be with me in paradise."

I have finished this series of talks, but I want to say this last word in closing. The Bible is an unfinished book. Where can you write the word Finis? The Christ has no sooner risen from the grave than you see the apostles hard at work amid their problems carrying on His task. The book closes! it is unfinished. But the last thing that Jesus did to His disciples, don't you remember, was to breathe upon them the Spirit. I almost wonder if He had some thought of that ancient word with which the book began. The Lord God formed man out of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life. And the last thing that Jesus did for those who loved Him was to energize them with His Spiritual power, breathe on them and say, "Go, go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature; and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

There is an old couplet that runs like this: It says there is a fifth gospel.

You are writing a gospel
A chapter each day,
By deeds that you do,
By words that you say.
Men read what you write,
Whether faithless or true.
Say, what is the gospel
According to YOU?

Maybe it is the fifth gospel that saves the world. Maybe those others are written to inspire the fifth. Maybe Christ's work is not finished when He has lived and died, but it is only finished as we live and die. Maybe the eternal Spirit is still pulsating the hearts of His people, and His kingdom comes upon the invisible wheels. The last word in the Book is the last word that shall be upon my lips. Behold I come quickly. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

Essence of the Gospel

By REV. O. A. NEWLIN, D. D.,
Evangelist.

"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The entire shelving of the average private library would prove inadequate to contain the volumes that have been written to unfold the truth in this single verse of Scripture, the keynote of which is Love. We find in this "Golden text of the Bible" the following suggestive acrostic:

God so loved the world that He gave His
Only begotten
Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not
Perish, but have
Everlasting
Life.

What is this verse but the Essence of the Gospel? It embraces the thought of God; it sounds the depth of His love; it proclaims the gift of His Son; it considers man, the highest form of creation; it declares the fact of his lost condition and announces the provision by which whosoever will, may have everlasting life. With one stroke of the inspired pen we have flashed before us the thought of God and His mercy, Christ and His mission, man and his destiny, time and eternity. Love has a thousand ways by which she approaches like a slippered page the holy chamber of the human heart, a few of which we shall consider.

I. Love's Present.

Love will always be found on the giving hand. All love prompts giving, but not all giving is prompted by love. We may give and not love, but we can no more love and not give than the sun can cease shining. When love gives, the best at command is none too good. It will be helpful in studying the love of God to have in mind the love of a mother for her child, for there is nothing in the world that so nearly approaches the love of God as the love of a true mother. In Isaiah's day we hear God asking, "Can a mother forget her child? yea; she may forget, yet I will not forget thee."

What will a mother not give for the child she loves? She will lay down her life for that child. Love keeps nothing back, it presents all, but never becomes insolvent. It is never so poor but that it finds something to give and presents that gift with such a spirit as to add a value which exceeds its intrinsic worth.

In the Old Testament God proclaims, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love," and in the New Testament John affirms, "God is love," but if in these and the hundreds of other passages in the Bible in which His love for man is declared we could not find it expressed or implied that His love prompted Him to give, there might be some excuse for the slowness with which some accept Jehovah as the God of love. I am glad that in the text we read, "God so loved the world that He gave." Here we see Love's Present. Not even a prince like Enoch, a patriarch like Abraham, a governor like Joseph, a lawgiver like Moses, a warrior like Gideon, a judge like Samuel, a king like David, a prophet like Elijah, an interpreter like Daniel, nor any of the martyred hosts nor the highest archangel in Heaven was worthy to come as a manifestation of God's love to man. He "so loved" that "He gave" the richest gift of Heaven. He went to His own bosom and brought forth His only begotten Son. Not only did He bestow this priceless Present, but He also freely grants the gift of eternal life to those who will accept His beneficence. "No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." He is more willing to give than we are to receive.

II. Love's Preparation.

Love has busy hands and delights itself in preparing for the happiness and well being of its object. With what delight and untiring labor does a mother make preparation for the happiness of her children. Look in upon a family when the mantle of darkness brings them about the common hearth at the close of a day too short for the performing of its many duties. The father, having been exposed to the chill of the day, enjoys the warm corner with the evening paper, the little children play about the room while the larger ones prepare their lessons for school. Mother is engaged with a piece of work, for the love of her heart always suggests something she can do to add to the comfort and happiness of her children. Other members of the family may retire but mother's work is not done until the clothing of every child is mended for tomorrow's wear; and when those garments are replaced by new ones, with the skill of womankind and the industry of mother-love, she gathers up the fragmentary parts of those little

dresses and fashions them together with an artistic design that leads us to say when we look upon the finished product in the form of a crazy-quilt, "This is the product of love." We see this mother call her eight-year-old daughter to her side and say, "Winifred, mother has made this quilt for you. I will put it away and keep it for you until you grow to be a woman. Here daughter, is a little piece from one of Minnie's dresses, and this is from the dress that Auntie gave you. Here is a piece of Charlie's little waist, and here, a small piece from the last dress little sister wore before she went to live with Jesus."

Come with me twenty years later and see this daughter, now herself a mother. Every morning as she dresses the bed her eyes fall upon that work of mother-love. For eight years the industrious hands which made that quilt have been folded and the voice of loving counsel silenced. She can now appreciate the love of a mother's heart. Every stitch in that quilt is an argument of love; every piece proclaims a message of mother-love more powerful than sermon or song.

So, my brother, in a thousand ways God's love expresses itself in the preparation made for us. In His love for man He prepared the world and so endowed it as to make it most conducive to our good. Jesus said, "I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." Even "the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork." As we worship beneath these "Hillside" trees in the deepening shadows of the dying day and marvel at the ever changing glories of Winona's famous sunsets on this tranquil lake, our eyes behold Nature's everlasting message, "God is Love."

III. Love's Persistence.

The word "surrender" is not found in the vocabulary of love. Enthusiasm dies of age, zeal stumbles with weariness and fatigue, reason loses hope, mercy despairs and faith falters but "Love suffereth long, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things; Love never faileth." Talk to the mother of a wayward son who knows the truthfulness of the proverb, "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child." Everybody has given him up as a hopeless wreck—no, not everybody. She cannot give him up. Love does not know how to quit. She still pleads with him, and each night pours out her soul in prayer for him and in her dreams she sees that son transformed into a godly man She sees in him the dutiful son, the honored cit-

izen, the devoted husband, the loving father, all through the efforts of persistent love. "Love never faileth." Love has no end.

The fact that God has not given up the human race is an evidence that He is a God of love. His declaration is, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." Man failed in Eden, but love did not give up. He was reproved for his sin and given the promise of a Deliverer. Man failed under the judges. but love did not give up. Prophets were sent and man stoned them, but love did not give up. The Son of God came the very embodiment of love, and man spat in His face, placed a crown of thorns upon His brow, and crucified Him. Still love did not give up. In the hour of death He prayed, "Father, forgive them;" and that same love intercedes for you today. O, my brother, it is love, divine, heaven-born love, that knocks at your heart's door for admission. It is not Justice or she would beat down the door and seize you as her prisoner. It is not Reason, for the oil in her lamp would long since have failed. It is not mercy alone, for she becomes weary after much delay and may withdraw forever. But it is Love. LOVE—All these years she has been knocking and is knocking now. I pray you, arise and let her in: make Heaven's greatest gift your guest.

IV. Love's Perception.

Love has keen eyes and can see afar off. This may conflict with the time honored proverb that "love is blind," but love has the eyes of an eagle. You wonder what the mother of an untidy, ungainly, unpromising youth sees in him of worth. You have charged that she is blind to his shortcomings, when the fact is, no one sees more clearly than she his wrong-doing. She pleads with him to turn from his error, and moistens her pillow with tears as she implores God to help him reform. The keen vision of her love sees manliness beneath the surface of his faults, while for want of love your eyes are blinded to the qualities of merit which lie dormant in his heart ready to respond to love's touch.

We ask with one of old, "Lord, what is man that thou shouldest magnify him and that thou shouldest set thine heart upon him?" Marvel of marvels, that God should see in man that upon which to bestow His love in the gift of Jesus Christ His Son. God can look into the heart of every man who is a fugitive from justice and into the life of the wandering prodigal and into the souls of the poor wretches who revel in the most loathsome sins, and in every life, He, through the vision of His love, sees a winsome soul transformed by His grace. There is some good in every life and love

is able to see that good though it be hidden beneath a multitude of repulsive traits.

The four manifestations of love just mentioned are to be seen in the parable of the Prodigal Son. There is not a single word in the entire story but what assures us that the father loved the younger son with all his heart. Notice first Love's Present, "He divided unto them his living." There was no stinting in that father's gift of love. Second, Love's Preparation. The son had scarcely gone from sight before the father commanded the servants to place a calf in the stall and have everything ready for a feast upon the son's return. Shoes were provided, a robe was at hand waiting for his coming. There was not a moment from the time the son left home that he could have come and caught love unprepared to receive him. The invitation of our Heavenly Father is, "Come for all things are now ready." Third, Love's Persistence. The son did not come home at the end of a week, for aught we know he did not come at the end of a year, but love was ready, waiting for his return. No doubt the servants asked, "Why not kill the calf and have the feast, for he's not coming back?" But the father replied, "Feed on boys." We cannot know how many calves succeeded one another in the stall. But this we do know, Love did not give up. It grew stronger with the delay of time and the calf was there when the son came. Fourth, Love's Perception. If love were blind the story would run something as follows: The returning son finds the father sitting in deep meditation before the open hearth in the old home, and weeps upon his shoulder as he makes his confession, while the bewildered father is unable to recognize his son. But it reads very different, for love is not blind. "When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him." As the love of that father saw the penitent son afar off so the love of God pierces the deepest recesses of every heart. It sees the first impulse that says, "I will arise and go home," and runs to greet the home bound soul with forgiveness.

V. Love's Prohibition.

For those who dislike the word prohibition perhaps I should say love's limitation, or love's standard, or love's requirement. But since prohibition is both spiritual and constitutional why attempt to improve upon the word. When a neighbor woman is given charge of the home in the absence of the father and mother and she permits the children to play with matches, revolvers, razors and other articles placed under parental prohibition, does it prove that she

has a greater love for the children than the parents have? The disbeliever in love's prohibition is yet in the nursery. I recall an experience while yet a boy, when mother placed on brother and me new waists, which she had finished making and, kissing us as only a mother can, told how much she loved her boys. An hour later we came in to ask permission to spend the day with schoolmates whose home was a mile away. To our surprise came the positive prohibition: "No boys, I cannot let you go today." Our further appeal was, "Why can't we go, mother? We've nothing to do, they're good boys and we'll not spoil our new waists." "Run away now like good little boys and don't bother mother. I worked so late last night to finish your waists and have a headache and there is so much to do. I cannot let you go today," was love's calm but firm reply though no reason was assigned. From past experience we knew that further argument would not change the decision of this court of highest appeals. We went out pouting, boy like, and in our reasoning concluded that mother did not love us. But the philosophy of youth does not change the law of love. "Thou shalt not" is love's declaration.

Where there is no standard, no denial, there is little or no love. Love prescribes a limitation, encircles its object, and prohibits trespassing beyond these bounds. This is true of love between man and man and between God and man. It was the voice of love which said, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain. Thou shalt not steal." The enemy said to the two in Eden: "Thou mayest eat of the tree of life," but God had, in love, previously said, "Thou shalt not." It is an evidence to me that "God is Love" when I see that love asserting itself by prohibiting man from engaging in that which to him may seem right, but which Omnipotent Love knows to be destructive to his highest good. Parents may err in denying their children but God makes no mistakes. I pray you, never pass the archway over which God has hung His love banner, "Thou shalt not."

VI. Love's Punishment.

Love not infrequently manifests itself through punishment. This is a hard lesson which all must learn. Happy are they who learn it in early years. I meet some who take exceptions to the fact that God is Love, asserting that a loving god would not punish man. They remind me of a bit of personal experience which differs little from that of the average youth who is reared in a home where love reigns. In the yard of our old farm home in Illinois were

cherry trees from the roots of which grew up many sprouts, and it always seemed to me that mother was particularly fond of cherry. A growth of two years, four feet in length, was nearest her ideal; three weeks' seasoning added to its condition, and it was a fixed custom of the home to have one or more of these ready at hand. In some homes this would be an approriate motto to hang just above the cherry switch, "I need thee every hour." You must remember Solomon says, "He that spareth his rod, hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes."

Well do I remember when there had been a violation of some simple law of the home, mother would take the cherry in her right hand and the hand of her offending son in her left, leading him to the rear of the house where she delivered a soul stirring speech. She made no attempt at polished sentences and rhetorical dignity in these speeches, but since becoming a man I have classified them along with the choicest gems of literature. They were brief but to the point and never failed to make "Sin become exceedingly sinful." Be this said ever to her loving memory, she never used the switch with anger in her heart, and I pray that every parent may have like good judgment. It was difficult to harmonize in my mind how a loving mother could punish her son, yet she assured me that the big end of the stick was more painful than the little end; that it hurt her more to give the correction than it did the son to receive it. I often wished she would change ends with the switch. In the operation we became very patriotic, she made stripes and I saw stars.

Was not mother right? Time has brought some of us to the big end of the switch, and we now agree with her that there is greater pain in giving than in receiving the punishment of love. While the cherry smarts the erring child for a time it is after all but a tonic and feels good when it quits hurting. An hour later he whistles more sweetly, speaks more politely, obeys more willingly, and invites some task or volunteers to run an errand. His pain is gone and he has been greatly benefitted by love's expression. I have been in homes where the little fellows were actually itching for "cherry tea" and the pity is they should be denied this tonic which would mean so much to their well-being. The mother who has found it necessary to punish an erring child lies awake until a late hour of the night; the pain that comes from the big end of the cherry is gnawing at the vitals of her heart. She hears the corrected child turn in his little bed and goes to him, smooths his troubled brow, kisses his inviting cheek and gently tucks the cover

about him. Assuredly love has no joy in punishing the offender, but the fact that it is long-suffering and punishes with discretion, does not invalidate the unchanging law, "I will punish you according to the fruit of your ways, saith the Lord." God takes no delight in punishing evil-doers as He assures through His prophet, "Say unto them, as I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live; turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?"

VII. Love's Pardon.

Forgiveness is love in full bloom. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Love stands ever ready to pardon the pentitent offender. Mother had said, "I cannot let you go." But we went. You see it was like this: Father had expressed a desire to know how the wheat at the rear of the farm had stood the winter. There could be no harm in inspecting the wheat and informing father of its condition. And no agricultural experiment station was ever more expert on wheat than were we two boys. So we were soon in the field and finding the wheat unusually good were ready to return with a report as glowing as the one given by the spies, when two boys, our school friends, mounted on the old rail fence, called, "Come over." We responded, "We can't come over." "Why can't you come over?" they asked. "'Cause our mother won't let us come over." "Why won't she let you come over?" That we were unable to answer, but some explanation must be made. We were just at that age when our voices were undergoing a change and a strong spring wind was against us. To attempt to converse under these difficulties at so great a distance was liable to permanently affect the voice. We took no chances and in making the explanation joined the boys on the fence.

The subject soon changed, they commented favorably on our new waists and suggested a game. We acted on the suggestion and time took wings. Noon came and we accepted an invitation to dinner after which we went back to play off the tie game. I was going to say we went home in the middle of the afternoon, but we did not; we were taken home. Our big brother and the hired man came after us in the old spring wagon. As we were being hustled home in that country patrol, we were convinced that the fun of the

day was ended. But to our surprise, when we got home love pardoned. Yes, it did something else first, but bless God, I learned that day how love can pardon. I see by the knowing smile that some of you have had a new waist dusted on the evening of the first day's wear.

Love is not only ready to forgive, but has also acquired the rare art of forgetting. A few days later something went wrong down at the barn and our big brother and the hired man said, "You boys had better go down and see the wheat again." Mother overheard their taunt from the milkhouse where she was slicing cured ham for breakfast, and called to them, "Come boys, that has all been settled. Now I don't want to hear you mention it again." Mother had not only forgotten but had also resolved that it must be forgotten. Such is the operation of love.

Here is a wayward son who, spurning the counsel of his mother, has gone deeper and deeper into sin, and brought disgrace upon the family name; his associates have turned him down and he must seclude himself to evade the officers of the law. I see this son at the midnight hour as he returns home from his revelry in sin. He enters his mother's room, tiptoes to her bedside and is surprised to find her awake. Her face is moistened with his tears of repentance as he pathetically asks forgiveness. Before he finishes his confession in which he pours out the dregs of a broken heart, forgiveness is granted. The two affectionately embrace and rejoice together. It matters little how deep into sin we have gone, when we come with a broken and contrite heart to our Heavenly Father, He abundantly pardons; love cannot do otherwise. It is the fixed law of love to forgive the penitent sinner and forget the sin. When we repent, God casts our sins behind His back and will remember them against us no more forever. Having love in the heart we too, stand ready to pardon an erring brother when convinced that he is sincere in seeking forgiveness. Until "seventy times seven" love will pardon. In fact, forgiving love is never limited by the multiplication table.

The love of God is a vast ocean, the depth of which has never been fathomed, and the circumference not entirely explored; it is the central truth of the Bible, the Essence of the Gospel. Proclaim the love of God throughout the earth. "Let the weary of all lands pillow their heads on the bosom of God's love. Let the timid and fearful feel the clasp of the arms of God's love. Let the despondent and the sad look out of their darkness at the noontide splendor of God's

love. Let the broken hearted and desolate hear the music of the anthem of God's love. Let the guilty and the conscience-stricken look up from their sin into the compassionate eyes of God's love. The human heart was made for God's love. It is empty without it, whatever else it may have. It is full with it, whatever else it may lack." I pray you, my friend, open the flood gates of your soul and let the high tide of God's love flow into your heart.

The Law of the Octave

By REV. E. J. PACE, D. D.,
Pastor First United Brethren Church, Canton, Ohio.

Of all the displays of fathomless skill with which the Divine Artificer subdues to awe the soul of man, what can equal the snow-crystal! Let the reader imagine, if he can, what countless billions of snowflakes can fall during one short hour upon a single acre of ground, and then reflect that each crystal is a distinct creation of God, possessing an individuality all its own, and treasures of artistic design little dreamed of until the invention of the miscroscope and the camera enabled man to see and permanently hold the record of these fleeting forms of loveliness.

That pioneer explorer of the wintry storm, Mr. Wilson Allwyn Bentley, of Jericho, Vt., has laid the world under lasting debt for his notable achievements in the field of photomicrography. For a quarter of a century he has been photographing snow-crystals through a microscope, and although he has thus photographed more than ten thousand specimens, he declares that he has yet to find two snow-flakes exactly alike! And in what bewildering varieties of pattern they come! Some are of the feathery type, so frail and delicate that in a breath they are gone; others are of the more sturdy disc formation, embroidered with all sorts of lines, loops, dots, and intricate tracings, always arranged, however, in the perfect symmetry of a six-pointed star or a hexagon. And to think that our Father makes these in a storm!

The snow-crystal furnishes us our best design for illustrating the law of the octave, since each flake is the outgrowth in six directions of an original central nucleus. This central nucleus, always present, binds as it were, the sixfold ramifications into a unity, thus giving the number seven.

Is it not a curious fact that practically all mankind from the remotest antiquity have uniformly associated the number seven with things sacred and Divine? The ancient Sumerians, the Babylonians, the Hindoos, Chinese, yes, and our own savage forbears, the Celts and the Teutons, held in a kind of reverence this mystic number, to whom it meant completeness, finality, and God in His relations with man.

The ancient Babylonians borrowed from the Sumerians before

them the idea that **seven** is equivalent with "all." The seven-storied towers of Babylonia represented the universe. "Seven was the expression of the highest power, the greatest conceivable fulness of force, and hence was early pressed into the service of religion."

In the most ancient of all Chinese writing, the Yi Ching, a book hoary with age in the days of Confucius, there is a significant passage which translated reads: "By the constant return of the seventh day we may discern the mind of heaven."

Many attempts have been made to account for this curious fact, some finding in the periodical phases of the moon, coming in four times seven days, or the "seven planets," etc., the probable origin of this ascription of mystic significance to the number **seven.** Others suppose it to be a mere coincidence, a curious fact of human experience for which no accounting can be made.

Heptad of Light

Every one is familiar with the phenomenon of the solar spectrum. A beam of sunlight passes through the beveled edge of a piece of glass, and the result is the breaking up of that beam of white light into its constituent elements of varying wave lengths, long waves at the bottom. The colors are **six** (the sevenfold classification of Isaac Newton having been long discarded) and they are: crimson, vermilion, yellow, green, blue, and violet. Three of these are primary and underived; vermilion (the brilliant reddish orange of the sun just before it sets), green (a pure crystalline emerald), and violet.

God who made the eye adjusted its delicate mechanism to these three primary colors; for projecting out upon the retina of the human eye are peculiar, minute nerve terminals, known as "rods and cones." Myriads of these are found on the dark inner curtain of the organ of sight, and they are of three kinds: those which respond to vermilion, those which respond to green, and those which answer to violet. All other color sensations, so the oculist tells us. are the blendings one with another of these three classes of sensation.

By no possible combination of lights can any one of these three colors be educed; they are underived, primal, fundamental.

But not so the three remaining colors. These are secondary and the offspring of the primaries. By the proper mixture of vermilion and violet a crimson, wondrous deep and rich, is produced. By the blending of green and vermilion a brilliant yellow emerges, while the combining of green with the violet gives a clear, cool sky-blue.

Viewing color, however, from the standpoint, not of pure light,

but of pigments, or paints, any school-boy is aware that exactly the opposite is true. His three primary or underived colors are: Crimson, yellow, and blue. These he mixes, the crimson and the yellow to produce the orange; the yellow and the blue to get green; blue and crimson to get the violet.

Thus it appears that the primaries and secondaries of color are **interchangeable,** depending upon the standpoint, whether of pure white light or of chemical agents in pigments. In passing, it is interesting to note that while the mixture of vermilion, green, and violet lights gives us the original whiteness of the sun's light, an attempt to get white from the blending of the three pigment primaries results in **neutral gray,** which at best can only be styled "white of a low tonality." As though the creature would answer by reflexion the holy whiteness of the Creator, but only reach poor, weak, dull gray!

The Octave of Sound.

Both light and sound are due to vibrations, or wave-pulsations, the former so inconceivably rapid and short as to hopelessly challenge our imagination; the latter, because slower and longer, come more easily within our grasp and our instruments of measurement.

When a vibrant body such as a cello string sends forth pulsations into the air, the rapidity of the vibrations determines for us the **pitch,** or tone; the length of the waves the **loudness.** When the number of vibrations is **doubled** the result is an octave. When the cello string is a meter in length and its number of vibrations is 120, we call the resultant sound **do.** When we divide the string exactly into halves the number of vibrations of the half-meter string is found to be just twice those of the string a meter long, or 240 vibrations per second, and the resultant audible sensation is **do** an octave higher. Were we to go on dividing the string, this time into three equal parts, we would hear a tone which answers to **sol** just above, and if measured would be found to vibrate 360 times a second. By continuing this process of division, the rate of increase in the number of vibrations follows exact mathematical ratios in orderly progression, until finally we have **seven** stages, steps, or tones within the octave, which bears the technical name of "diatonic scale." Not one in a thousand, I suppose, ever asks himself the question why there should be these **seven** steps, or tones, or why they should be arranged as we have them, in the order and at the intervals we have so often sung them. They are commonly represented by the syllables **do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, ti.** The termini of the octave which encompass the range of its varied

ratios of vibration are **do** and **do**, the latter of which, as explained above, containing the lower one, because it vibrates twice as fast. It takes a practiced ear to detect the two notes that reverberate when a perfect octave is struck; they vibrate as **one**. The one outstanding difference, then, between the heptad of color and the octave of sound as we have arranged them is that in the case of the color heptad this central nucleus is an undivided unity, whereas with the octave of sound this nucleus is divided into halves; but the two, while distinct, are nevertheless in **unison** and therefore to all intents and purposes one. We shall see ere long the beautiful significance and the marvelous application of this in the octave structure of many passages of Scripture. We are to keep in mind the while that even though the name 'octave" indicates eight, yet the number of the octave is really **seven.**

The question was raised above why it is that there are **seven** notes in the scale. May these not be the result of mere coincidence, or due to the fact that we have become accustomed to this arrangement and number? Have not other nations devised other musical scales, and do not some of these differ from ours, as for example the Chinese? Why may not theirs be just as good as ours?

THE LAW OF THE OCTAVE IN THE BIBLE.

With what simple and yet majestic grandeur the Bible begins its wondrous narrative! In a single sentence of **seven** Hebrew words, composed of four times **seven** letters, is to be found the only answer, and it is God's answer, to the riddle of the universe. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." How vast the sweep of these words across the limitless void and over the countless ages!

And what an abyss of time may lie between these words and the next no man can know; for from the Hebrew it would appear that this planet underwent the throes of some cataclysmic upheaval, some catastrophic plunge into chaos, for the reading is, "the earth became without form and void." Out of this primordial chaos the "God of peace" (eirene—"harmonious relations") would bring symmetry and order, and this He does according to the law of the octave, in two **triads** of days.

It is doubtful if any other passage in the Bible, except it be the story of "Jonah and the whale," has met with the measure of disdain and ridicule that the so-called creation story of Genesis has received. It has been laughed at as childish and naive, a fit companion of fairy-tales in the nursery, a story good enough for the childhood of the race, but wholly discredited by the learning of our

astute age. So saturated is the modern mind with a God-denying hypothesis of evolution, that teachers in our schools cause our children to laugh at the Genesis account, the critics never imagining that God can be just as pedagogical as any one of them; that He too, would adapt His instruction to the capacity of children, and in a language they can understand, seeing that children and uneducated folks make up the bulk of mankind. What teacher would laugh at the small boy's map of the western hemisphere, reducing to twelve inches two vast continents? How else could he gain any conception of such a huge thing as a continent unless it were reduced to scale? God speaks to us in our every-day language in Genesis one, where the vast enactments of that world re-ordering is drawn, so to speak, to scale. It is passing strange that the critics, who are usually so much disturbed about "accepting the Bible literally," insist that a literal day of twenty-four hours is the only permissible interpretation of the word "day," a word which is used in the Bible, even as in our modern parlance for vast periods of time. It would seem that the inspired apostle anticipated this when he said, "forget not this one thing, beloved, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day" (2 Pet. 3:8).

Suppose we make a fresh study of this creation narrative in the light of our findings thus far. It may be that God has left the watermarks in the fabric of the page of His Word that we discovered on so many pages of His world.

The Octave of Creation.

Ten times during these six days occur the words "wayomer elohim," "and God said." The phrase never varies, the "and" is always there, which in Hebrew is the letter "waw" or "vav." Now it is well known that the letters of the Hebrew alphabet were used as numerals, a fact which would arouse interest in a discerning Israelite much as it would in us if I were to set down a series of numbers like this: 40, 10, 5, 30, 1, 200, 40, 1, 10, 6. These are the equivalents of the letters that make up the Hebrew for **"and God said."** Add them and you will find the sum to be 343—7x7x7! Omit the word "and" and there remains not a single multiple of **seven** in it. Just **seven** different letters of the alphabet also are used in these two words.

Upon examination we find the enactments of this world re-ordering to fall into two triads of days; that these two triads bear analogously the same relation to each other that the primary colors

bear to their complementary secondaries, and as the three major triads of music are related to their three relative minor triads.

The First Triad of Days.

On the first day the fiat went forth, "Let there be light;" on the second day a **firmament** was made, an "expanse" of air and water; on the third day, "Let the dry land appear." Light, fluids, dry land, a trinity of inanimate creations are now integrated, synthesized into a unity, **plant-life;** and this as an extra creation on the third day. Not one of these three can be omitted from the organic structure of vegetable life. Corresponding to these three days we have placed the three primary colors (viewed as pigments), red, yellow, and blue.

The Second Triad of Days.

Passing on to the second triad of days we find the complementaries of the first three days, or "fillers up," in a manner analogous to the complementary relationship which the three secondary colors, green, violet and orange, bear to their primaries; for on the fourth day God said: "Let there be luminaries (light-bearers)," the sun, moon, and stars, answering to the fiat of the first day as the secondary green answers to its primary complement, red. On the fifth day, "Let fowls be in the air and fish in the water," the fifth day answering to the second day in precisely the same way as the fourth answers to the first, and as the secondary violet answers to its primary complement, yellow. On the sixth day, "Let land animals fill up the dry land," thus complementing the third day as the secondary orange complements blue.

As on the third day we had an extra creation in the advent of synthesizing vegetable life, which marks a distinct step in advance from inanimate to animate creation, so have we on the sixth day an extra creation, **human life,** which in turn marks a step in advance from merely animate being to that which is utterly new, a spiritual personal being, capable of knowing, loving, and worshiping the Creator.

Now, what have we here but the law of the octave! For beginning with plant life and ending with human life we have **do, re, me, fa, sol, la, ti, do.** Human life is the **octave** of plant life; the lowest form of life upon earth entering into and forming a part of human life, the highest form, with this added distinction, that man occupies the first place in the new octave, being numbered not only with creation below him with which he is in harmony, but also with the creation above, even with spiritual, angelic beings, capable of knowing and worshiping God.

The Meaning of the Number Seven.

From the foregoing discussion the fact has emerged that the numeral seven is the number of completeness, finality and harmonious relations. The Hebrew word translated "**seven**" means literally "to bind into a bundle," and as such is the number of **oath-bound covenant relationship,** as can be clearly discerned from the divinely inspired interpretation of its significance found in the twenty-first chapter of Genesis. The Hebrew word "seven" is "sheva." This is also the word everywhere used in the Old Testament for "swear," or "to bind with an oath," the man thus binding himself being said to **seven** himself. A paraphrase of the passage above referred to will bring out picturesquely what the eye of a Hebrew would instantly discern. There is manifestly here a play upon words, with an evident intention of identifying the significance of **seven** with the idea of an oath-bound covenant. Thus we read: "And it came to pass that Abimelech _ _ _ spake unto Abraham saying _ _ _ now therefore **seven** thyself unto me here by God that thou wilt not deal falsely with me _ _ _ and Abraham said, I will **seven** myself. And Abraham reproved Abimelech because of a well of water which Abimelech's servants had violently taken away _ _ _ And Abraham took sheep and oxen and gave them unto Abimelech, and both of them made (literally "cut") a covenant. And Abraham set **seven** ewe lambs of the flock by themselves. And Abimelech said unto Abraham, What means these **seven** ewe lambs which thou hast set by themselves? And he said, For these **seven** ewe lambs shalt thou take of my hand that they may be a witness unto me I have digged this well. Wherefore he called that place the Well of Sevening (Beersheba, or Beer-'sheva') because there they both **sevened** themselves." (Gen. 21:22.)

It will be recalled that immediately after this God called Abraham to take his only son Isaac to Mount Moriah and there offer him unto the Lord (Gen. 22:16); whereupon the angel of the Lord said, "By myself, saith Jehovah, I have sworn," or literally, "I have **sevened** myself," or bound myself with an oath; "and because thou hast done this thing and not withheld thine only son, that in blessing I will bless thee, . . . whereupon Abraham returned to the Well of **Sevening** (Beersheba), and Abraham dwelt at Beer-sheba."

The Seven Sayings of Jesus.

Reference has already been made to the "blood of the everlasting covenant," where in Hebrews 13:20 we read that the "God of Peace (Harmonious Relations) brought again from the dead our

Lord Jesus." (In the New Testament "God of Peace" occurs just six times; "'Lord of Peace" once, but **seven** in all!)

In this connection it is significant that the word "passover," symbol of the Savior's propitiating sacrifice, occurs just 7x7 times in the Old Testament and 4x7 in the New!

But more marvelous yet is the balanced symmetry of the "seven sayings" upon the cross, where even the words used number just 7x7.

The fourfold record of the day of crucifixion contains a composite picture of that tragic day, from which we gather **seven** sayings uttered by our Lord upon the cross. **Three** of the sayings are by Luke, **three** of the sayings are by John and one by Matthew (Mark records this also).

Jesus was put upon the cross at the **third** hour of the day (Mark 15:25). At the **sixth** hour darkness covered the land, while at the **ninth** hour he gave up the ghost (Luke 23:44). Thus there were **three hours** of light and **three** hours of dark. Furthermore **three** of these sayings were uttered in the light, **three** were uttered during the darkness, and one in the darkest of the dark. Again, the **three** in the light manifest his **thought for others;** the three uttered in the dark manifest his **thought for Himself.** (1) "Father, forgive them," etc. (His enemies). (2 "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise" (His friend); (3) "Woman, behold thy son" (His mother). (4) "I thirst" (His body); (5) "It is finished" (His soul); "He poured out his **soul** unto death;" "When thou shalt make His soul an offering for sin;" "He shall see the travail of His **soul,** and be satisfied." (6) "Father, into Thy hands I commend my **spirit**" (His spirit). Man's tripartite nature is thus encompassed in the second triad—body, soul and spirit.

The climacteric moment, however, of that tragic day was when he uttered the fearful cry, "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani." Here, one somehow feels, was the supreme moment in the history of this sinful race; here the debt was paid, the everlasting covenant sealed, our passover Lamb once offered. This central utterance marks the center of the atonement. Note please, that it is recorded in two languages; Aramaic, the language of the Jews, the covenant people, and in Greek the language of the Gentiles, or the non-covenant people. See now the illuminating passage in Ephesians 2:16 where we read that He "reconciled both (Jew and Gentile) in **one body by the cross!**"

It will be observed, also, that the first, the middle, and the last are **prayers;** the remaining four are not. These three prayers

contain eight Greek words each, with the central one supplying four more in Aramaic, 28 in all (4x7). The remaining four utterances contain just 21 words in Greek (3x7). But 4x7 words in 3 sayings, and 3x7 words in four sayings gives us 7x7 words in all!

Where in all the range of secular literature can such a thing be found? How could three men each writing independently of the others, choosing and arranging his materials with no consciousness of a supervising mind, contrive such perfection of symmetry as we see here displayed! What need we of further proof that "all scripture is God-breathed," and "holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost?"

The Meaning of the Cross.

The theme of the Bible is **redemption.** The central fact of the Bible is the Crucifixion of Jesus. The meaning and blessed consequences of that fact constitute the burden of the Epistle to the Romans. The heart of Romans is chapter three, verses 21 to 26, into which, like dark, polluted venous blood the terrible argument for human sinfulness flows; and out of which like cleansed arterial blood, the life-giving stream flows to every succeeding chapter.

Righteousness is the big word of Romans. It underlies the whole Epistle like the foundation of a cathedral; or, to change the figure, it is the warp into which is woven the glorious fabric of paradise regained. It would be natural to expect that a word that so dominates the Epistle should find a prominent place in the "heart passage," and so it is; and in the light of the foregoing demonstration of the law of the octave there is to be found no more beautiful and significant instance of balanced symmetry and sweeping comprehensiveness in the entire Bible than this.

The word **righteous** appears just **seven** times in this perfect unit of Scripture, a fact, however, likely to be overlooked because of the variety of English words used to translate it. In order, therefore, to bring out the perfect symmetry and beauty of the passage, as well as to indicate the unity of the dominant thought, the diagram here given segregates the Greek root **"dikaio"** (righteous) in its varied forms.

A few preliminary remarks seem needful before our examination of the passage.

Man having been proved to be wholly wanting in **righteousness,** or "rightness," he stands before the tribunal of divine justice a guilty and, but for the mercy of God, a hopeless and undone sinner. Nor is it possible for him to recover himself out of his ter-

rible plight. Efforts to keep the law of God will not touch the matter of his guilt. There is no help, no mercy, at Sinai (3:20).

(1) "But now," (verse 21) since man's righteousness is wholly wanting, God, who is rich in mercy, provides the needed righteousness. "But now an apart-from-law righteousness of God (literal translation) is manifested;" a righteousness which is wholly apart from man's character, and of which God is the Author and Bestower; a righteousness to be **obtained,** not **attained.**

(2) The manner of the obtainment is nothing new. It is God's method in all ages since the Fall, as "witness the law and the prophets," of whom Abraham and David are representative (chap. 4).

(3) This "apart-from-law righteousness of God," a phrase viewing it negatively, is balanced by "even a righteousness of God through faith in Jesus Christ," which views it positively. Its conferment has nothing to do with our keeping the law; it is reckoned to us through faith in Jesus Christ, as the next phrase asserts.

(4) "Unto all and upon all them that believe; for there is no difference; for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God;" that is, are continually coming short of God's approval. There is no difference in the **fact** of guilt, though there may be and doubtless are differences in the **degrees** of guilt.

(5) "Being declared righteous (justified) freely (as a free gift) through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus"—an act that would involve the Judge Himself in guilt were it not that sin is fully met at Calvary "through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." The Cross of Christ is the eternally standing reason why a **righteous** God can deal in **mercy** with sinful men; and it is so because—

(6) "God hath set forth (Jesus Christ) a propitiatory sacrifice" —not a shining example of the spirit of self-sacrifice for us to emulate, but he has "set him forth **in his blood** as a substitutionary atonement (see Heb. 9:22; 1 John 2:2, and kindred passages). The purpose of this setting forth publicly before the whole world of Jesus Christ **"in his blood"** is—

(7) "To declare his (own) righteousness," to vindicate his own character, since man had from the beginning fearfully misunderstood his "forbearance" as tantamount to not caring whether or not men sinned! He had "passed over (praetermission) sins done aforetime," forbearing to punish, and men had asked, "Where is the God of righteousness?" Now in the sacrifice of Calvary we have the explanation of this age-long forbearance of God. His character as righteous in the past is now vindicated; yes, and in this present time too; for the sacrifice of Calvary—

(8) "Declares in this present time," and in all succeeding generations, "His (own) righteousness," in His unalterable hatred of sin;

(9) "That He himself might be **righteous,**" and at the same time the "one who **declares righteous** the one who believes in Jesus."

This is the center and focus of the thought of the whole passage. Man is thus declared righteous before God, and God's righteousness is vindicated before man. Man is saved from the wrath of God; God is saved from the misunderstanding of man.

The Headship of Christ

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A study of Colossians 1:1-20.

In Colossians Paul is interpreting the Person of Christ in opposition to the Gnostic heresy. This oriental philosophy with a dash of Essenism and mysticism came in contact with Christianity and at once had trouble with the Person of Christ. Some of the Gnostics accepted Christianity, but with modifications to suit this philosophy. They held that matter was essentially evil and that God was wholly good. That the good God could not deal with evil matter. They conceived of a series of aeons or emanations from God till one appeared far enough away from God not to defile Him and yet with power enough to handle evil matter. This aeon created the universe. But when did Christ come in according to this system of though? They made Him one of the aeons far below God.

There were two kinds of them. Docotic gnostics held that Jesus was not a real man, but only had a phantom body. He merely seemed to be a man. The Corinthian Gnostics took the view that the Christ was an aeon that came upon Jesus at His baptism and left Him at His death on the Cross. Both views degraded Jesus, and Paul was greatly stirred to interpret Jesus Christ as one Person who was both Son of God and Son of man. He combined deity and humanity. So then Gnosticism is responsible for our having the exposition by Paul.

Paul is in Rome still as a prisoner when he writes to Colossae. He had never been there, but Epaphras came to Rome with news of the ravages made by the new heresy. Tychicus and Onesimus are going to Colossae and so Paul writes to the church and sends the letter by them. Paul feels no hesitation in dealing with this problem in Colossae since he is the apostle to the whole Gentile world.

He is grateful to God for what he has heard about the faith and labors of the saints in Colossae. But he is anxious that they may have full knowledge of Christ. Paul has no sympathy with the idea that ignorance is the mother of devotion. The Gnostics claimed a special knowledge and insight into the mystery of faith

and creation. The way to meet false knowledge is to have real knowledge of the truth of the Gospel. So then Paul prays that the Colossians may grasp the glory and the greatness of Christ.

He sets forth Jesus Christ as the Creator of the universe. He is Lord of life and the sustainer of the universe. But He is more. He is the express image of the unseen God. But He has also made possible the forgiveness of sins by the redemption which He made on the Cross. Jesus is on a par with God, the Father in His relation to the universe, and so reaches far above all supposed aeons or emanations of deity.
things ot Himself. He is the unifier in our disturbed world. He is the Head of the Church which is His body. All the fullness of the Godhead dwells in Christ in bodily form. So then Jesus Christ is supreme both in the realm of nature and of spirit.

On the Cross He made peace by His blood and reconciled all things to Himself. He is the unifer in our disturbed world. He is the Creator of all things.

One can see this at every turn. Now Paul meets the Gnostic heresy about Christ Jesus. He emphasizes his equality with God the Father and lays stress also on the blood of the Cross and His real human body. He places Him above all the Gnostic aeons both in creation and in grace.

It is a good time to call attention to Paul's exaltation of Jesus Christ to the supreme place. Paul met the intellectuals of his day with a bolder and a truer philosophy which was Christo-centric. That philosophy is just as true today as it was then and it is a good antidote to much of the present day whittling away of the deity of Jesus Christ by modern Gnostics. They will not be able to rob us of our Lord an ymore than Corinthus could. Paul put Jesus on the throne. He was already there and He will stay there, Head over all things in Heaven and on earth. May He rule in the hearts and lives of all of us.

The Inspiration of the Scriptures

By REV. GEORGE L. ROBINSON, D. D.,
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I crave this morning the privilege of speaking as a friend to friends on a most delicate subject; with that latent consciousness and concession on your part, if you are willing to allow it, that I am trying to be honest, frank and sincere, and, if God wills, helpful. You may take issue with me in some of what I say, but I trust that we shall agree in nine-tenths of it. I rather think we shall, for I do feel that I have been divinely helped in the preparation of this address.

The one text that is most appropriate for this theme is 2 Timothy 3:16:

"Every scripture inspired of God is also profitable (don't forget that word)
for teaching,
(and every teacher should have a view of inspiration)
for reproof,
(and the preacher, also)
for correction, for instruction which is in righteousness: that the man of God may be complete, furnished completely unto every good work."

A great text, the locus classicus of scripture! Zechariah 7:12 is the corresponding passage in the Old Testament for Old Testament writings, from a prophetic point of view. Zechariah is telling his hearers that the Spirit spoke through the prophets of old.

In what sense inspired? "Every scripture inspired of God," i. e., every Scripture breathed into, and therefore breathing out; every scripture breathing out an aroma of God; every writing God-breathed, that has a perfume divine, is profitable—not passive, but active! Every flower that grows breathes its own perfume, and you cannot be long in their midst before you realize that flowers are there.

What is the setting of this text? Read the third chapter again. Difficult times have come upon Timothy in Ephesus. The whole letter is an urgent appeal on the part of the apostle Paul for him

not to resign his church at Ephesus because it is difficult. He says "I know you have those who trouble you—I once preached there in that church myself" (at least Paul might have said it that way). "Just as Moses, when in the series of plagues in Egypt and in the house of Pharaoh, encountered Jannes and Jambres" (they are mentioned in this chapter, the tradition as to their names having been preserved even down to apostolic times; and now in Cairo, in the museum, you can see the mummies of Jannes and Jambres, reputed to be these same magicians of Egypt), "just as Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses, so you have those at Ephesus who withstand you—'lovers of self, lovers of money, boastful, haughty, railers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, implacable, slanderers, without self-control, fierce, no lovers of good, traitors, headstrong, puffed up, lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of God, having a form of godliness, but having denied the power thereof' . . . 'But abide thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them.' O Timothy, you have been well-trained at home by a godly mother, and I have instructed you during your apprenticeship; believe and hold fast to those great Writings which are abel to make you wise unto salvation. For every Writing, every Scripture, breathed into by God, and therefore breathing out God, is profitable; you may have the same spiritual power that I had when I founded that church and labored among them for three years." Such is the historical setting of these words, so precious to us all.

This is the text of all texts which could be quoted to prove the inspiration of the Scripture. But of course Paul had in mind the Old Testament only. You and I may reason that what is true of the Old Testament must be equally true of the New, and that no one could deny. But we have no passage equivalent to this for the proof of the New Testament.

1. What is the Protestant, evangelical, view of inspiration? I will put it as briefly as I can. I realize it is not necessary with this audience to go into any great detail. A general, universal, ecclesiastical, protestant view of inspiration briefly expressed, is, that the Bible is a norm, "infallible for faith and practice." I think in this that I am voicing the view of every evangelical church; certainly that is the language of our own church; simple and comprehensive. The Bible is the only infallible rule of faith and life. When I was ordained to the ministry, I accepted that fomula willingly—voluntarily. I did not appreciate it then, however, half as fully as

I do now. Those are precious words; I subscribe to them gladly, because I believe this is the right view of scripture.

In this view of inspiration there is more involved than the mere providential guidance. Providential guidance might not mean much to some. There is something supernatural involved, making the Bible infallible and guaranteeing it against error. But that word needs explanation; we shall define it later on. The inspiration of the Bible gives it "indefectible authority," so that when we read "Scripture says," it practically means, "God says." Anything less than that is insufficient!

2. What are the present day views of inspiration so much heard of? May I speak frankly? I am speaking as a Voice this morning, if I ever did. I suppose this modern movement, which is checking up those who ignore what I have just said, started at the Buffalo convention—I don't know the exact date, but it was 1920 or '21, I think. The people there were saying, "The Bible is greater than its critics." From that day forward we have heard the word "fundamentals" and "fundamentalist"—good words if not overworked. Our General Assembly of 1923 re-affirmed certain doctrines:

> 1. The inspiration of the Scriptures—the Spirit giving the authors power to write without error; "kept from error" are the exact words.
>
> 2. The Virgin Birth.
>
> 3. The Atonement—"to satisfy Divine justice."
>
> 4. The Resurrection of the **Body** of Jesus; His body did rise from the tomb, for He left an empty tomb and He bore the imprint of the nails and showed them to Thomas. But while the body rose and it was the **same body**, I myself would not say that it was the **same flesh**. There is a distinction there worth meditating upon.
>
> 5. Miracles.

These five points had been affirmed by the General Assembly of our church in 1906, and again in 1910, with the addition that every man who was being ordained to the ministry of the church should subscribe to them. The General Assembly of 1923 reaffirmed these same five points, as every Presbyterian knows. The words which perhaps have given the greatest offense are those three words, "Kept from error." "Kept from error!" The result of that General Assembly was that immediately after, an Affirmation, a pamphlet of a few pages, went forth signed by one hundred-

fifty ministers, the number being augmented later to something like fourteen hundred, protesting that these five points were not in any case essential to orthodoxy or good standing in the Presbyterian church. Henry Van Dyke, known in all parts of our country, answered, "There is no such doctrine as that of inerrancy, either in the Bible or in the Confession of Faith." Ex-President Eliot said, "Such a view of Scripture is unreasonable." Others say, "Such a view of Scripture is too abstract—too theoretical. It is a priori; it could be true only of the original manuscripts, if even of them." Hosts of others insist that the true view must be inductive, free from all pre-suppositions and based upon the irrestible logic of the facts. Let us take the Bible on its own merits, let us deduce our own doctrine of inspiration. May I be personal? I wish to quote Dr. Francis L. Patton, of Princeton, Ex-President of the University and later of the Seminary, who formerly advocated the inerrancy doctrine of the original manuscripts. But eight years ago, in 1916, when he was lecturing at Grove City, he made this concession: "I used to hold a very high view of inspiration deciding what the Bible must be; but during more recent years I have come to the conclusion, that we must first look into the Bible and find out what it contains, rather than to reason a priori about its contents." My turn came next. I came to the platform and with characteristic bluntness, I said, "If Dr. Patton had said that in 1892, when I was a middler in the Seminary, the Briggs' trial would have been halted." There was not a demur that I ever heard of, either privately or publicly, to my challenge!

Now, what about the verbal theory of inspiration? Has it become obsolete? Is it an impossible view? Verbal inspiration means dictation. Did God dictate to man the words of our Bible, as the angel Gabriel is said to have dictated to Mohammed the Koran? That is nothing but a theory. How then shall we account for the differences of style in the Bible, if the Holy Spirit dictated it word for word? How account for those orientalisms of which I spoke yesterday? How account for those numerous puns? Would the Holy Spirit dictate puns? Those who believe in the dictation theory try to prove with a quod erat demonstrandum, that the Bible is inspired because in the book of Esther, forsooth, which does not mention the name of God, you can find—with the help of the Rabbis—four successive words in four different texts in which when you read the initial Hebrew letters forward, in two cases, you get the four Hebrew consonants of the word Jehovah, and when you read the final Hebrew letters in the other two passages backward you will

get also the name of Jehovah—cryptograms. Is that the way God inspired the Bible?

The other day in San Francisco a man gave me a certain pamphlet in which the author attempts to prove, mathematically, that the Bible is inspired. For example, in the geneaologies of Matthew and in the first two or three verses of Genesis you have a number of consonants which are a multiple of seven, and seven is an inspired number. I can't begin to tell you, friends how I condemn that type of proof. Paul's coarse statement in Galatians 5:12 bears upon the subject (though I hesitate to mention this). He says, "I would that they who unsettle you" (those Judaizers who were insisting upon circumcision) "would even go beyond circumcision," or, as in the Revised Version, margin, "I would that they would mutilate themselves." Can we write before that verse, and before every single verse of the Old Testament and New, "The Holy Spirit dictates?" It is a practical question. I just challenge you to look it up, and I ask in all sincerity, "Is that passage inspired to such a degree that we may say, "the Holy Ghost saith?"

The Bible is inspired, but with certain qualifications. Is its inspiration one of **degree** merely, or of **quality?** You will think at this stage that I am coming out on the liberal side of this question. But wait! I am not through yet.

Did Luke plan to write a **third** volume? Luke wrote the Gospel which bears his name and then the Book of Acts, with a very accurate account of the work of the early church, leaving off abruptly. Many a man thinks he intended to write a third volume. If so, was he inspired to plan thus? Not a very cogent proof, but this question arises as we read the book of Acts and come to the abrupt conclusion.

It says distinctly of many Old Testament characters, such as Balaam, Samson, and Saul, that the Spirit of God came upon them. Are we modern prophets inspired by the evil one? The highest degree of Old Testament inspiration centered in the prophet, according to the views of the Hebrews, because they were so full of conviction. They knew what they were saying, when they said, "Thus saith the Lord." Which is but another way of saying that they were God-inspired.

The historical books, also, ranked high from the standpoint of the Hebrews. The writers often state that they consulted ancient records, such as the book of Jasher and various state annals, or chronicles, but nevertheless they showed a deep insight into the philosophy of history—so said the Jews of ancient times.

The Pentateuch was pre-eminently inspired, according to Philo and others, although many of the laws of the Pentateuch had already become obsolete in his day. We Christians treat many of these laws as obsolete now. Every time we eat oysters we declare the laws of clean and unclean obsolete!

The Psalms are specially inspired, those wonderful hymns. with their messages for the heart. And the wisdom books, teaching the fear of God. In those books we are told that the fear of God is the beginning, the very portico of real wisdom!

To the book of Esther the Jews gave a very high degree of inspiration; but Christians do not. Luther said of it that it was the least-inspired of all the books. As we read it, we are expected to gloat over one extra day which the Jews were given in which to kill their enemies. The book is of value; but it is primarily a patriotic book, teaching as its chief lesson the origin of the Hebrew Fourth-of-July. There is little but patriotism in it. It lacks the spirit of internationalism utterly.

Turn to the New Testament. The New Testament has always been held in high regard. Therein we find the wonderful writings of Peter, and John and Paul. Yet Paul recognizes a border land. In I Corinthians 7:40, he writes, "I think that I also have the Spirit of God"—as he writes concerning marriage and celebacy. He gives no clear line of demarcation and no neutral territory, to show where he becomes sure of the guidance of God in the message. This is left indefinite.

Our task, therefore, in view of the history of the church, is to remint the word Paul uses in our text, "Theopneustos," inspired of God. Which one of the versions is inspired? Would there have been any need of a revised version if there had been no errors in the older versions?

Take for example, Psalm 100, verse 3, and read it in the authorized version: "It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves." In the revised version we read, "It is he that hath made us, and we are his." The latter is explained just by the change of one letter. I don't think the Psalmist meant to say that we were unable to create ourselves. He knew that, of course. But what he meant to say, was that God has made us, and we belong to Him. "It is he that hath made us ,and we are His."

Take another passage. In Romans 5:1, we read, "Being therefore justified by faith, we have peace with God." That is the way the Authorized Version translates it; also the American revised version. In the English revision of 1881, however, the reading is

"Let us have peace with God," as though after being justified by faith we are to exhort one another to have peace. The Americans said in opposition to that translation that the peace of God follows, and is a necessary corrollary of justification. We don't need to exhort one another to have peace.

I wonder if it is generally known to you all that the Church of England, so far as the Psalms are concerned, has never yet accepted the Authorized Version of King James. The Church of England, and the Episcopal Church in America, also, have never yet adopted the Authorized Version of the Psalms in their Prayer Books. When they read the Psalter they go back to the version of the Great Bible of 1539.

The Roman Catholics say explicitly that no version of the Bible is inspired, and that it is impossible accurately to translate the Bible. And there is much truth in that. You must get into the atmosphere of the writer, and breathe his spirit, in order to reproduce it. No version is really inspired, says the Roman Catholic, not even the Septuagint or Greek version, although that is the version that is quoted constantly in the New Testament.

But what of the original manuscripts themselves? Are all the errors that are found in the Bible due to Scribal transmission? That question can scarcely be answered in the affirmative. Were the original manuscripts, so far as we can judge from our present versions and the very few originals extant—were the originals absolutely without error in everything that was written?

Take for instance the question of astronomy: Is the astronomy of the Bible correct? Isn't it based on the Plotomaic, geocentric, plan? Again and again it speaks of the sun coming up, and the sun going down. Does the sun really rise and set? If we had not learned from Copernicus we might still think so. But now we know that the sun is the center of the solar system. But in Ecclesiastes 1:5 we read, "The sun also ariseth and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to its place where it ariseth." Now what about that? We still speak of sunrise and sunset, although we know that actually it is the earth that moves. The sun seems to rise and set, and we speak that way, naturally. Even technical astronomers still speak of the acceleration of the sun's motion, when they really mean the acceleration of the earth's motion. Inspiration did not make these writers of old astronomers any more than it made them agriculturalists!

Again: Are there errors in the historical sections of the Bible? What about Cain being driven from Eden? "I shall be a fugitive

and a wanderer in the earth; and it shall come to pass, that whosoever findeth me will slay me." Did the author forget himself, or is there an implication here of pre-Adamites? Who could ever kill Cain? But this objection is not serious. Every detective knows that a guilty conscience, like that of a murderer, will people an unpeopled world!

The next instance is not so easy, yet it, too, is but a trifle. In Numbers 25:9 we read of a plague in Israel, from which twenty-four thousand died; whereas in I Corinthians 10:8 this plague is referred to and the number given as twenty-three thousand—a difference of one thousand. This surely is not a serious discrepancy. It amounts to little.

Again, in II Samuel 8:4 we read: David took from Hadadezer a thousand and seven hundred horsemen; whereas in I Chronicles 18:4, we read only seven hundred horsemen, instead of seventeen hundred. This is more serious.

In Matthew 27:9 Matthew ascribes to Jeremiah the passage about the thirty pieces of silver: "And they took the thirty pieces of silver, the price of him that was priced . . . and they gave them for a potter's field, as the Lord appointed me." This really belongs to Zechariah 11:12-13. Concerning this passage in Matthew, Calvin said very frankly that Matthew made a "mistake" here—an error. I would not be so rash! I am more conservative! I would say that Jeremiah being probably the first prophet in the list of prophets in Matthew's day, and Zechariah being one of the twelve, a passage from his writings could be quoted and ascribed to the chief prophet, or to the one at the head of the list.

One more question, and that still more serious: Are there errors in morals in the Bible? For example, Noah's drunkeness after the flood; Lot's incest with his daughters; Jacob's falsehood to his father Isaac; David's adultery with Bathsheba; Peter's denial of Jesus—every one of them being recorded and left unrebuked! But how superficial such criticism is! To point to these as instances of immorality! Their deeds are not commended. Here is another: namely, the spirit of Elijah on Mount Carmel (I Kings 18:40), where he killed all the prophets of Baal. It is surely not the same spirit that Jesus manifested. For example, Jesus with His disciples was going through Samaria, and when they asked for bread they were refused (just as people in Galilee did to me one time—because we were Christians they would not sell us any bread). James and John, those "sons of thunder," said to Jesus, "bid fire to come down from heaven and consume them." But Jesus replied, "No,

rather let us go on to the next town." (Luke 9:52-56). There certainly is a difference in spirit between Jesus and Elijah!

The imprecatory Psalms are equally culpable. Take Psalm 109. There is nothing of the spirit of forgiveness in it. The Psalmist calls down upon the enemy all sorts of imprecations: "Let his children be fatherless, and his wife a widow. Let his children be vagabonds and beg; and let them seek for bread." Likewise in the 137th Psalm the Psalmist is answering those who taunt him in captivity and says: "Happy shall be he that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the rock." Friends, that is not the spirit of the New Testament!

Just here I wish to quote what my friend the Rev. Thomas F. Day, D. D., says in a recent brochure, namely, that "if we believe in the infallibility of Jesus, we can not believe in the moral infallibility of every particular passage of scripture." I ask now with great emphasis, what shall we say to these things? What is their solution? I ask you this practical question: Can a book that is errant still be infallible?

When you go abroad, you take with you a Baedeker Guide, to the countries you intend to visit. Although no Baedeker is infallible, or inspired, or inerrant yet it is a useful guide! So the Divine Baedeker-Guide, though there may be in it here and there little things that are not quite scientifically or historically what we should expect, still guides us Home.

The late Sir Robertson Nicoll, of London, said to me many years ago, "Robinson, the thing you ought to set yourself about is in the light of criticism to prove that the Bible is in a true sense inspired." That was in 1897. I have been thinking of his remark ever since, especially these last six months. The task is a difficult one. Like the Roman Catholics we Protestants crave authority. We must have a Pope, as it were! The Bible is our Pope, and must be a source of authority. And it is. My first answer, therefore, is that all the errors of the Bible when added together are mere trifles. The Bible doesn't explicitly teach that the sun moves. Dr Hodge, of Princeton, spoke the truth when he said, "The authors stood on the same level as their contemporaries." We can find similar instances in the present day; for example, we speak of the Battle of Bunker Hill, when as a matter of history no battle was ever fought there. The battle was fought near Bunker Hill.

I take my knife not to do harm to anyone, but to mar this pulpit; I strike it here into the front of this desk, I gouge it, although it is solid oak. But the pulpit still remains. There is a

gash, indeed, in the hard wood; but I have not spoiled the desk. I will not be chargeable, I am sure, for having destroyed in any sense the furniture. Just so, all the weaknesses and errors alleged, and all the discrepancies of scripture in proportion to the great body of truth in scripture, are like that little wound or gash in the desk. Yes, there are errors there, but you have to look closely in order to find them; I, for one, am willing to confess that they are there. In talking with a good brother the other day in the Chicago presbytery, I said, "Why don't you admit that there are a few errors in the Bible and the discussion will subside." "I will admit nothing," he replied. I myself do not take that position. I will admit everything that needs to be admitted, and still maintain that the Bible is our great guide book, and that the few discrepancies in it amount to nothing.

My second answer is. that "the Holy Spirit secured the truth." That is a fine expression; I must have gotten it somewhere; I don't claim originality for it. But it is certain that the Holy Spirit has secured the truth. But what kind of truth? Historical? Scientific? No, not primarily. But religious truth. In the third verse of Jude we are exhorted "To contend earnestly for the faith which was once for all delivered unto the saints." Yes, "once for all," but **not all at once!** The Bible has been very much misunderstood because it is not interpreted chronologically; for the revelation to man did not come all at once, but at many different times. The earliest revelation is not the standard of Christ. But there has always been enough of God revealed in any age to keep man in the right attitude toward God.

My third answer is that the test of inspiration is its profitableness. "Every scripture inspired of God is profitable." The whole Bible is profitable; even the Song of Solomon is profitable. Peter also speaks of the value of scripture and of precious things. Read that first chapter of Second Peter again and note the precious things, the precious promises; but they are not to be interpreted privately. The words are these: "No prophecy of scripture is of private interpretation." The interpretation must be chronological; just as in John 10:35, where Jesus was arguing with the Jews, He said, "The Scripture cannot be broken."

And my fourth answer is that, in any true theory of inspiration we must recognize both the human and the divine. That is easily seen in 2 Corinthians 4:7, "We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the exceeding greatness of the power may be of God and not from ourselves." God has left His divine deposit in earthen

vessels; otherwise how are we to account for the idiosyncrasies of style? The inspiration of the Holy Spirit is not mechanical. The Greeks taught that the Sibyl uttered words of which she had no consciousness herself, that the priests of Appollo were intoxicated by mephitic vapors, and that the oaks of Dohona really spoke. The Christian view of the Bible is that the human mind laid hold on God-given messages and transmitted them in terms of their own personality. And the transmission was suited to their own times. We cannot emphasize this too much. The Old Testament laws were the best laws of their age; the Old Testament prophets were the interpreters of God for their age. Jesus by theophanies is seen in Old Testament prophecy, little by little, with clearer and clearer vision, culminating in Daniel 7:14—the same vision which we have in Revelation 11:15. "The kingdom of the world is become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ." And in this culmination of the kingdom of the world there is revealed through Christ the kingdom of God with us. Revelation is explicitly progressive.

People tell us to read the Bible as we would read any other book. It can't be done. You can't read the Bible as you would read any other book, because it tells of salvation and redemption. There are two important facts to be remembered: first, that inspiration and revelation are closely related. One is the co-relative of the other; they are two different species of the same genus. Whenever God did reveal Himself, He inspired men to receive His messages intelligently and communicate them to the world. The sacred authors were inspired with a difference of degree, and also with a difference of quality. What is that difference of quality? It is this: **inspiration plus originality**; i. e., inspiration plus revelation; for when God revealed Himself to men He also prepared human vessels which appreciated at least to some degree His revelation; but their appreciation was not always perfect. Nor did they know everything. Paul could not remember how many he had baptized at Corinth. Another fact to be remembered is that we must possess the same spirit. Paul had the same spirit but he was a human vessel. If I were speaking to an audience of unbelievers, I would not expect to have a single one agree with me when I got through. The fact is, that we must have the Spirit who inspired the original writers in order to appreciate them.

John Calvin said, "You can't demonstrate inspiration to infidels." Augustine also observed that, "Piety and peace of mind must precede all revelation or inspiration." Dr. Garvie, of London, said, "If the church were once cleansed and renewed, it would recognize di-

vine truth." It is a truism that "no lesson is taught until it has been learned." The man whose own life has not been under the influence of the Holy Spirit cannot expect to understand or appreciate inspiration. We must yield ourselves if the Bible is to find us responsive to its messages.

Let us not attempt, then, to prove too much. I often think of Job 13:7, in connection with this theme. In this passage, Job says to his three friends who are contending that he is receiving his just deserts, "Will ye speak wickedly for God, and talk deceitfully for Him?" In other words they were trying to prove too much. We are in danger of doing that when we try to prove the meaning of Holy Scripture.

In 1675 certain Swiss reformers, just after the Reformation, contended that the vowel points of the Hebrew were invented by Adam in the Garden of Eden, and made belief in the antiquity of the Hebrew vowels an article of religion and a proof of orthodoxy! There are a few men today who are also inclined to compel others to believe as they do. They should be careful, lest they earn the title which President McCracken, of Vassar College, used at their commencement this year when he spoke of the "Modern Inquisition" in science, theology and other branches of knowledge. Shall I challenge you with this somewhat drastic assertion? Namely, that I feel that an inquisition has been begun, even in this our age, which will be just as futile as was that of the Spanish. You cannot compel people to believe the Bible is inerrant; you can only make your proofs clear. We cannot compel people to believe in the inspiration of the Bible; there is nothing gained through the use of drastic methods.

Let us admit for the sake of honesty that verbal, plenary inspiration cannot be demonstrated, for it is impossible to define the undefinable. The correlation of the divine Spirit with human intelligence cannot be explained. We might as well try to explain how God could create these nerves of ours, how He could create this complicated nervous system as to explain how He could create the Bible. And let us not deceive ourselves into thinking that the term "inerrancy" can be applied to our present Scriptures. That could apply in any case only to the original documents concerning which we are altogether uninformed. And as Protestants, let us protest vehemently against the mechanical theory of inspiration which would suppose that every word was dictated. For it is unthinkable to suppose that God's Spirit acted with automatic precision on irresponsive minds. Let us frankly admit, on the other

hand, that the divine light has come to us through stained cathedral windows, so to speak, which are human, and that every word is colored; but, thank God, that the colors, too, were designed by the Great Architect! Archbishop Leighton loved to quote the Rabbinical saying: "The Law of God speaks the tongue of the children of men." The true theory of inspiration recognizes, as George Smeaton once expressed it, that the Scripture is the Word of God, inspired throughout by the Spirit of God in every particular, and given in human forms of expression. The only true infallibility of the Bible is its infallible power to save; and in this sense, and in this sense only, it is inerrant.

Intercessory Prayer

By REV. GEORGE L. ROBINSON, D. D.

I am very glad to announce that the theme this morning is very different from that of yesterday; that it is devotional this morning. I trust that the Spirit of God may be with us, that we may learn how to pray, not only for ourselves, but for others. For my theme is, "Intercessory Prayer—as a Method of Work." Sometimes I feel that the church and that the people in the church have too often introduced every possible human method into their work, and have failed, because they have forgotten the divine method. It is high time we were turning to the Scriptural method, the only true one, the divine one.

If I were going to read a Scripture lesson this morning, I would ask you to listen to the last half of the forty-fourth chapter of Genesis—Genesis 44:18-34—that plea of Judah on behalf of Benjamin to Joseph, whom the brothers did not yet recognize. Concerning this plea, one of the greatest authorities says, "It is the finest specimen of dignified persuasive eloquence in the Old Testament." Concerning it Luther once remarked, "I would give anything to be able to pray to God as Judah prayed to Joseph." This is the plea of a man to a man.

Then, if my time were not limited, I would like to turn to the seventeenth chapter of John, that great high-priestly prayer of Jesus, the prayer of a God to a God. The Old Testament passage being the plea of a man to a man, as I said, and this New Testament passage, the plea of a God to a God. You recall the passages, I am quite sure, so that a formal reading of them is not at all necessary.

So let us go on to speak about prayer. Those of us who lead others in prayer ought to remember that prayer should have in it an element of adoration. I confess that I feel that I sometimes fail or forget—failure through forgetting—to pause to adore God as I ought.

Also, prayer ought to have in it a vein of thanksgiving; when it comes to thanksgiving, I am quite sure that my prayers usually issue from a thankful heart. For I feel that I have special and almost unique reasons for thanksgiving. Life has been very happy with me. I have scarcely known any sickness through all the years. There are many reasons for thanksgiving.

And then confession ought to be an element in prayer, for we are sinners, even though we may not be conscious of it, or may deny it. Sin is a real factor in every life. You and I know that, and will not dispute it. Our consciences tell us that we are sinners and that we need forgiveness.

And then as a last element, perhaps, in every ordinary prayer, there ought to be petition. I am inclined to minimize petition, because we pray to a God Who knows our needs, and it is not necessary to catalog them, or tell Him what we want Him to do. God has already anticipated the needs of this day for most of us—for all of us—and He will continue to do so, because He is our Father. (It was characteristic of that dear wife of mine in her youth, so the family reports, that she seldom asked for things—almost never—I suppose because she had such good parents, who anticipated her wants. It is difficult to be the husband of such a wife, for there is danger of my forgetting that she is in need of things for which she has not been schooled to ask. Glorious childhood, that the outstanding characteristic should have been that of meekness, never claiming personal rights or even uttering selfish wants!) And prayer—I am speaking of prayer in general still—ought to be more interrogative. I tell my students, and the people too when I preach, oftentimes that the great advantage of the family altar in the morning is to find out from God the direction of life for the day. Often, I confess, I start out on a course of action, and then ask God to bless me on the course already launched. That is not logical. I should have asked first, "Is this the proper course," rather than to expect God to bless me on the course that I myself have chosen.

Prayer is a dialogue, not a monologue only. Prayer is letting God speak to us. Moses at Sinai, when he saw the burning bush, turned aside to see and when he turned aside, God spoke to him. That is prayer. Sometimes people, even those of us who are Christians, have difficulty in believing that God answers prayer. "Is it possible for God to answer prayer? Is God fickle?" I have been asked on these grounds within the last ten days. "Can finite man change the infinite mind of God? Is God susceptible to our pleadings?" We are reminded of Terence, who in his "Heauton Timorumenos," tells us the people in his day wearied the gods into granting their requests. No, God is not fickle, but God does answer prayer. There is a psychological difficulty there. I sometimes use this illustration. Take a sheet of paper, and let it represent, if you will, for a moment, the great will of God. When God created you, He voluntarily de-limited Himself. Get those words: God voluntarily

de-limited Himself. He gave a fragment of His will to you, and so again to you, and to you, and to you, and to each one of us, voluntarily de-limiting Himself. For there is no doubt but that we can thwart God by the use of our wills if we choose. A man can set up his will against God's will and thwart Him. In a very true sense, God cannot use us unless we want to be used.

What is prayer, then? Prayer is giving back these wills to God, as Jesus, in the Garden of Gethsemane prayed, "Not my will, but thine, be done," giving back His will to God. When you and I pray back our wills to God and have such trust in our Heavenly Father that we leave everything in His hands, we shall have no reason to say there is no such thing as intercessory prayer. We have not changed that will; we have augmented it, so to speak, and we have created for Him a new agent through whom He can work. That is the psychology of prayer. God is not fickle. God has given to us freedom, autonomy, self-direction; and when we love our Father in Heaven so implicitly as to trust Him, then as we pray we simply give everything into His hands, just as Jesus, His perfect Son, did in the Garden when He said, "Thy will be done."

In the Talmud there is a very suggestive story of a Hebrew mother who had two sons, one a gardener and the other a potter. The gardener came to his mother and said, "Please pray for rain. My garden plants need refreshing." And the potter came to her the same day and said, "Please pray for sunshine, because my vessels need to be dried." What was the poor mother to do? That fable teaches us that legitimate prayer lies within the limits of our common needs. That petition in the Lord's Prayer is exceedingly instructive: "Give us this day our daily bread," meaning, as it does, give us the bare necessities of life. We should not pray for cake, but for bread; for when we pray for luxuries we may, if answered, take the necessities out of other people's mouths.

Now, when we pray for others, we are asking God to create other agents so that they, too, may co-operate in the great service of the kingdom.

This morning I want to direct your attention to a few examples of intercessory prayer in the Old Testament and the New. First of all—my students of Theology will remember this—Abraham pleading for Sodom in the eighteenth chapter of Genesis: "If there are fifty righteous within the city, wilt thou not spare the city?" "If forty-five?" "Forty?" "Thirty?" "Twenty?" "Ten?" And he might have said "five." A splendid example of intercessory prayer. But a still better one is found in the twentieth chapter of Genesis,

verses seven and seventeen: when Abraham went to Gerar, in the Philistine country, and Abimelech appropriated Sarah, because Abraham had said: "She is my sister." And Abimlech's whole household was punished; Abimelech cried out to God, "In the innocency of my heart I have done this. He said she was his sister." And God said to Abimelech, "Abraham is a prophet" (the first mentiсn of a man being a prophet in the Old Testament) "and he will pray for you." And in the seventeenth verse, we read that Abraham did pray for Abimelech, and God healed his family, so that they bore children.

The word "prophet" is of doubtful etymology. But there are very suggestive and illuminating suggestions as to its etymology. From one root, it means, the "bearer of a message;" from another Hebrew root, through the Arabic, it may mean one who bubbles over, as it were, with the truth, as every prophet should bubble over. Or it may mean, as A. B. Davidson expresses it, "one who feels the pressure of God's hand from behind," as it were—one who feels, as he ciimbs the steps into the pulpit, the pressure of God's hand, pressing him to his task. Those who have had preaching experience, and recall their early years in the ministry, have felt I feel sure, that pressure more than once. We still feel it, but especially is it more strongly felt, perhaps, in youth than in the maturer years. The whole incident teaching that, the man in the pulpit, and the teacher in the class room, should be a man of prayer, one who prays for his constituents, for his members, for his students.

I have heard it said of a most successful pastor, who, during the week days had his church open so that people could come in to pray. But on Saturday, the doors were closed, that he might pray for them. He would go into the individual pews of certain families he wished to pray for, and there kneel down, in their own pews, one after another, and pray for them. It is needless to say that he was a most successful minister.

Take another example of prayer, from the same book of Genesis: Jacob, who was called upon to bless his grandchildren, Ephraim and Manasseh. You will find that recorded in the forty-eighth chapter of Genesis, and the fifteenth and sixteenth verses. It is most suggestive. Jacob was an old man. So Joseph brings Manasseh in his left hand toward the old man's right hand, so as to get the first-born's blessing, as he was the older son; and he brings Ephraim in his right hand, toward Jacob's left, because he was the younger son. But the old man wittingly crossed his hands,

and prayed, "God who has shepherded me all my life long, hitherto, bless the lads;" teaching that intercessory prayer is paternal; and that it is not limited to the pulpit. That it must be found in the pew, also, and in the home, in the hearts of the parents, and of grandparents, praying for their children. That is the object of the home—and that is the permanent value of this passage.

Again—in Exodus 32:31, 32, we find the great intercessory prayer of Moses. Moses was coming down from the mountain with two tablets of stone, and as he saw the Children of Israel worshiping the golden calf, he dashed the tablets to the ground, because Israel was unworthy of such a holy law. And Jehovah, too, manifested his anger toward the Children of Israel. Then it is that Moses beseeches of Jehovah to forgive them. He says, "Forgive them, or else blot me out of the book which Thou hast written." A splendid example of intercessory prayer; teaching the vicarious note which should always be found in it. Moses himself was willing to be blotted out of existence, if only God would forgive the people. That reminds us of Paul in Romans, "I could wish that I were anathema from Christ for my brethren's sake!" Both of these passages give splendid illustrations of vicarious intercession.

Passing over many passages that might be used, we come to Samuel, (I Samuel 12:23). In that whole chapter Samuel is giving his farewell. He has challenged the people to accuse him of having taken any man's beast, or of having defrauded any one, or of having done anything for which he is rejected. He has been asked to resign. The people have desired a king, and are willing, eager, to give up their theocratic government for a monarchy. Samuel has warned them that they are not really rejecting him, but that they are rejecting God; but no matter how loudly he warns them, the people will not listen. Then it begins to thunder and rain in summer, when thunder and rain are not expected. The people begin to feel that they have sinned, and they beg Samuel to pray for them. In the verse designated Samuel responds by saying, "Far be it from me to sin against Jehovah by ceasing to pray for you." The implication being, "This is a part of my official position. It is my official business, even though I have been asked to resign." I do not know what it is to be asked to resign, but I can fancy that a person feels very blue that day. Samuel must have been heavy-hearted. He was asked to resign, but he did not cease the most important part of his work—he kept on praying for his people. Now, Samuel was a judge. And so, this teaches me that judges as well as ministers have a constituency, also, for whom they ought to pray.

I once heard the late Judge Kohlsaat, of Chicago, say: "I never sit upon the bench, or render a decision in court as a judge, but that I feel that I am in the place of God to my clients." I thought to myself: Would that all the judges of Chicago were of that type; Would that all the judges of this country—of the world—were of the Samuel type, who kept on praying as a part of their official position!

David is another example of intercessory prayer. In II Samuel 24:17, David has numbered the Children of Israel. Pride had instigated it. The people in the orient do not take a census. The Turks never number their people. Egypt did not know how many dwelt along the Nile until the English occupation in 1882. The Arabs purposely forget the number in their own family, lest they become proud of the number. "How many children have you," I asked an Egyptian servant, Yusuf, the Arab equivalent of Joseph—by name. "I don't remember," he answered, "but I will count them up for you. I have,"—counting them out, "seven sons living, and three daughters." Now David had numbered Israel, though Joab warned him not to do it, to find his strength—as we may find ours on September 12th! I regret that day, and the program for that day! David found that he had about a million and a quarter of soldiers. In July, 1914, I sat at the table in Munich with a German, the father of a military officer. He stated that Germany at that time had seven million trained soldiers at their command, men trained at least three years; and four million more who were just above military age; eleven million in all. Now David, like this officer, was proud—and so, seventy thousand were smitten down by God in a day! David then began to recognize his sin, and prayed to God and said, "Oh God forgive them, forgive them. It is I who have sinned. What have these poor sheep done? Don't punish them, punish me." Teaching what? Teaching that when we pray in this fashion we vindicate the innocent. Pray some day, my friends in this fashion, and I venture to say that somebody else will be vindicated. That is a side of intercessory prayer that you and I may have forgotten. As I grow older, and become more experienced in the work of the church, more and more I specialize on the prayer-meeting. If I am called to preach in a certain church for any length of time, I place paramount emphasis on the prayer-meetings. Get people to pray if you can. Confess yourself when you pray. Many sins that are under cover, in time will be revealed, either privately or publicly. David vindicated the innocent, when he prayed this prayer of intercession.

Just so, in the fifty-first Psalm, (v 4) after his adultery and murder, David confessed, "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done that which is evil in Thy sight, that Thou mayest be justified when Thou speakest, and be clear when Thou judgest." He seems to say, "I confess my sins, but the people won't understand if you punish me. They think I am innocent; they think I am perfect. So I confess my sins, in order that Thou mayest be just when Thou judgest, in order that Thou mayest not be condemned when Absalom rebels against me." In that Psalm, David vindicates God;

Another example from the Old Testament is found in Ezra 9:5-15. Ezra had come back from Babylon to read the Law to the people. He faced a new problem at Jerusalem, that had to do with immorality. The Jews were divorcing their Jewish wives, in order to take heathen women. And so Ezra kneels and prays, and spreads out his hands to God, and in the verses designated he says: "I blush because of our sins. Our sins rise as a cloud to heaven. Forgive us." Did you notice the pronouns?—all plural! "We have been guilty; we have forsaken Thy commandments:" teaching that, when we pray in this intercessory fashion, we will identify ourselves with sinners.

There is still one more example from the Old Testament, found in Job 42:10. The drama of the book is finished; the struggle is over. God tells Job to pray for his friend-enemies, Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar. And we read in the tenth verse of that forty-second chapter that Job prayed for his three friends, then his own captivity was turned, and he received double: instead of seven thousand sheep, he had fourteen thousand; instead of three thousand camels, he had six thousand; instead of five hundred yoke of oxen, he had a thousand, etc. Teaching that when we pray for others, there comes an intensive reflexive blessing upon ourselves. Here, in the light of that passage, I can exhort you as I do myself often, to pray for others and forget yourself, for by praying for others there will come an intensive reflexive blessing upon yourself. And in all these passages that I have quoted except one (that of Moses in Ex. 32), the verb is an intensive reflexive, teaching that prayer must be intensive, and that true prayer is always intensive reflective.

Thus we find in the Old Testament: that

Abraham, as a prophet, prayed for Abimelech: intercessory prayer in the Old Testament begins with the prophet.

Jacob prayed for his grandchildren: intercessory prayer should be characteristic of parents.

Moses prayed for Israel, "Forgive them; blot me out:" intercessory prayer is vicarious.

Samuel prayed because it was a part of his official duty, even though they had rejected him: intercessory prayer is a duty we cannot neglect.

David prayed when he saw that the innocent were suffering, "Punish me, not them; what have these poor sheep done? It is I who have sinned." Intercessory prayer vindicates the innocent.

Ezra prayed with pronouns which were plural: "Our iniquities rise as a cloud hiding Thy face from us;" intercessory prayer shares guilt.

Job prayed for his three friend-enemies. They were nothing less: they were really the agents of Satan. They had a wrong philosophy of life, and to a great degree were under the spell of Satan. And when Job prayed for them his own captivity was turned, for intercessory prayer is intensively reciprocal.

One example only need be taken from the New Testament, that one which I have already mentioned, the prayer of Jesus in the seventeenth chapter of John. There are three divisions to it. In the first eight verses, He is praying for Himself. "Glorify thy Son . . . with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was." Pre-existence! One of the causes of modern imperfect views of Christ is, that men forget His pre-existence. You can't get the right light on the portrait of Jesus in the Gospels until you think of Him as living before the world was, antecedent to all time.

The second division of the prayer is from the ninth to the nineteenth verse: for His disciples. There are two petitions in this section: first, that they may be kept from the evil one; and second, that they may be sanctified through the truth. To keep any one from evil is negative. That is not enough. You may throw a hedge about a child who is forward, but if you always have to hedge him about he is a weakling. If he is sanctified through the truth, however, he can stand alone. Sanctification is something positive: that is the true idea of sanctification. What is sanctification? A popular definition is this, an ever-increasing appreciation of the truth.

And the third division of the prayer is from verse twenty to verse twenty-seven, in which He prays for all those, including ourselves, who shall become His disciples through the original dis-

ciples—through the eleven. There are two petitions here also: that they may be one in spirit—I am not at all interested in having all the denominations unite under one name, but I am intensely interested in having all denominations meet, as we do here, in the unity of the Spirit. Let us forget our shibboleths, and our differences, which are unimportant comparatively, and let us get together as closely as possible in the unity of the Spirit. Jesus prayed for us two petitions: that we might be one, and that we might be sharers in His glory. I will never forget one November morning when a missionary was passing into eternity, my good father-in-law, Dr. Harvey, of Cairo, Egypt, and we had just received a letter from him in which he said that he had been re-reading the seventeenth chapter of John, and his comment was, "I have come to the conclusion that death is an answer to Christ's high-priestly prayer." And as we were reading that letter, he was passing over the river. Yes, to be sharers of His glory, you and I must die. I wonder if you feel, as I do, and this is a growing feeling through the years, that you do not dread death—I think I know myself; I am not sure, but I think I do—I don't dread death, I almost welcome it. I am not boasting, but I am devoutly thankful that this is true. As I grow older the things of the world captivate me less and less. Somehow, I don't dread death.

And this high-priestly prayer of Jesus teaches us what? Look forward to the first verse of the eighteenth chapter to find out. In that verse we read, that after having prayed this prayer, He went with His disciples over the brook Kidron, where there was a garden. In that garden, He prayed, as I have said, "If it be possible let this cup pass from me; nevertheless Thy will, not mine be done." That high-priestly prayer prepared Him for the greatest crisis of His human life;—for Gethsemane, to me, was the real battle, spiritually of the divine Jesus. It was more difficult to pray that way in the garden than it was even to hang upon the cross; and His high-priestly prayer, His farewell, His valedictory, as it were, prepared Him for the crisis spiritual, as your intercessory prayers will prepare you, and mine will prepare me, for the crisis of life.

This is my message this morning. Let us come back to the old method of intercessory prayer as a method of work, on the basis of Scripture. Let us see if we can find any modern examples:

We can always point to George Mueller, so well known to all of us, and his orphanages in Bristol. Then there is Hudson Taylor. In 1865 he wrote on the margin of his Bible, "I prayed today for twenty-four skillful workers to be sent to those eleven provinces of

China into which none have ever entered." Later he prayed for seventy-three workers and money to support them. In 1885 he prayed for a hundred new workers to be sent. And his prayers were all answered. And there is an experience of my own. This theme, indeed, is suggested by personal experience. This one in particular: A poor college president came and begged for a letter of introduction to the mother of our seminary. I gave him a card, and wrote on it, "I think, Mrs. McCormick, this is a cause well worthy," and also I prayed for him, as he went in for that interview. I did not see that man again for a year and a half afterwards, but when I did see him, he said to me, "I thank you for that card of introduction. It meant twenty-five thousand dollars then, and another twenty-five thousand later, and more recently ten thousand more!"

Prayer will accomplish anything that God wills; you and I, by placing ourselves in line with God, may have our requests answered. Let us not neglect that great avenue of service. Let us come back to the vicarious, paternal, prophetic, intercessory prayer method of work, willing, as Moses was, for ourselves to be blotted out from the book of life, if only those who are sinners may be forgiven.

May God help us at this moment, indeed, to pray for others: to pray for all ministers of the Gospel who are endeavoring to preach as prophets, and to hold forth the truth; for the people in the cities, perhaps sweltering in the heat; for the little children without the comforts that we have this morning; for the missionaries in foreign parts, under difficulties and privations, but who, in turn, have compensations spiritual, and know that God is with them; for those in authority throughout the world, in our own land and everywhere. Oh, let us pray that the kingdom of Jesus Christ may come, and that His name may be glorified. We ask it in Christ's name, Amen.

The Bible an Oriental Book

By REV. GEORGE L. ROBINSON, D. D.

I am to speak this morning in a sort of introductory fashion on a theme which has interested me for some thirty odd years, ever since I went to Palestine in 1887. During those first three years of instructorship in the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut, I kept on my table a note-book, in which I noted everything that impressed me as distinctively oriental, which would throw light on the Scripture, noting and annotating the different things still practiced and existent in the orient which would illustrate the Bible;— for, primarily the Bible is an oriental book, spoken and written by orientals for orientals; but catholic, universal, in that it is intended for all people and for all ages.

There are two books which I would recommend to you who are interested in this subject of the orientalisms of the Bible: the first, by G. M. Mackie, "Bible Manners and Customs," long since published by the Revell Company, costing about a dollar and a half—a small book, but very much worth while; then a book that is exceedingly valuable, in two volumes, by Budden and Hastings of Edinburgh, entitled, "The Local Color of the Bible," published by T. T. Clark, of Edinburgh, 1922 and 1923, costing perhaps four dollars for the two. These volumes are more complete and comprehensive than the smaller one of Mackie.

If I were to take a text—it is not necessary to do so in an address of this kind—but if I were to take a text, there is one that has impressed me more than most others in recent years, the first verse of the one hundred twenty-first Psalm,

> I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
> from whence cometh my help.

Imbedded in it is an orientalism which I never discovered until I went on my trip to Petra in Mount Seir. I said to the dragoman as we were starting out one morning, "What is our direction today?" and he answered me, "Do you see that peak over yonder?" "Yes," said I. He responded, "Just keep that peak between your eyes." And I did so. We traveled all day, with that mountain peak in view, and camped at night-fall at its base. "I will life up mine eyes unto the hills"—for direction. General Gordon, of Chinese fame, who was for several years, (1874 to 1879), governor of the Equatorial Provinces,

in Central Africa, once wrote to a nephew, "Keep your eyes upon the pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night. Never mind your feet! The direction is everything." And the Psalmist seems to have shared the same sentiment.

Let me assure you at once, lest I be misunderstood, that I assume the theme of tomorrow morning, the Inspiration of the Scriptures. What I say this morning is preparatory to this theme which we will discuss then.

For several reasons, the Bible is an oriental book. The first is its composition. It was written in three languages, Hebrew, Aramaic, and Greek: the New Testament in Greek, most of the Old Testament in Hebrew; the Aramaic sections being Daniel 2:4-7:28 inclusive, and Ezra 4:7-6:8, and in the seventh chapter also, verses 12-26. Both the languages of the Old Testament were oriental in that they were written from right to left. The Ten Commandments were written on tables of stone, which I have exhibited to my classes, and which I have here. Granite, brought from Mount Seir, in order to illustrate the size probably of the original tables of stone. It was oriental, thus to write for the Babylonian tablets, which were written in Palestine, known as the Tel el Amarna tablets, discovered in Egypt in 1887, and now scattered among the different museums of the world, were just about that size.

Certain archaeological notes in the Old Testament were originally written on the margin, but are put into the text now. The Arabic manuscripts which I verified myself in Egypt, with the help of Arabic scholars, such as Drs. Nimr and Sarrouf, also had allowed the marginal notes to creep into the text, thus showing that it was an original characteristic to incorporate the marginal notes into the text. So when we turn to the second chapter of Deuteronomy, verses 10-12, we find that the Emim are spoken of there as the aborigines of Moab; and in verses 20-23 the Zamzummim as the aborigines of Ammon. It is quite possible that if this had been written by an occidental, these verses would be found as foot-notes. Or they may have been added upon the margin of an old manuscript and finally incorporated into the text. I do not know. That is an argument from analogy, and analogy doesn't prove very much. But it may be an interpolation. Dear old Dr. Green, of Princeton, my professor of Old Testament in that institution, said of Numbers 12:3, where we read that Moses was the meekest man, "Of course Moses did not write that sentence himself. That was put in by an inspired scribe." A modern critic would call such a process redaction, would say that it was put in by a Redactor. And the last chapter

of Deuteronomy, the thirty-fourth, about Moses' death: we could scarcely conceive his having written it, that Moses wrote an account of his own death and burial, as tradition says, with tears in his eyes! That, too, was probably added by an inspired scribe. Is it necessary to assume that the Pentateuch came down from Moses absolutely as we have it, without any changes?

Those who compare the texts of Kings and Chronicles notice how the accounts of Kings were taken by the Chronicler, and interpolations and comments made. The late Dr. Sanday used to say, "We moderns write commentaries on the Bible; the ancients wrote commentaries in the Bible." In that splendid sentence Sanday expressed a historic truth and verity. At least, they may have. I do not say positively that they did.

Again, they may have ascribed their writings to others as did the Pythagoreans, and certain Arabic poets, who published their works under the names of men of historic character and fame. For example: if Daniel was really written late, his name was chosen because of his historic fame, and Daniel became a Pseudonym. Just as the Book of "Enoch," a great volume, about the size of the New Testament when translated, was a late production, written in the name of Enoch the seventh from Adam, who walked with God. I leave all that an open question. The important thing in all this is that the Bible is an oriental book, oriental in its composition.

Also, the Bible is oriental in **style.** "East is East and West is West." And the style of the Bible is full of orientalisms: e. g., vivid imagination, glowing ardor, striking diction, bold figures, passionate feeling, and characteristic metaphor. Why? They had to do so to convey the proper impression. Our modern writers have done the same. Listen to Tennyson:

> The deep air listened round her as she rode
> And all the low winds hardly breathed for fear.

And listen to Dante, who in his Inferno, when he meets a lion, transfers his terror to the atmosphere, saying, "The air trembled." Orientals think and speak in figures.

In Jeremiah, that prosaic book as you and I may think of it, the book of Jeremiah which modern scholars are finding out is more poetical than prosaic—for they are saying now that Jeremiah wrote largely in poetry—in Jeremiah 10:19 we read, "My wound is sick," a figurative thought. We may become traitors to the Bible if we do not recognize this liberty.

Then parallelism is a great feature of Hebrew composition and

style. In Hebrew poetry the outstanding characteristic is parallelism: e. g.,

> It is better to trust in the Lord
> than to put confidence in man.
> It is better to trust in the Lord
> than to put confidence in princes. (Psalm 118:8, 9).

Parallelism! I call that modern scholar lacking in oriental perception who, because of "doublets," in the Old Testament, says that two writers must have done that! It was a custom of the Hebrews thus to write, it is characteristic of their style, such repetitions, such "doublets." In Exodus 6:26, 27 it says, "These are that Aaron and Moses to whom the Lord said etc., and again, These are that Moses and Aaron who spake to Pharaoh king of Egypt."—repeated for the sake of emphasis, not because of two writers. So also in the account in Genesis of Joseph being sold into Egypt. (Ch. 37:28).

Paronomasia is another feature. They often spoke in puns, in the Bible. Take Isaiah, for instance. At Johns Hopkins a few years ago a student pointed out one hundred and thirty examples of paronomasia in the book of Isaiah alone and got his Ph. D. degree by writing a thesis on the puns of Isaiah. For example, Isaiah 5:7,

> "He looked for judgment, and behold oppression;
> for righteousness, and behold a cry."

Would you like to hear these words in Hebrew? I will give them to you, and you will recognize the pun:

> "He looked for mishpat and behold mispah;
> for sedakeh and behold seakeh."

And that is only one of many. Take Judges 15:16, in which Samson boasts (the English translation of Dr. Moore suggests the pun in the original), "With the jawbone of an ass I have assailed my assailants"—a very splendid English rendering of the Hebrew words, for the same word is repeated three times, and in one instance the noun is used as a verb. Again, take Ecclesiastes 7:6, which might be rendered: "As the crackling of thorns beneath a pot, so is the cackling of the fool." Here you have a similar sound in crackling and cackling, corresponding to the play on words in the Hebrew.

Further, we have the use of parables, both in the Old Testament and the beautiful parables of Jesus, an oriental way of speaking that is most forceful, the most forceful method of all. I have no time to illustrate, and it is not necessary.

Let us take up the third reason. It is oriental in thought.

Turn to the first chapter of Genesis, and read and you will note what we call in the class-room anthropomorphisms, speaking of God as a large man. Reading on, we find that God walked in the garden at the close of the day, just as orientals do today when the sun sets and the evening is pleasant. In the eleventh chapter of the same book, we read that God came down to see the tower which they were building at Babel. That also is an anthropomorphism. And there is another characteristic also: anthropopathism—God spoken of as possessing the passions of man. In Exodus 32:16, God says, "Now therefore let me alone, that my wrath may wax hot against them, and that I may consume them; and I will make of thee a great nation, Moses." Oriental—but all these are necessary, in order to teach the personality of God. For the Bible is not pantheistic. To the Hebrews there is but one God, a personal God. And in a certain true sense God is the author of everything, "all is of God." That is in accordance with the oriental conception today. Mohammedans say that all is of God, both the evil and the good. And frequently we find such a conception in the Bible: e. g., In Isaiah 45:7 we read, "I form the light and create darkness: I make peace and create evil: I the Lord do all these things." And in II Thessalonians 2:11, "God shall send them a strong delusion, that they should believe a lie." There is no dualism in the Old Testament. It was necessary to speak thus, or you would feel that there was a dualism, like the gods of light and darkness, Ormuz and Ahriman of the Persians. We ought to be very thankful that the Hebrews, through their forceful oriental expressions, made this clear.

Again, when the spies were sent into Canaan, they returned and reported that there were cities walled up to heaven. This is an exaggeration, certainly. But we must take into consideration the personal equation. They were men who had dwelt in the flat country of Egypt, they had never seen cities built up on the hill-tops. Then, too, these cities were built of stone, and not just of sun-dried clay. They made a great impression upon their oriental minds, and ten of the twelve spies reported that these Canannite cities were walled up to heaven. An oriental exaggeration, but natural.

Then there is one of the laws given on Sinai: "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in its mother's milk," which is subject to several different explanations. I have found three meanings for it. First, do not roast, cook, seethe or boil, a kid in his mother's milk instead of in water. Ask almost any Jew the meaning of that passage, and he will

answer thus. Second, some will tell you as an alternative interpretation, do not eat meat and drink milk at the same meal. It isn't healthy to do so, it isn't hygienic. And third—but I have never found a Jew to agree to it—don't take a young suckling from its mother when its mother still needs it, and kill it for a delicacy. It is inhuman, and also extravagant. This same law must have been thought of as important, for it is given three times: Exodus 23:19; 34:26; Deuteronomy 14:2. Take your choice of interpretations. But the Bible is an oriental book; why that law is reinforced by a treble repetition, I do not understand, but it must have been important.

You will remember that when Jacob stood before Pharaoh (Gen. 47:8) the king asked him how old he was. In the orient it is very polite to ask the age of a guest. In China today it is an insult if you don't! When Abraham wished to bury his wife Sarah, he bought the cave of Machpelah from the sons of Heth, requesting "that I may bury my dead out of my sight." The Mohammedans today when they lose a wife in death, turn away from her at once, for it is not right for a Mohammedan to look on a woman who is no longer his wife! (Genesis 23:4 and 8).

The expression, "This is the finger of God," should be discussed also. It is said of the Commandments, that they were written with the "finger of God." That expression is used regarding them seven times: "the finger of God," "the writing was the writing of God," etc. In the New Testament we find the same expression in Luke 11:20, "But if I with the finger of God cast out devils," etc.; but compare the parallel passage in Matthew 12:28, "But if I by the Spirit of God cast out devils." The finger of God—the Spirit of God! I do not wish to take time to go through all the demonstration, but it strikes me that you and I ought to see that the "finger of God" is a term used synonymously for the "Spirit of God;" as I tell my students, there is no one who believes more heartily and unequivocally in the divine origin of these Ten Commandments than myself. They were given by the Spirit of God, i. e., written by the "finger of God"—a necessary way of impressing upon the people that they were given by God Himself. I am trying to look at this passage from the oriental point of view.

Turn next to John 14:2, "In my Father's house are many mansions." Jesus may have been crossing the temple area at that time and looking up at the dormitories of the priests, Jesus may have said, "See those dormitories?"—"mansions," oriental—but beautiful—"In my Father's house are many of them—room for all, with Him."

In Ruth 3:9 we read that Ruth comes to the threshing floor, and lying at the feet of Boaz says, "spread therefore thy skirt over thine handmaid; for thou art a near kinsman." This was not immodest! Rather, it was her only resort as a widow, according to custom, and to law, also. Boaz was the nearest of kin but one, and Naomi planned that she might properly propose to the nearest of kin whose obligation it was to respond. In this light read Ezekiel 16:8, where God says to Israel, "When you came to a marriageable age, I, Jehovah, spread my skirt over you"—a synonym for marriage.

In Isaiah 34;6, the sword of the Lord is spoken of as filled with blood, i. e., tempered in heaven. The French idiom is "bathed;" the Arabic, "watered."

In Matthew 25:15-30 in the parable of the talents, the reason the man with one talent hid his money is given that he was afraid, and went and hid it in the earth. He ought not to have hidden it "under a stone out in the field"—yet that is the banking system of Turkey still; the country people hide their possessions "under a stone out in the field." From that custom of hiding their treasure, we get our proverb, "Leave no stone unturned." It is interesting to know the history of our proverbial sayings!

And fourth, the Bible is oriental in its geography. The poet Goethe in speaking of the Song of Songs, strikes a true note when he says, "He who would understand a poet must visit the poet's land." I am so thankful—I do not mean to boast—I am so truly thankful that I was privileged through the providence of God to visit Palestine and live there for four years, and revisit it over and over again, because the Bible is a book that sprang from Palestine. and the Levant, and while geography doesn't save anybody, that land has become the fifth Gospel for me, in that I can understand the history better for having been there; in that I can understand the life of Christ, and the life of Paul, infinitely better by knowing the geography of the lands in which they lived. At Medebah, near Mount Nebo there is a church built by the Greek Orthodox people. When they were clearing away the ground for the floor, after building their church, they found a mosaic floor, with a map painted on the floor that is thought to date from the fourth century A. D. It is the oldest map of Palestine in existence. You may have seen it. It is somewhat broken, but much of it is intact. It is still there inside that Greek Orthodox Church at Medebah.

I know now what "wilderness" means, after having been there. Before visiting Sinai and Palestine I did not understand. We read that Joseph went out to visit his brothers and found them as they

were feeding their father's flocks in the wilderness of Dothan. Now Dothan is in the central portion of Samaria, in a fruitful land—not our idea of a wilderness, which is a desert, at all. That part of the land is given over to grazing. The word wilderness comes from a Hebrew root meaning to drive cattle, hence a place where cattle are driven—translated wilderness. Don't think of the wilderness of the Old Testament as sandy. You can go through the entire Sinai peninsula almost in an automobile. Now and then you will come to a "wady," and will need a bridge, but otherwise it is almost as smooth as a macadamized pavement.

I understand also the slime pits of Genesis 14:10, where the four kings of the east met the five kings of Sodom and Gomorrh and the other cities, and overcame them, because they got mixed up in the slime pits of Siddim. I have seen those slime-pits—superficial streams that look clear, and shallow, when you see them. But when you step into the water, you sink three feet into the mud! I know all about that by experience! I have tried it!

And I know something about Isaiah's reference to "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land" (Isaiah 32:2), for I have eaten luncheon over and over again, when traveling through desert places, in the shadow of a great boulder. So much for the fourth point, the geography.

Again, the Bible is oriental in its **customs.** For example, Samuel had his ear "uncovered" by Jehovah (you read in 1 Samuel 9:15). Thus Jehovah revealed himself, removing the locks that hung over the temples and ears of Samuel, that he might be able to hear more clearly. Go to Jerusalem today, and you will think from the looks of their costumes, and by their hair—especially by their hair —that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are still living!

Hospitality is an outstanding virtue of the oriental. In both the Old Testament and the New it is regarded as a sacred virtue, and I am glad to say that we see it here and everywhere today also. Americans also count it a virtue. And it is really most general—all share this virtue of hospitality which gives great opportunity of service. In preaching the gospel, encourage the people to invite guests to their table, and to share their home, when circumstances offer; for this gives a chance to know one another without the affectation that sometimes pervades our intercourse. A part of the oriental hospitality was the washing of the feet. You will remember that Abraham washed the feet of three celestial guests, who visited his tent, as recorded in Genesis 18:4, and that one of these guests was Jehovah-God. Compare

Genesis 19:2, also. And in Luke 7:36 the guests' feet were washed. That was a custom when they were invited to dine. And they were not expected to come until the host went after them! That is repeated in America now by those who possess automobiles. One of the great humiliations of my life is that some people come for me, when I am asked to dine with them, and then they bring me home again, and I have no way of recompensing them! That is humiliation indeed! But that was the way they did in the orient. "Come for all things are now ready," they said, when they came for the guest. A Syrian in Mt. Lebanon by the name of Muallim Naum Mughabghab, who later visited the World's Fair in Chicago, once invited me to dinner with him. And he said to me to wait until the dinner was ready, and he would come for me. And when it was ready he came, and he said to me words which were very like those which I just quoted: "Come, for all things are now ready." There are always two invitations in the orient; first a general invitation to everybody, and then a special invitation to those you really want to come; And to decline this second invitation is equivalent to a declaration of war! And when a guest is invited to the home, he is expected to stay three days. You will remember the account in Acts 28:7, where Paul, and Dr. Luke, were guests of "the chief man of the island," Publius, for three days. Well, I was a guest of a sheik on Mt. Nebo for three days one time, from Saturday evening until Monday, for they count fractions of days there, and he killed a fatted calf for us daily, and served us with coffee every half hour! And we would not have dared to go, if we had wished—and we did not wish—within three days. That is oriental hospitality! You will remember in II Kings 4:40, as Elisha and the sons of the prophets were about to eat, one of them cried out, "There is poison in the pot," and they could not eat. As there is hospitality in the orient, there is also danger. The sheikh on Mount Nebo tasted each dish himself before he asked us to eat. That was proof to us that there was no poison in it. My good wife has told me of customs in Egypt, when one is invited out to dine, and given a cup of coffee by a khedive or paasha, and feels that one is drinking to his death—but cannot refuse! And so it is written, "Eat not the bread of him that hath an evil eye." (Proverbs 23:6). They are afraid of the evil eye in the orient still. I have had Arab women grab up their children on the street when I passed by—on a horse—(especially if they were boys,) lest I look on them with my evil eye, for the evil eye of the foreigner would blight the future of the son of the house!

There is another passage, well known to all of us, "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies," (Psalm 23:5); the expression is that of a man who is guilty of homicide, and has run to the tent of a neighboring tribe. Those who are pursuing him do not dare enter the tent to take him. He is in the tent of a neighbor. And then a table is prepared, and he sits down to eat, in perfect safety, although those who are waiting to take his life stand just outside. "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies." For that beautiful twenty-third Psalm that we know and love so well is a guest psalm as well as a shepherd psalm.

Take another passage, Psalm 56:8, "Put, O Jehovah, my tears in thy bottle." I have in my cabinet at home a tear bottle, with a large opening at the mouth, in which to catch the tears as they fall, and preserve them, as a sign of sorrow, to show how many tears are shed. This custom is still practiced in Palestine. This bottle which I possess comes from the time of the Romans or Greeks, perhaps two thousand years ago.

Another instance—at the Passover time, the sprinkling of the blood on the door-posts and on the lintels. That was an old oriental custom. Today the Arabs, when they kill animals for food, daub the blood on the necks and shoulders of the camels. As on our trip through Sinai, although I tried to stop them, they daubed the blood on the shoulders to keep off the evil spirits, to protect the camels so that the vipers of the desert would not bite the cushioned feet of the camels. But I do not say that that was all the meaning of the sprinkled blood of the Passover time. It shows how God used the old customs, the old ceremonies, and gave to them a new meaning. It shows how God can use human limitations, and make them count for Him.

We read in Psalm 16:6, "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places." This recalls the custom of drawing the land for cultivation by lot each year, and the cry of joy, when the lot is one of the fertile fields instead of the rocky hillsides. "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places."

The vessels of the sin offering were broken after using them. If we want to find an oriental custom parallel to that, we must look in the home. When anyone dies in the house, all the vessels are turned upside down to keep the spirit of the dead from coming out and entering into one of these vessels and giving the family trouble later on! (Lev. 19:14 ,15). I don't say the law in Leviticus was the same! I'm just trying to show how the oriental, with fertile imagina-

tion, did such things. God gave to their ways a new, and a higher, meaning.

The Bible is oriental in its standards of morality. To be sure, Jesus said that not one jot or one tittle should pass from the law until all be fulfilled, but the New Testament really gives us a higher code of ethics than the Old. In war time, we drop back to the Old Testament basis, and forget in our preaching the things that Jesus said. You will remember that Jesus said, (in Matthew 5:21) "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill _ _ _ _ _ But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment." The Bible gives us progressive standards, and the Old Testament is decidedly oriental in its morality. Let me illustrate this point. Turn to Judges 5:24, where we read a Beatitude, a blessing, pronounced upon Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite—because she took a tent-pin and struck it through the temple of Sisera, her guest, though her enemy. I have asked perhaps three score Arabs, as I have traveled through the desert, "would it be possible for a host to take advantage of a guest like that?" They didn't know the story, they did not know the Old Testament, but they always had the same answer: "Never," "Never," "Never." No one would take advantage of an enemy when he was a guest. I know of a sheik of the desert, who invited a man into his tent to eat, and in the course of the conversation, he discovered that this man was the murderer of his own son. But he never let on, until the meal was over, and the guest was gone. Then, he went after him, and had his vengeance —but not as long as he was a guest under his roof. That is what we may call tribal ethics. During the war, the late Mrs. Lewis, of Cambridge, England, published an explanation of that passage which has helped me. She suggested that the reason that Jael did that unheard of thing, was that Sisera had burst through the men's quarters into the women's harem, where no visitor under any circumstances was allowed to go. And she killed him to maintain her sense of honor. That may help. But in any case it is an illustration of an oriental code of morals. Rahab, the harlot, was interviewed by the king of Jericho (Josh. 2:5) who asked: "Where are those spies?" The two spies were hidden upon her roof, but she told him they had gone back across the Jordan or to the mountains, and urged him to pursue after them quickly. How could she lie to her king? Why, because she had changed her allegiance. She had promised those spies that if they would spare her, and her household, she would become an Israelite. She did not have to tell the truth to

her own king any longer. I can illustrate from my own experience. Often a guide would not believe me, would not trust me, because I was an American! I tried to make a blood covenant with my guide in going through the desert. He would not make a covenant with me—I was a foreigner!

Here is another example of tribal ethics. The Jews were not allowed to eat of anything that had died of itself. Deut. 14:21. They might not sell it in their markets to Israel. But they could sell it to the stranger! It is done so in Chicago! A carload of spoiled veal came into market one day, and the owners sold it to the Greeks instead of eating it themselves!

And usury! The Hebrew word means "something bitten off;" usurers are "biters." No one ever borrowed in those times for re-investment. They only borrowed when it was a case of absolute necessity. And if the usurer made a loan of one hundred dollars, he kept forty dollars of it as interest, paid in advance! Usury indeed! No wonder it was forbidden!

Turn to Exodus 12:35, 36, where the children of Israel "borrowed" of the Egyptians their jewels—"asked" is a better translation, for they had no intention of paying it back. And the Egyptians did not expect it. It was a gift. These people were going out to worship, and they did not know how much Jehovah would require of them. So in going to church we should take with us our pocketbooks and check books for we don't know what God may require of us!

In this discussion of tribal ethics, let me emphasize that Jesus was the great expounder of the Old Testament; He lifted the laws that we find there up to a higher plane. He indeed gave the golden rule of Matthew 7:12, "Therefore whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," but He added, "for this is the law and the prophets"—the Pharisees and Scribes had not found such a law in the Old Testament.

One more point: The Bible is oriental in its **religion**. And this is the most important of all. What is the religion of the Bible? It is the religion of a covenant, of an oath.

There are two kinds of covenants in the Old Testament, the covenant of salt; and the covenant of blood. The covenant of salt is referred to in II Chronicles 13:5, and the covenant of blood is referred to again and again in Heb. 13:20. The covenant of salt meant friendship, the courteous relation of host and guest. The covenant of blood meant undying friendship, brotherhood, devotion.

The Arabs have the same customs today. Arabs, who wish to make a close compact, or a vow, do so by letting blood. I had two students who made a covenant of blood to do a wrong deed, to steal an examination paper. They scratched their arms, and drew blood, and made a solemn vow, and waited by the gate when they knew the papers were to be delivered, and stole a paper, though the package came to me apparently untampered. Next day it was found out that the questions were all known, and the matter was taken up. One of them, a Druze, who claimed to be descended from the Crusaders of the twelfth century, confessed. The other refused to confess. "Tell the whole story," I bade him. "Confess." But he continued to say that he knew nothing about it, that he had had nothing to do with it. "Well," we said, "wewill have to bring the other man in then, and shame you into telling the truth." "Bring him in," he said in defiance, "he will not dare to say so in my presence." So we had the other man brought and then he told the truth and completely reversed all that he had been saying for the previous two hours. When he had finished, we asked him, "Why did you lie thus?" He replied, "Because I made a covenant with that man that we would never, never tell on each other. He has given me away, therefore the covenant is broken." Do you feel the force of that oriental idea of the covenant? It was a covenant, even though it was made on wrong terms, and it had to be carried out! In Egypt, two girls in the Cairo school, will scratch their flesh, and suck the blood from each other's arm, and thus make a covenant of friendship. And one who has made a blood covenant with you will stand between you and death. But I could not get my guide to make a covenant with me when I started to Sinai, as I told you. He would not do it, because I was a foreigner.

Judas' betrayal of Jesus in the New Testament is an illustration of a betrayal of the covenant of salt. The "man that dips with me in the dish"—then he went out into the night, and sold Jesus for eighteen dollars and fifty cents, the price of an ordinary slave.

How keenly I appreciate this thought of the covenant, having learned it as the son of a home in which it was emphasized by father and mother, especially when it came to going to the communion table, and realizing that every communicant, including myself, was there making or renewing the covenant with Jesus—a covenant that was both a covenant of salt and a covenant of blood, a vow of allegiance to Jesus. There at the communion table you

and I swear allegiance to the Master whose own blood has been shed for us. If that man who suggested that we sing this morning "There is power in the blood" had only known it, he touched my heart as he suggested that hymn for it would have been my own choice to sing before beginning this talk. There is power in the blood. The Spirit Himself directed our song leader. And Jesus Himself has sealed your relationship and mine to Himself by His own blood, shed for us.

The Bible which has come to us, then, is oriental. It is oriental in its composition; it is oriental in its style; it is oriental in its thought; it is oriental in its geography, in its customs, in its standard of morality, and it is also oriental in its religion. It is the religion of a covenant. The value of the Bible, in my judgment, is not impaired by such a study as this, but rather increased. If you would really understand it fully, you must regard it as primarily an oriental book. As I urge my students every year, and almost every month of every year, "Yield yourself to it." Feel its pulse; lose yourself in its orientalism and local color; and it will become to you a definite and permanent revelation of God for all men everywhere.

A Program of Christian Calling, Privilege and Danger

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Christian friends, I would just like to say how much I appreciate the kindly words that have been spoken. I find it a very exacting thing to preach in this country, for the simple reason that before I get started you are told what I can do, or may be supposed to be able to do. Then I have to try to rise to the occasion. If, however, you are disappointed, you must not blame me, but the chairman. Whether disappointed with me or with him, Christ is not a disappointment, and thank God we have Him all the time.

The preacher last night took a very brief text; it was brief enough to permit of his reading it. I have a long text, and do not propose at this time to read it. I will just ask you to read it afterward. The text is Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Joshua and Judges. It may be more difficult to preach from so long a text than from a short one, because it involves more preparation. But it is quite handle-able, if I may coin a word. I think we have lost a great deal that Scripture holds for us from our habit of preaching from verses and texts shorter or longer, and often out of their context. This has robbed us of the larger view of Holy Scripture. It is but one aspect of that larger view that I will call to your attention this morning.

As one studies closely the books of the Bible, one comes to feel that the hand of God has been at work not only in their composition, but in their arrangement as well. There is a progress which is felt to be fitting in the message of each successive book. All these messages constitute a message; these revelations, a revelation; and these many books make one book. I would just indicate as illustrative of this in the New Testament, that the order of the books as we usually have them, is not chronological, but canonical. We believe that the Spirit of God has been superintending, during the apostolic age and the following two or three centuries, the collecting and arranging of these New Testament writings. The chronological order, however, is of great importance; it indicates the pro-

gress of the revelation. But the canonical order indicates the order of experience. For instance, the epistle to Rome was the sixth of the thirteen or fourteen epistles which the apostle Paul wrote, but in the canonical order it is placed first because it treats of the first subject, the foundation theme of all—justification by faith in Christ alone. The first letters which the apostle wrote, the two to Thessalonica, are put last in the canonical order of the church epistles. Why? Because they treat, the first one, of the Lord's return to us, and the second of the glorification of the saints; beyond that there is nothing. We could not go back from glory to the theme of justification of faith here on earth as we have it in Romans; and so there is progress of doctrine, as Burney would call it, and progress also of experience.

When we come to the Old Testament and take these books which I have named, this truth becomes apparent; each one has some outstanding truth around which is gathered many truths, but that outstanding truth may be considered the message of the book. And if we place these messages together, we shall find a wonderful purpose, a divine design, a program of Christian calling, privilege and danger. This program may be summarized for our present purpose in seven words.

Genesis tells of election;
Exodus of redemption;
Leviticus of communion;
Numbers of direction;
Deuteronomy of instruction;
Joshua of possession;
Judges of declension.

That is not only the order of the books, but I think if we would look into these as into a mirror we could see our own experiences.

We may find in the New Testament a key text for each of these books.

Genesis:—"Whom He did predestinate, them He also called." (Romans 8:30).

Exodus:—"Blessed be the Lord God of Israel: for He hath visited and redeemed His people." (Luke 1:68).

Leviticus:—"If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His son cleanseth us from all sin." (I John 1:7).

Numbers:—"As strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul." (I Peter 2:11).

Deuteronomy:—"If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." (John 13:17).

Joshua:—"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." (I John 5:4).

Judges:—"Looking diligently lest any man fail of the grace of God." (Hebrews 12:15).

These seven books which I have named have their counterpart books, as well as texts, in the New Testament:

Genesis and Acts go together, and tell of God's choosing and calling of a people to be separate unto Himself—Israel in the one case, and the church in the other.

Exodus and Romans go together, and tell of the manner and motive of His peoples' redemption.

Leviticus and Hebrews go together, and tell of the privilege of, and provision for, a holy life.

Numbers and First Peter go together, and tell of the opportunities along our path and the perils of our pilgrimage.

Deuteronomy and John's Gospel go together, and tell of the object and obligation to obedience.

Joshua and Ephesians go together, and tell of the venture and victory of faith.

Judges and Galatians go together, and tell of the backsliding and bondage of the chosen and the blessed.

In the first book of these seven in the Old Testament, all these things are treated in actual life:

Election in the choice of Abraham, in chapter twelve.

Redemption in the sacrifice of Abel in chapter four.

Communion in the history of Enoch, in chapter five.

Direction in the pilgrimage of Abram from Ur of the Chaldees to Bethel, in chapter twelve.

Instruction in the covenant of promise made with Abraham in chapter fifteen.

Possession in Abraham's settlement at Hebron, in chapter thirteen.

Declension in Abraham's sad retreat from Bethel to Egypt, in chapter twelve.

All these things are treated by the apostle Peter who presents to us Christian truth in Jewish mould. In his first epistle and in one

verse in his second epistle, we have a perfect reflection of this seven-fold truth of the Heptateuch:

> Genesis—"Elect according to the fore-knowledge of God the Father." (I Peter 1:2).
>
> Exodus—"Redeemed, not with corruptible things, as silver and gold _ _ _ but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish." (I Peter 1:18-19).
>
> Leviticus—"As He who called you is holy, be ye yourselves also holy in all manner of living." (I Peter 1:15).
>
> Numbers—"Pass the time of your sojourning here in fear.'" (I Peter 1:17).
>
> Deuteronomy—"Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people." (I Peter 2:9).
>
> Joshua—"Begotten to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time." (I Peter 1:4, 5).

The apostle Peter was thoroughly well versed in the Hebrew scriptures and consciously or unconsciously drew thus liberally from those scripture pages.

Let us look for a little at each of these messages presented in these books. First of all, then, Genesis tells of election. "Whom he did predestinate, them he also called." The fact of election demands a moral proposition, and that proposition is that man is growing. In this first book of the Bible there are two great truths that lie side by side and move along together in parallel lines—the wrong and misery of man, on the one hand, and the mercy and redemptive grace of God on the other. Everywhere through the book we may observe the historic progress of election. Let us begin at the beginning.

> Adam had two sons, Cain and Abel. Cain slew Abel, and Seth was given in his place. We have therefore these two sons, Cain and Seth. Cain is disposed of and Seth is taken.
>
> The line of Seth is traced to Noah. Noah has three sons, Japheth, Ham and Shem. Japheth and Ham are disposed of, and Shem is taken.
>
> The line of Shem is traced to Terah. Terah had three sons, Nahor, Haran and Abram. Nahor and Haran are disposed of and Abram is taken.

> Abram has two sons, Ishmael and Isaac. Ishmael is disposed of and Isaac is taken.
>
> Isaac had two sons, Esau and Jacob. Esau is disposed of and Jacob is taken.
>
> Jacob had twelve sons, and of the twelve, Judah is taken, for in chapter forty-nine, verse ten, of Genesis we read, "The scepter shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto him shall the gathering of the people be."

When we turn over from the first book of the Bible to the last, we find that the end is in perfect harmony with the beginning, for it is the "lion of the tribe of Judah" who undertakes to open the seals, unroll the scroll, and perfect the will of God. We see therefore, here in this first book, not only the presupposition of election, but the historic progress of it from the first page to the last.

Now everywhere where this truth is touched upon we may discover the operation of a divine principle. Election is sovereign, but divine sovereignty takes faith into account. The elect line all through Genesis is the line of faith. Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abram, Isaac. Jacob, Judah—they all are men of faith and God was operating them, as He has been operating ever since, and is operating now, along the line of faith; and the faith of those people and of all people who exercise faith, was taken into account in a past eternity in the sovereign electing grace of God. I am perfectly certain that free will and election harmonize somewhere, though beyond our ken maybe. Election is none the less a fact because it is a mystery. All the great truths are mysteries. We reckon upon things in our daily life and intercourse that are profound mysteries; we cannot explain life, but we do not therefore deny it. We cannot explain love; we do not, therefore, deny it. All the great things are mysterious things. When the Jews said to our Lord, "Tell us plainly," He refused. We can't get doctrine cut and dried to suit our logical requirements. There is an infinite mystery about all truth, and it is therefore utter folly to say, "If I cannot understand that thing, I will deny it." I heard of a colored boy who was a servant to a white man; the white man was not a good man, but the boy was a Christian and very strong on election. His master said to him one day, "Well, Sambo, do you think I am one of the elect?" And Sambo said, "Why, Massa, I didn't know you was a candidate." Now no one can be elected who is not a candidate, and surely every candidate exercising faith is among the elect. You

may ask me "Are you a Calvinist, or an Armenian?" Coming from Scotland, I should be a Calvinist, and I am a Calvinist; but I am also an Armenian; I am a Calvinist on my knees, and an Armenian on my feet. On my knees in the presence of God, I am sure that my election is only through grace; but when I stand before a great congregation, I am free to say, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." There is, therefore this great, this sublime, this mysterious, this vital, this fundamental truth of election taught from the first chapter to the fiftieth of this first book of the Bible.

The very fact of election, however, leads us to expect more. Election was way back in eternity, but God had time in view, and in order to materialize, there must be redemption. We turn over but the one page in our Bible, and we are into the second book, which tells of redemption. The need of redemption is seen in the first chapter, in the condition of the people, degraded and enslaved, and in the consciousness of the people, believing they had some higher destiny than they were fulfilling, thinking, though perhaps but faintly in their memories, of their origin, of their forefathers and of the covenant, and being put to utter bewilderment as they contemplate their then state. The need of redemption being shown in the first chapter, we have next the preparation for it in the birth and training of Moses and in the successive plagues, the last of which resulted in the Passover, and in God's leading them out on that great night in Egypt, leading them out by blood and by power, and bringing them to Sinai. There at Sinai, the need of redemption, having been revealed, and the way opened to the people delivered from serfdom and amalgamated into nationality, God gives to them the law of redemption. Perhaps the most tremendous twelve months in human history were those twelve months spent at Sinai. There the divine will was disclosed in the decalogue and the book of the covenant, and the divine way in the tabernacle and its institutions. And remember that from the nineteenth chapter of this book, the revelation is only for a people already redeemed. But whether we think of the need of redemption at the beginning of the book, or the way of redemption following that, or the law of redemption occupying the latter part of the book, the great theme of the book, looked at from any angle, is a theme of redemption, and that redemption rests upon previous election. Elected to be redeemed—redeemed because elected. We see therefore a connection between Genesis and Exodus.

You turn over a page again, and you are into the book of Leviticus. And here history is dropped. If you wish to read the history consecutively, you must omit this third book and go on to Numbers. This third book doesn't advance the history one speck —it is an ethical book, it is didactic, it is a teaching book. It is the code of the Levites, and the subject of it is communion. That is what we may be led to expect after the other two messages. If God elected us from all eternity, and redeemed us in time, it must have been for some purpose. For what purpose? This third book tells us. It was that we might enter into fellowship with Himself. This book sets forth the law of fellowship with God. In Exodus we were brought nigh to God. In Leviticus it is shown how we may keep nigh. In Exodus the fact of atonement is set forth, while in this book the doctrine of it. Exodus begins with sinners, Leviticus begins with saints. In Exodus God approaches us; in Leviticus we may approach God. In Exodus, Christ is our Savior; in Leviticus, He is our sanctifier. In Exodus it is our guilt that is prominent; in Leviticus, our atonement. Exodus begins with the degenerate; Leviticus with the regenerate. In Exodus the love of God is revealed and God is love; in Leviticus the light of God is revealed, and God is light. In Exodus we are brought into union with Him; in Leviticus, into communion. Exodus offers us pardon, Leviticus offers us peace. In Exodus we are delivered from Satan; in Leviticus we are dedicated to God. In Exodus God speaks out of the mount; in Leviticus out of the tabernacle. The great theme, therefore, of this third book, is the way to God by sacrifice and the walk with God by sanctification. In the first part of the book, up to chapter ten, there are certain words which occur literally hundreds of times: In the first seven chapters we read of sacrifices, offerings, oblations; in chapters eight to ten, we get very many references to the priests. These two taken together, indicate the way to God; it is by oblation and by mediation, atoning sacrifices and a representative in heaven. The priesthood begins, not with Israel an enslaved race in Egypt, but with Israel a redeemed people constituting a nation. I have said that fact precedes doctrine. The great fact of the atonement is set forth in Exodus twelve, where the lamb is slain and the blood is sprinkled, and all the people who got behind the blood when the destroying angel passed over and saw the blood, were passed over also. Now that was the one truth that was set forth and urged upon the people. When we get into the book of Leviticus, we read of the burnt offering, the meal offering, the peace offering, the sin offering, the trespass offering.

How do these offerings stand with relation to the passover sacrifice? Supposing I infold my hand in this way and let my enclosed hand, my fist, represent one great truth: that set forth in Exodus twelve, of atonement, redemption, through the shedding of blood. Just one great truth. That was all the people needed to know—nothing more—in order to have deliverance that night, just that being behind the blood rendered them safe from the destroying angel. And now they are taught, and they needed to be taught, the content of that great truth. It is exhaustless. And so what was enfolded is unfolded to the redeemed people, and they see that by the shedding of blood they may typify redemption in their own offerings, oblations and sacrifices; all this was in the passover, enfolded, when the people needed deliverance. Here the doctrine is unfolded and taught to the redeemed people. The way to God is a way of sacrifice. We are not done with Calvary when we say that Christ is our personal Savior. Christ is being revealed to us anew, in fresh, wondrous ways all the time, as we go on to study His word and comprehend more perfectly the type, the content, the significance, of that tremendous sacrifice on Calvary nineteen hundred years ago. Not only was that sacrifice necessary in order to give us an approach to God, but His priesthood is necessary to keep us in touch with God. We know that He who died on Calvary and was buried in a borrowed tomb, who broke the bonds of death and rose triumphant over the grave and ascended into heaven, is there now as our great High Priest, wearing our nature and bearing our sins before the throne. There is never a day, never an hour, never a moment, when He is not interceding for you and for me. How great and unfailing is His intercession for us, unwearying and unresting. The way to God, therefore, for His people, is by oblation and mediation, and the walk with God is by sanctification. Here are the words which bring out the necessity of sacrifice, oblation and offering: clean and unclean, holy and unholy. We learn that the walk with God is by cleansing and by holiness. Cleansing is an instantaneous operation; holiness is a progressive operation. Holiness stands related to cleansing as the superstructure does to the foundation. There can be no holiness when there is no cleansing; cleansing without holiness is like digging out and laying a foundation, and building nothing upon it. As Paul said in 2 Corinthians 7:1, "Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and the spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." Cleanse ourselves. The verb used in the Greek aorist, indicating instantaneous operation; the thing is done and done completely. To what pur-

pose? That we may perfect holiness. That is not the aorist, but the progressive; it is a progressive operation, perfecting holiness in the fear of God. That plain truth is set forth from the eleventh chapter to the end of the book of Leviticus, and indicates the universal and eternal secret of the walk with God. Now we may have entered into the experience of Exodus, without having entered into the experience of Leviticus; there may be union without communion. A man and a woman take each other for better or worse till death do them part; in the eyes of the law they are wedded. They are husband and wife. There is union. It does not follow inevitably that there is communion. Alas, too often there is not. And so indeed there may be union with the Lord, our risen head, without communion. It is exactly at that point that the church of God is failing today. We say that we should preach the gospel: believe God, accept the sacrifice of Christ, that great offering of Calvary for the deliverance of our sins and sins' penalty. Preach that gospel by all means, but justification is not the terminus, but the starting point—the entrance into blessing and into life. Just as the child born in this world has everything to learn; it must learn to talk, it must learn to walk—the possession of life is not enough, but it makes all the rest possible. So we, after the electing grace of God in a past eternity and the redeeming work of Christ at a point of time which constitutes our out-bringing from Egyptian bondage, from the dominion of the Pharaoh, we are called into the fellowship with Christ, and the secret of it is here revealed.

Then turn over the page and get into the book of Numbers. History re-commences, and we find here the roll call of the people in preparation for the continuance of the march; then there is their advance. But when they get to Kadesh-Barnea, their progress is arrested and there is retreat. For thirty-eight years they wander in the wilderness. Up to that point they had been pilgrims; now they begin to be wanderers. Then after that generation—all who were over twenty years of age when they came out of Egypt—after that generation has perished, their children go over the paths whitened by bleached bones to that place of rebellion at Kadesh-Barnea, and there take up the threads of divine purpose again, and under the great leadership of Moses they advance to the plain of Moab, to the foot of Pisgah, overlooking the Promised Land. This book is the book of the journeyings and the wanderings of God's people—the journeyings in His will, the wanderings out of His will. It is a sad book in many respects. Here we have a red light of warning, for our feet may easily stray, and we may be spending

our precious time wandering hither and thither without any definite goal and with no great divinely revealed objective in view. If we do wander from our course, then we are no longer pilgrims, but wanderers, as Israel of old. There is need for direction in our pilgrim way, and direction is vouchsafed. You remember that by day and by night there was given to them a guide, a cloudy and a fiery pillar, a sign to Israel when to strike camp and move forward, where to move, and when to pitch and remain. If they had been obedient to that divine guidance, they would never have become wanderers. We, too, are guided, not in any external and visible way as they were, but spiritually. We have the Word of God without us, and the Spirit of God within us, and the opened or the closed doors of circumstance. God does still infallibly guide His people.

From this book, we turn over to Deuteronomy. The name indicates, as you know, the second giving of the law. It too is ethical largely, in this sense, that while the previous history is gone over, the significance of that history is revealed. This book stands to the first four very much as the fourth gospel does to the first three; it unfolds the philosophy of history. Not only in this book are we told of the travails of Israel, but of the meaning and the purpose of them, and in this book for the first time, do we read of the love of God. That love is traceable in the other books, but is nowhere mentioned. Here for the first time, with reference to God, is love declared. The divine view of the past is given, the divine will in the present for His people, and the divine plan for the future. All that is brought in review and is seen in the purpose of God to be a symmetrical and beautiful whole. The divine light is given on the plan of God for man.

Turn over the page to the book of Joshua, and we find a change of situation and of leadership. Moses is gone; Aaron is gone; Miriam is gone; Joshua is now leading. Everything that has gone before has been looking toward this sixth book—election in a past eternity in Genesis, redemption in time in Exodus, communion in Leviticus, direction in Numbers, in the pilgrim way, instruction in the deep things of God in Deuteronomy; all lead up to a realization of possession in the book of Joshua. That book falls quite easily into three parts, telling of their entering the land, of their conquering the land and of their possessing the land. The first of all is the venture of faith; they enter; then there is the testing of faith; they are called to conquest, to engage in battle and subdue the foe; but, having been true to that faith, there is the reward in

the subjected land, which they divide among themselves. That is ever the way in Christian experience. We cannot conquer until we enter; and we cannot possess until we conquer. Here again history is typical. There may be a going out of Egypt without a going into the land. Many who came out of Egypt, who had been behind the passover blood, who had been through that wondrous deliverance at the Red Sea, who had heard the law given from Sinai, who had seen the purpose of God in His tabernacle and its institutions, perished in the wilderness. They never crossed the Jordan; they never entered into the promised land. There is a counterpart, a solemn possibility in Christian experience. Deuteronomy explains that He brought us out of bondage in order that He might take us into the land of promise, but we must gain it if we would go in. The book of Joshua tells of possession, but the venture of faith and the testing of faith are necessary preparations for the personal, joyous possession of all that there is in Christ for us.

After Joshua comes Judges. After possession comes declension, and the causes for declension are shown in the first chapters. There had been a temporizing, a compromising. The people who were bidden to exterminate the foes simply subjugated them and said, "We will allow you to live here by us, and we will enter into certain relations with one another, and we will not exorcise you." All the trouble of which we read in this book followed from compromise. It is even so now. The church set out to spiritualize the world, but we find too often that the world has secularized the church; they are side by side. There has been a compromise; certain relations have been entered into. The testimony of the church is broken and the power of the church is gone, wheresoever such compromise has been entered into. We must hear afresh that word of exhortation: "Come ye out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you and will be a father unto you and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." (2 Corinthians 6:17, 18). The pure church has ever been a powerful church. The church mingling with the world and compromising with the world has ever been a weak church and a divided church. As of old, so it is still.

This book of Judges tells some sad stories. Ninety-three years of the period covered by the book was spent in captivity to their enemies. Periods of humiliation, periods of deprivation, periods of degradation, in consequence of their compromise. It was costly; sin always is. It is costly to the sinner who makes no profession of Christ, but very much more costly is it to one who has tasted

of the grace of God and been made an inheritor of eternal life. One of the great lessons of this book of Judges is that no past experience of blessing removed the will to sin, and dispense with the need of watchfulness against temptation. Judges is written not only that none may presume, but also that none may despair.

I do not intend in this last moment to end on that note, for the book of Ruth follows, and that falls into the period of the Judges. As in Genesis we have election, in Exodus redemption, in Leviticus communion, in Numbers direction, in Deuteronomy instruction, in Joshua possession, and in Judges declension, in Ruth we have restoration. Naomi and her husband in time of famine went into the land of Moab. There their two sons, contrary to the law, married Moabite women. Then tragedy befell the family. The husband died, the two sons died, and Naomi was left with her daughters in-law. Her heart pining for home, she resolved to return to that land all alone. She was followed to the border by the two girls. Then she remonstrated with them and said, "Go back to your own people. I have no more sons whom I can give to you in marriage. Go back and marry of your own people. I will go to my people." Orpah kissed her mother-in-law and returned, but Ruth clave unto her and protested that she would go on with her. "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, I will die."—the most beautiful words ever uttered. Ruth was true to her mother-in-law. The story begins to unfold dramatically, wonderfully. You will recall how Ruth went out into the field to glean after the reapers, how she was taken notice of by Boaz, and how, after a while, the time arrived when there had to be the redemption of the property that belonged to Naomi's husband; how there was one nearest of kin who had the right to purchase—"Do you understand that if you purchase you must take yonder girl in the contract? She is a widow." He could not do it. The next near of kin was Boaz, and he was ready to take Ruth to be his wife. So she was taken into the commonwealth of Israel, and became the great grandmother of David, and an ancestress of Jesus Christ. The dark past was lighted up; the bitterness was exchanged for sweetness. This foreigner became a daughter of God, and in the line of the Savior of the world Restoration. Yes, after all wandering, God. That message goes forth to you and to me, a message of hope, a message of mercy. "I will restore to you the years that the locust

has eaten." (Joel 2:25). "I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely: for mine anger is turned away." (Hosea 14:4).

Here then is our program of Christian calling, privilege and danger. How infinitely wonderful are the ways of God, electing us away back there in eternity, redeeming us at a point of time by sending His Son to be the atoning sacrifice; rising triumphant from the grave, He makes possible to you and to me an intimate and holy and unbroken communion; enjoying Him, this holy guide, through all our lives, gives direction to our feet on our pilgrim way; meanwhile instructing us and whispering blessed truths into the ears of our hearts. He brings us into possession of the land—for the land is Christ and all that Christ has and is and may become to you and to me; possessing and enjoying the land, we are warned against compromise, warned against backsliding, warned against leaving our first love; but where that has been done, God has given to us the hope and promise that He will restore. "These things write I unto you that ye sin not. And if any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and He is the propitiation for our sins." (1 John 2:1, 2). There is restoration for every wanderer. Every backslider here this morning may be reinstated in the favor of God and enter again into the blessed fellowship with Him; but that restoration is conditional. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (1 John 1:9). My friends, I would not leave one of you in the book of Judges. I would say, let us go on unto perfection. There is Ruth after that—a sublime story of loyalty, fidelity, love. Of those who are wedded to our Lord there is expected a life love and a life loyalty. Let us enter into the land that is prepared for us, and let us live there with a glad and happy experience—an experience that shall be far from selfish, but that shall be given to sacrificial and selfless service. So shall we do the will of God, and at last, when life's journey is over, the battles fought, the race run, the task done, we may hear Him say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord." (Matthew 25:21).

God and History

By REV. W. GRAHAM SCROGGIE, D. D.

In the Epistle to the Hebrews, chapter eleven, and verses one and three, we read:

> "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.
>
> "Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear."

We are to understand that the worlds were framed by the Word of God through faith. Living as we are in one of the most momentous periods of human history it becomes all thoughtful people to endeavor, at least, to relate the past to the present and the present to the future, and all things to God. Our subject, therefore, is God and History.

I wish to consider first of all the action of God in history, and then His method. In considering the action of God in history, we must think first of the historic building, and then of the Divine Builder. In considering the historic building, I ask your attention to three things: first, the meaning of these words, "The worlds were framed by God;" in the second place, to the fact of dispensations; and in the third place, to the unit of history. All that in considering the historic building.

It might be supposed by a reading of this verse that it is material worlds that we are referring to. Perhaps the primary reference is to creation and to the first chapter of Genesis; but the word here used, worlds, or ages is extended into faith in the growing process of God's perfect world. A moral purpose enters into creation. No doubt the troubled days of the people to whom this letter was written led them to think of history as disorderly, and the ways of God put them to intellectual perplexity. The writer, therefore, would reassure them and steady their faltering faith. Time-worlds, therefore are here in view, not matter worlds. What is referred to is some of the periods of time, including all that is manifested in them and through them. The order which exists through time is developed in successive stages, or cycles, of universal life; for the significant element in creation is not the mass, or magnificence, of the material spheres, but the evolution of God's

purpose through the ages. The mind staggers in its endeavor to grasp the vastness of the physical universe. And much more overwhelming is the thought of these time-periods and periods and ages in which the purpose of God is evolving, is in the process of being fulfilled, unhasting and unresting in the boundless life which He has called into being. Let us read the passage, therefore, in this light. "By faith we understand the ages to have been formed by the word of God."

Thus we see that God is the builder of human history. In some quarters the word "ages" is more acceptable than the word "dispensations." There are some people who think that the whole conception of dispensation originated with the Plymouth brethren. But no! It is as old as divine revelation; it is as old as human history; and there is a deep and profound necessity for such dispensations. That time-worlds are meant by the writer seems clear from the fact that he immediately proceeds to speak, not of the material universe, not of the wonders of this great cosmos upon which we live, but of human history, and that in its successive stages; and more especially the history of his own people, for observe that the chapter follows the course of Israel's history in chronological sequence. He speaks first of all of primeval history and then he tells of Abel, of Enoch and of Noah, the first rounded period of human history, bringing us up to the time of Babel. Then he proceeds to tell of Israelitish history, beginning with Abraham, going on to Isaac, Jacob and so forth, up to the time of emancipation. Patriarchal history is followed by the history of the nation, commencing with that great leader, Moses, and telling of the out-going from Egypt and the in-coming to the promised land. Then, overwhelmed with the greatness of his subject, he gives it up and says, "Time would fail me" to tell of this one, and of that one, and of the other one, who did this or who did that, who stood true, who went forward in simple reliance upon God, because his life was founded and grounded upon the belief that God was not only transcendant, but imminent, that He was in all history.

There follows at the close of that eleventh chapter of Hebrews one of the most eloquent passages in all the range of literature. Then he passes over into the twelfth chapter and into a new dispensation. He says, "They without us." Who are they? Who are us? They, the old dispensation. "They without us could not be made perfect." Us, the Christian dispensation. And so, passing on from age to age, from era to era, from dispensation to dispensation, we are led to see God's plan. This is not done in a hap-

hazard or scrappy way, but with exactness and in detail. I have said that there is a great necessity for such ages, since we do not use the word dispensation. Yet in our homes, we do have dispensations. You do not treat your children at eighteen years of age as you treated them at eight; your method with your family is adapted to the stage they have reached, to the requirements of the case at any given time. Is it to be supposed that God has adopted any other method? Truth is graded. Revelation is progressive. God did not manifest Himself in flood-tide of light to begin with—we would have been blinded and burdened—but gently, as the shining of the morning creeping over the mountain tops, and more fully the light grows until today we are living in the full noontide of it. You can't judge the peoples of the Old Testament by the standards of the New Testament; they lived way back in the morning of the world's history. The truth, let me repeat, was graded, and God adapted His eternal and unerring ways in regard to man according to the requirements of the case and the stage at which the people had arrived at any given time.

Don't understand me to mean that God never vouchsafed a revelation at any given time which the people could not comprehend There is no doubt there. Search the prophets. When they told of Christ, when they told of the sufferings, the cross, and the glory that should follow, few could comprehend. Nevertheless, there have been ages, there have been dispensations, there have been periods of time in which God has been manifesting Himself through which He has been fulfilling in history an eternal, redeeming design. That simply means that all history is a unit; underlying all history is a principle; the redeeming purpose is everywhere evident. Take the Bible and glance at it in the largeness of it. Get away from texts and paragraphs and chapters, and see the thing as one great revelation in progressive unfolding. At the beginning, you have the origin; the very word "genesis" indicates that—the start of things, the commencement, the origination. Turn right over and note the final Apocalypse; there you get, not origin, but issues, consummation. Things begun at the beginning are brought to their final realization at the end, and all the way between we have processes, coming up out of these origins and leading into these issues. There at the start, commencement; here, continuance in the infinite providence of God, leading on to that final consummation. Human history begins in a garden, and ends in a city, and that is the evidence of the progress of it. The doings of Providence are threaded together like pearls on a string. This is related to that, and that to

the other. God doesn't let events fly about like autumn leaves; neither are His various dealings with man the inventions of a trying moment when driven to fresh expediency. Events dove-tail into one another. Every fact is fitted and adapted to take its place in the great design of the divine Architect. Certain it is that eternal principle underlies all human history. History may look to us like a tangled skein; we may be utterly bewildered to understand the significance of events, especially those near to us, utterly perplexed, driven to infidelity. That is due to our frailty, our fallibility, our short-sightedness, our lack of spiritual understanding. Back of all these complex situations, these perplexing happenings, there is a divine and unerring Providence. God knows what He is going to do, and all history is a sublime unit, as we shall know some day when we see it in the length of it and in the breadth of it. The redeeming purpose having been conceived, then consummated through Jesus Christ.

What an amazing thing, therefore, is this house of history, this magnificent building that has been going up through the ages! Countless workmen have been called to work upon it. The workmen, each in his generation passing away and others called to take their places. The building is going up, out of the wreckage and the ruin that sin has wrought, out of all the misery and suffering of fallen humanity; the building is going up, a structure designed by the Redeemer, slowly, surely. As certainly as the foundations are laid, as certainly as the building is rising from these foundations, so certainly in the fullness of time will it rise to its height, and the capstone be put in its place by divine power, and the glory shine over it. God is the builder of human history.

We have an external passage touching this in the sermon of Paul on Mars Hill. There he refers to the divine Builder, and he tells us that God determined the period at which each nation shall play its part in the drama of the world's history. These are the words: "He hath determined the times before appointed." He hath determined their appointed seasons—that is, the appointed seasons of the nations; in other words, God has determined when the mighty peoples shall come into being, how long they shall remain in being to serve His purpose, and when they shall pass off the stage of human history. Do you suppose it has been a matter of chance that these empires have come in the order in which they have followed one another? We think of ancient Babylon and of Assyria, of Egypt, of Chaldea, of Persia, of Greece, of Rome—try in your imagination to see this magnificent pageant of the empires through the ages.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp! Down the ages come these nations, these mighty powers. By chance? By accident? A mere coincidence? No! Back of all is God, the eternal, the infallible, the omnipotent, the infinitely wise, God. God, not as a great, a ruthless, monster, but the God of grace, with a redeeming heart and a redeeming purpose in His heart which He is going to fulfill in time and consummate in glory. Yes, God has determined the time at which the nations shall appear; and He has determined on principle when they shall pass away from this sphere.

If that is true of ancient history, it is just as true of modern history. We may be very perplexed at the historical configuration in our day, and wonder what is going to happen. What is God's plan for the United States, for the American people, for Great Britain, for Germany, for Turkey, for Greece, for those places in the far east, for Russia? Some are bold enough to venture upon prophecy. But whether we may discern or not God's present purpose and His plan for the future, this much is sure—God is on His throne; the reins on the neck of history He holds in His hand, and will drive forward to its destiny. God is in charge of modern history as He was in charge of ancient history. "God is in His heaven," and the believer can say, "all's right with the world" in spite of all that is wrong. His purpose is triumphing in spite of all that seems to be wrong.

> "I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs"

God knows what He is going to do.

And not only has He determined the time at which each nation shall rise, but the sphere it shall occupy; for the apostle goes on to say, "And the bounds of their habitation." Do you believe that the geographical configuration of the world is of accident, is of chance, is of incident? Here are seas; here are rivers; here are mountains, impassable mountains. Surely these things are indications that no nation is intended to be universal, to have all other peoples under its heel and to crush. Certain nations have had that ambition, and have striven toward its fulfillment; but it has never been done. God has appointed the sphere of nations, has determined the circumstances of country, soil, climate, which shall give shape and color and life and character to those nations. What a comforting thought in these days! In 1914 there was a wild ambition on the part of one people for a place in the sun, by which was meant that all other peoples should have a place in the dust. That desire was simply a challenge to Almighty God, and that people dashed themselves up

against His eternal purpose. No nation won through—or combinations won through—that great war on their own merit, or because they were better than others. Every party in that conflict was guilty of sins, outstanding sins. Germany was guilty of sins; America was guilty of sins; France was guilty of sins; Great Britain was guilty of sins; all had sins. But God was in His heaven, and He was not going to depart from His divine and eternal principle, even because of our sins. Right is right. The just shall live by faith. And if any nation, as any man, is found up against God, and dares to challenge Almighty God, God will show Himself to be sovereign in His own universe.

And the order of the nations: God has arranged the nations in order. Study the map. One of the most fascinating things in the world is a map. Study the map of Palestine and that ancient world. What do you find? God chose that place for His people. That was to be the sphere of the holy seed. Now look all around it. Far away over in the east and to the south is Babylonia; up there in the north is Assyria, and nearer, Syria; down in the southwest is Egypt; away over in the northwest is Asia Minor, looking toward Rome; there is the desert in the south; here are mountains in the east, and the River Jordan on the one side, and the Mediterranean on the other side. Note that word, Mediterranean—the middle of the earth, as the word indicates. And those nations, Assyria, Babylonia, Chaldea, Egypt, crossed and re-crossed Palestine. Napoleon strutted up and down the Plane of Esdraelon, and said it was the greatest battlefield in the world. God placed His people there and arranged the nations around them; as much as man may have crumpled up the plan God will straighten it out some day. Palestine has a part to play yet in politics, and God's covenant with Abraham is yet to be redeemed. The divine Builder has a plan, and our part is to execute it. All that vain man attempts can never thwart the purpose of God in human history.

This leads me to the second great part in the subject; namely: the method of God in history. His activity, His action, in history is surely evident. When I was visiting Buffalo, I got into touch with a prominent man who took a special interest in history. He had specialized in this subject. At the breakfast table one morning, speaking of some matter relative to history, he interjected in a rather uncomfortable sort of way, these words: "I don't believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ—not at all." And he passed on; there was no time to deal with the matter then. When I was leaving the hotel I said, "My friend, you take a special interest in history. I

remember your remark about Jesus Christ, and I want to say this: you can't begin to interpret history until you know by faith, resting on evidence, that Jesus Christ was more than a man, that He was the Son of God, eternally divine, in the bosom of the Father, and that He was manifested to redeem a fallen race." All philosophies and interpretations of history that deny the full and proper deity, as well as the real humanity of Jesus Christ and His redeeming purpose for the world, are but pseudo-philosophies of history. The method of God in history is indicated on every page of holy Scripture, and the very reason for history itself is found in that purpose. If God had not intended to redeem mankind, then why did not the race perish with Adam and Eve at the gate of Eden? Why this long-drawn-out, tragic story? Why the suffering through the ages? Why the curse of the innocent, bleeding at the heels of the guilty? Why these calamities, pains, trials, if God had no redeeming purpose for mankind? You tell me that there is no such purpose, that God is not interested in us, that His creation is not a moral creation; tell me that He has given up the race and left it to run on its own momentum, and I will say to you that I would rather not have been born, that I would far rather be a dog on the street or a bird in the tree if that is true. Because I have a conscience, a moral sense; it gives me pain when I do wrong. Why should I suffer, if God has no redeeming purpose? Why should God suffer if He has no redeeming purpose? How lightly we speak and how superficially, about these mighty things! It is time we stopped our puerile and infantile chatterings for a while, to contemplate the majesty of God.

God is in human history, working His will by a divine method. What is it? It is two-fold: "We understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God"—by faith. I add, "by faith," because it is the keynote of the whole chapter. If not every verse, at least every paragraph begins with the words, "by faith." And there you get the whole secret of the divine method—by revelation on God's part, by apprehension on man's part. The revelation of God is the originating cause, and the apprehension by faith of man, the effectual cause. I want to say quite briefly and directly, this: that whenever God has revealed Himself to man, and whenever man or men have reached up and appropriated that purpose of His, God has set forward history. History is not a conglomeration of fortuitous events; history is historic; it has a plan. Take the Bible as evidence of that. Go back to the time of Nebuchadnezzar and Daniel. Stand where they stood and see their dream and vision. What did they see? The figure of a mighty man, the head of gold, the breast and arms

of silver, the belly and thigh parts of brass, the legs of iron, the feet of iron intermingled with clay. The vision was profound, directed by the Spirit of God. We have the word that the head of gold represented the Babylonian empire. The rest is simple. The head of gold Babylonia; the breast and arms of silver must have been the nation following Babylonia, Medo-Persia. We have perfect evidence of the body to indicate that. Medo-Persia was a double nation, one arm, Media, one arm, Persia, united in the breast. The third, represented by the brass, was, of course, the Grecian nation; and the fourth, represented by the iron, the Roman. There is a program of history reaching up into the future for twenty-five hundred years. We can't tell what will happen tomorrow or next week. Here is a revelation telling what is going to happen twenty-five hundred years later. Critics may bring the date of the book as far down as they please; they may deny that Daniel wrote it. It is still prophecy, and the events came to pass according to prediction. And one stage in the prediction of that book has not been reached yet; the history is not complete. There is, in this unfolded historic program, a list of four great peoples—Babylonia, Medo-Persia, Greece, Rome—and we are continuing that story in our time, for there has never been a fifth empire world-wide in dominion as there was not a fifth metal in the image.

Take another example. God called out Abram. He said, "I will bless you and I will bless your family. I will bless the nation that shall come of you. And through you shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." There is a program of history beginning with a man and reaching an entire world. That program was made away back in the beginning of human history, and came true. The proof follows. Some nineteen hundred years ago there emerged upon this scene another character, the like of which never was before, and never has been since. So radical was the change which He wrought when He came, whatever interpretation you may put upon His work, that chronology has been determined by it; and even the infidel and the atheist must accept Him chronologically, speaking of B. C. and A. D. The focus of all history was the incarnation of God, the appearance of God here among men. For that tremendous hour all previous history was leading up, and from it all succeeding history is flowing out. Christ is at the center of history. He is God's redeeming center; He is God's moral center; He is God's cosmic center. This whole universal system is Christo-centric. This is the philosophy of divine revelation, and it is that that gives history its chiefest significance. Has God been fulfilling the Abrahamic

covenant? Yes, in Christ—of the tribe of Judah, the Son of Jacob, the son of Isaac, the son of Abraham, to whom God gave the covenant. He has also fulfilled that covenant in this Book— this divine revelation—which has been given to us by Jews, with perhaps one exception. The Bible came to us from the Jews, Christ was from the Jews. But the Bible is not limited to Jews, and neither is Christ limited. The Bible is the most universal book that ever has been written, and Christ is the one universal Man of all the ages. He has been revealing Himself through the periods, successive periods, of the human story. As men have apprehended the revelation, history has been set forward.

We know that the future is in God's care. Think of that tremendous passage in the second chapter of Philippians: " _ _ _ God hath highly exalted him and given him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth." Things celestial, things terrestrial and things infernal shall all acknowledge Jesus, the Man of Nazareth, to be the Lord over all. That day has never yet come. We are still looking toward it. It lies in the future. Heaven will sing His praise, earth will bow to His dominion, and all hell shall cringe before Him, Who here on earth had not where to lay his head. God's purpose is to enthrone Christ. It is not the ethical Christ, not the social Christ, not the philosophic Christ, that God is going to enthrone; it is the Lamb as it had been slain from before the foundation of the world. When He is enthroned in highest heaven over the entire universe it will be the Man who died on Calvary and who bears the marks of His passion even in glory. God has a plan of history; back of all the confusion and the unbelief of men is His revelation, His many revelations, of Himself. The covenant of the Old Testament and Christ Himself, a substance of it, in the New, are but the advancing stages of the divine purpose of His as it leads on to fulfillment.

But even God can't work without man. We are called to cooperate. History is the story of the race, of the nation, of the individual; and so, while God has been making His revelation, He has been making it to men and He has been looking for men who will apprehend the revelation and carry forward His purpose here in time. My brethren, I point out to you that God has never wrought anything tremendous by means of masses and crowds in human history. He has wrought His wonders through the ages by individuals —people whom He could trust, people who exercise faith. What is faith? We are told in this first verse of the chapter, "Faith is the

substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." The objects, therefore, of faith, are the future and the unseen; and the office of faith is to give present existence to future things and vital reality to unseen things. And wherever such faith has been exercised, wherever men have laid hold of the divine revelation, God has built a new era in the human story. It is the advent of personality which alters the current of history. The sharp turning points of history are due to the rise of great personalities. It is not so much by ideas as by personalities that God sets the world forward. The mightiest civilizing powers are personalities, and the mightiest civilizing personalities are Christian men. Take Israel's religious history. It stands as a record of great names—great names, great characters, great people, are the building force in their religion. On the other hand, in the religious history of Assyria, Babylonia, Egypt, India, there is scarce one name stands out on the page. Why? Because the leaders of these peoples did not, perhaps we will have to say could not, by faith lay hold on divine revelation.

Let me lay on your minds and hearts as I draw to a close that it is by faith in God, self-revealed, that history has always been made. If that is true of the past, it is true of the present. Take an instance or two.

Noah—God revealed Himself to Noah concerning His purpose with reference to the wickedness of the world—the great apostasy of that time. Noah apprehended the purpose. Faith and revelation got into touch with one another, and there was no greater fool on the earth regarded from the world's standpoint, than Noah. Think of a man building a huge ark inland, with blue and unclouded skies above! Think of him preaching scores of years, warning people about a flood, mocked at, laughed at, sneered at, the butt of all the jokes, indeed—a crazy old man. But was he? He was a man who apprehended by faith the divine purpose that God was going to build a new age. The flood came, the wicked world perished, the crazy old fool survived. God built an age upon him, and set history afresh upon its course.

Take the rise of Babel: God said, "Spread out." They said, "No; keep together; make a confederacy. Stay here. Build a tower reaching to heaven. Never mind God; we will please ourselves." God set the race aside and called a man. That man was from an idolatrous family, from an idolatrous city, Ur of the Chaldees. He said, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee." He didn't even tell him where he was to go, but He said, "I will bless you if

you do this, and your family. I will give you a nation and through that nation shall all mankind be blessed." This is one of the sublimest things in all the range of Scripture. Abram went out, not knowing where he went. Another old fool, according to the standards of the world. If anyone had met Abram and asked, "Where are you going?" and Abram had replied, "I don't know," they would have said, "Fool! You don't know! How is that?" "God told me to go He promised to show me the way. I believe God. I am going." There is no greater man in all the history of the world than Abraham. God built an age on him.

The same is true of Moses. God allowed Moses to be born and to be placed where he could study Egypt; then He sent him to the back side of the desert to study the Sinaitic peninsula. When he went back to Egypt to bring the people out, he had a thorough acquaintance with both people. He led them out to the promised land, and we talk of Mosaic dispensation today. God built an age upon him, because he believed God.

Take the apostle Paul. God met with Paul as he was hastening to do the bidding of the Pharisees on the Damascus road, and smote him between the stirrup and the ground. He called Paul, and there followed a mighty readjustment. Paul apprehended the revelation and God communicated a great truth to him, so that he became the chief theologian of the church. Thirteen, if not fourteen, of the epistles of the New Testament came from his mind and hand, because Paul believed God and God built a dispensation upon him.

So it was with Luther. That great truth rediscovered by this man, restless in heart, uneasy in conscience, dissatisfied in mind—that truth flashed before him, that justification is by faith in Christ alone. Luther studied Galatians and read a great standard commentary on Galatians and found that truth of emancipation which became the keynote of the Reformation, the watchword of the free. God built an age on Luther—the Reformation.

Down in the south of England there was a cobbler's assistant, a strange boy that people thought crazy; as he knocked nails into the boots he studied Greek grammar. He read things that no one understood. Later he attended a council to contemplate the possibility of evangelizing the heathen. He had something to suggest: "Go forward to India," he said, "and preach the gospel to the heathen." The presiding officer silenced him. "Young man, if God wants to evangelize the heathen, He will do it without you." The young man sat down. I make bold to say that few here this morning know the name of the man who made that reply to the youth,

but the name of William Carey will never be forgotten. Carey went to India, having apprehended by faith the purpose of God, and the marvelous development in missionary enterprise in the last twenty-five years is the result.

And there was Morris who went to China. The captain of the vessel on which he sailed sneeringly said, "Do you suppose you can save the Chinese?" "No," said Morris; "I don't suppose that I can save the Chinese, but I know that God can save them." Look at China of Morris' day and the China of today.

Again, there is Livingstone, from our own country in the north. He went forward. Folks would think him crazy, too. He ventured into the jungles of Africa, tearing his way from the east to the west; home for recess and rest, then back again. What about him? A great traveler, yes. A great historian, yes. But first and last a Christian missionary, opening up a wide range in Africa for the preaching of the gospel in future days.

So it has ever been. I want you to remember this, if you forget everything else: God is building history by means of men and women whom He can trust, men and women of faith, men and women of vision, who apprehend the divine revelation and say, "Here am I, Lord, take me, equip me, send me, use me." God is still building history, but He is not building it by the men and women that are gone, He is building it by the men and the women who are here. He wants to build history by you and by me.

Where is the emphasis placed today? Not upon faith, not upon the loyal men and loyal women, loyal to God, but upon armies and navies, upon power, upon commerce, upon material things. There the emphasis is being placed. We are laying stress upon our material accomplishments, upon our possessions. We are endeavoring to crush God out of His own universe; but it can't be done. Men have tried it in the past. Nebuchadnezzar aspired to world-fame. He walked about upon the battlements of a great city—we learn that the walls were so thick that six chariots could drive abreast on the top of the wall—Nebuchadnezzar stood looking out over this great city and he said, "Is not this great wonder the product of my wisdom and my power?" He was smitten in that hour with insanity, and went out to eat grass in the fields like the cattle, until he should understand that God was sovereign. Nebuchadnezzar aspired to world-dominion, aimed at it, grasped it, lost it. God had not intended it for him. Go down a few centuries to Alexander the Great, a mighty soldier, a courageous youth. He marched away to the east, and as the story has it, he reached the far east, looked

out into the infinite beyond and wept because there were not more worlds to conquer. But Alexander the Great died of profligacy in early youth. He aspired to world dominion, but God had not reserved it for him, and he perished. Go down again through the centuries to Napoleon the great, a man who also had his ambitions. He determined, come what might, cost what it would, he would bring all men under his dominion. He too was thwarted in his purpose. He was but beating against the bars of the cage in his restlessness and lust for dominion! God's plan was otherwise. In our day, in your time and in mine, I need scarcely to remind you that there was another who aspired to such dominion, which God has reserved for His Son, our Savior. A place in the sun, world dominion, where is that aspirant today? Caged, cowardly, craven, prisoner in a foreign land. God said to Nebuchadnezzar, Alexander, Napoleon, the Kaiser, what He would say to every man who aspired to usurp the throne of the universe which He has reserved for Christ: "So far and no farther shalt thou go."

The throne of the universe is reserved for Christ. It is not a democracy, but an absolute dominion. God has appointed a Man to sit on this throne who shall fulfill all prophecy and who shall bring to consummation His redeeming purpose. He is bringing that end about by means of men and women who are absolutely true to Him, loyal to Him, whom He can trust—men and women of faith who apprehend His revelation and who in spite of all the mockery of their day and generation, persist, content to know that one with God is a majority. God can't fail. He is still, all things to the contrary notwithstanding, He is still sovereign in His universe. My dear brethren, what more comforting thought, what more assuring thought than this, can we have in our perplexing time, when statesmen are at their wits' end? The most astute of them do not know what lies in the near future. We may put our confidence in treaties, in leagues, in courts; we may write on scraps of paper, but don't forget they have been torn up in the past, and they may be torn up in the future. My hope is not in a League of Nations, not in a balance of power, not in a World Court, not in a human plan of any kind. My hope, because I am a Christian—your hope if you are a Christian—is in the living God. He brought this world into being; He has taken care of human history down through the ages, and we can trust Him to take care of it on to the end. Christ is going to triumph.

I am here to say to you today—this is my last opportunity to preach to this great audience—that divine revelation tells us that those lost in darkness shall be brought to light; that at the last

there shall be, not wrong, but right; not evil, but good; not a curse, but a blessing; not the devil, but Christ; not sin, but holiness. The last thing is not a new Paris emblematic of fashion and of lust; the last thing is not a new Rome, telling of power; the last thing is not a new New York, telling of commerce; the last thing is not a new Babylon, telling of indolence and luxury and material splendor; the last thing is the new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, and Jerusalem stands for religion. The hope of the world is not in fashion, not in commerce, not in anything beneath the sun. The hope is in the living God manifested through Jesus Christ. The Man who bled on Calvary is going to be the ruler over all this world. If there is one thing certain, that is the certain thing. They who shall win through are those who pin their faith to Him, those who stand by Him in troublous days, who are loyal when others are apostasizing, who dare to believe that it is the Word of God that liveth and abideth forever. So that while things that men are building are crumbling to the dust, the church universal, the kingdom of God among men, is the eternal habitation of God through the Spirit. There is no panic in heaven; there should be no panic in your heart or mine. The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice.

GRACE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
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Soul Rest

By REV. W. GRAHAM SCROGGIE, D. D.

I do not propose to take as long a text this evening as I had this morning, but to ask your attention to words that are very familiar—I trust not fatally familiar. You will find them in Matthew's Gospel, the eleventh chapter and the last three verses. Matthew 11:28, 29 30.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

"For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

It is extremely unfortunate that holy Scripture has been presented to us in the form of chapters and verses. I need hardly say that that is no part of the original arrangement; its only value is for index and reference. That purpose served is no compensation for the incalculable loss of all literary form which lies buried beneath these chapters and verses. The greatest drama ever written is in the Bible; it is not equalled by Shakespeare at his best. We don't know who wrote it; very few have read it. I suppose that to some extent the lack of interest in the book of Job must be accounted for by the form in which it is presented. Who would trouble to read Shakespeare's dramas in chapters and verses? Here in our Bible poetry is written as prose; prophecy which is poetry is written as prose; the Apocalypse is written as prose; letters are presented as essays; history is given in great blocks of small type. It is little wonder that the form in which divine truth is presented to us in our Bible has been repellent. One of the first things that we would endeavor to do as we seriously approach these holy writings for the purpose of study is to restore their literary form.

Now the Hebrews had their literary style. It is the style that characterizes that particular people, and this particular literary form and style we have nowhere else except in the Hebrew scriptures. It follows a principle and law of parallelism. It is evident in the Psalms, even shining through the form in which we have these poems on our page. The Hebrew mind was cast in a certain mold, and their literary productions follow that style. It has been a matter of dispute among scholars whether Matthew's Gospel was

written in Hebrew or in Greek; be that as it may, Matthew was a Jew and had a Jewish cast of thought and mold of mind, and he writes according to the characteristic style of his people.

We have in these words which I have quoted a perfect specimen of Hebrew literature. Here is a little poem, and it is a literary and spiritual gem. The first thing therefore that I will do this evening is to restore the literary form of this great utterance of our Lord, and, from the form of it we shall discover the scope of the passage. The scope will lead us to its true interpretation. The subject of this poem is "Rest." If you were writing it, you would place at the top of your page the word Rest. Then there follow three verses of four lines each. Let us read them:

REST.

(verse 1, line 1)	Come unto me,
line 2)	Ye labor,
line 3)	Le are laden,
line 4)	I will give you rest.
(verse 2, line 1)	Learn of me;
line 2)	I am meek,
line 3)	I am lowly,
line 4)	Ye shall find rest unto your souls.
(verse 3, line 1)	Take my yoke upon you;
line 2)	It is easy,
line 3)	It is light,
line 4)	(In it ye will be at rest.)

As is so often in this form of writing, there is a missing line; but that can be supplied by consulting the closing lines of the two previous verses, and I have supplied it. So the fourth line of third verse reads, "In it ye will be at rest." The last line of each verse ends on the note rest.

Now when we have restored that form, we are in a position to appreciate the balance of the poem. I have called your attention to the fact that in the first line of each verse we have an exhortation or a command; that in the second and third lines of this verse we have reasons urged why we should respond to the exhortation; and that in the fourth line of each verse a promise is made to those who, appreciating these reasons of lines two and three, respond to the exhortation of line one. Let us therefore, in the light of that, look at the poem again.

In verse one, line one, we have the exhortation, "Come unto me." Why should I come to Him? Why should we come to Him? The question is anticipated by the speaker and therefore at once two reasons are urged why we should come. Line two, "Ye labor" —that is one reason why we should come. Line three, "Ye are laden"— that is another reason why we should come. And, appreciating these reasons, we ask, "Well, and supposing we do come, what then?" And that thought is anticipated and responded to in line 4:

Come unto me;
Ye labor,
Ye are laden:

(and coming,) I will give you rest.

Take verse two. The first line is an invitation: "Learn of me." Why should I learn of Him? Why should we learn of Him? The answer comes quickly in the two reasons which are urged: "I am meek"—that is one reason why we should learn of Him; "I am lowly"—that is another reason why. And suppose we do learn of Him to be meek, to be lowly—what then? The answer comes swiftly —"Ye shall find rest unto your souls"—the word with promise.

Now take the third verse. Line one is the invitation—"Take my yoke upon you." Why should I? Why should we? Swiftly comes the answer: "It is easy"—one reason why; "It is light"—another reason why. Well? And in the event of taking it, what? There is an unspoken, but surely an implied promise: "In it, the yoke, ye will be at rest."

I say you have there a literary and spiritual gem; but we are only entering into the wonder of the passage. I would have you observe in the next place that there are three verses here, and that there could not be less and that there could not be more. The whole theme is treated and exhausted in these twelve lines. Every great passage, every great subject in the whole scripture is treated in some one passage in the scripture. There is some fountain head for every truth. The great fountain-head of the subject of love is the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians; of the resurrection, First Corinthians fifteen; of faith, Hebrews eleven; and so forth. You may test out fifty subjects. The fountain-head passage of the subject of rest is this passage before us. We first read of rest in the second chapter of Genesis, where God ceased from His labors and rested on the seventh day; and all that is taught concerning rest from this second chapter of Genesis, right to the end of the Apocalypse, in which we read that they cease from their labors

and their works do follow them and they enter into perfect and eternal rest—all that is taught concerning rest is presented here in this place.

Nor can we transpose these verses. They are in the order of revelation and of experience. Whilst there is one rest revealed, it is three-fold; it is to be progressively entered into and enjoyed. Let us analyze the rest as it is here set forth.

In verse one we have presented to us a rest of a new life.

Come unto me;
Ye labor,
Ye are laden,
I will give you rest.

We come to a weary world with that. To a sin-stricken world, to a sorrow-laden world, we come with this gospel message. The glad tidings that we bring is the message that Jesus is still, by His Spirit invisible but very real, standing in the presence of men and saying, "Come unto me and I will give you rest."

In verse two, there is an advance upon that, for the exhortation is made to those who have already responded to the call of verse one. No one can enter into the rest of verse two who has not passed through verse one. The promise in the second verse is to those who have entered into new life by coming to Christ. Then what is this new experience of rest? It is the rest of a true life. There may be new life where there is not true life. And how may we enter into the rest of a true life? Not by coming, that is already done; but by learning. "Learn of me and ye shall find rest." The first rest is given; the second is found. The gospel is not, "Seek Christ;" the gospel is "Christ is seeking you." Man is given nothing to do; Christ has done the mighty work, and bids us come to receive what we cannot merit and cannot purchase. "I will give you rest for coming." But having come, then we are sent to school; we are bidden, "learn;" and as we learn, we shall find rest, discover rest, unto our souls.

The third promise is made only to those who have responded to the exhortation of verses one and two, who have come and who are learning. What is that? It is the rest of a full life.

Take my yoke upon you;
It is easy,
It is light,
In it ye will be at rest.

These are the three aspects of the truth; they are progressive and

they are complete; they are in that order and cannot be transposed. First of all, comes the rest of a new life; then, the rest of a true life; and finally the rest of a full life. There is nothing possible in the way of rest beyond that.

Look at these verses again a little more carefully. The exhortations are, "come," "learn," "take." Part of the marvel of scripture is its simplicity. Any fool can appear to be profound; it takes a very clever person to be simple. We may be simple without being simpletons. There never was anyone more simple than Christ. Christ put more into a few words than we can pack into whole libraries; that is part of the marvel of the Bible, and part of the evidence of its supernatural origin—its simplicity. It is so simple that any child can understand and so profound that no philosopher can exhaust. What is there simpler than these three words—come, learn, take? They are within the comprehension of every child who has come early to years of intelligence.

And then, for the gospel is rational, the gospel does not appeal to people's credulity or ignorance, but to their intelligence, to their reason, to their conscience, to their will. Jesus never blamed anyone for doubting. As Tennyson has said, "There may live more faith in honest doubt than in half the creeds." When He issues His invitation, He supports these calls with reasons.

With reference to the call to come, there is a double reason why men should come—"Ye labor, and ye are laden." That double reason is inclusive and exhaustive. Do you notice that you get there both an active and a passive reason? The first is active—"Ye labor;" the second is passive—"Ye are laden." Isn't that perefctly true of the facts? In our country, and I presume in most countries, there is what is called a labor problem. It goes a great deal farther back than the cessation of the war in 1917 or 1918. It goes back to the very gates of Eden. The labor problem is an age-long problem and it is a universal problem. Now labor is a product of sin; toil is the product of sin. Work is not. There was work before the fall; there will be work when all the redeeming purpose of God is consummated. But there was no toil, no labor, before the fall, and there will be no toil, no labor, after the redeeming purpose of God has been consummated. So the passage I just quoted a moment before—"They cease from their labors; and their works shall follow them." (Revelation 14:13). Now the sinner labors, and we would ask, what is the sinner getting in consequence of his toil, and the labor of the sweat of his brow? Is it not utterly for nought? Men labor in our time even in their pleasures; they toil in their

pleasures as well as at their tasks. Look at their careworn faces and bent backs. The toiling, the strain, the stress of life, is breaking millions; they are being broken on the wheel of circumstances. And everywhere we see, ye labor, ye labor; but that is not all. "Ye are laden." There are burdens that press upon the sinner's soul—burdens he does not seek—burdens he does not want, but burdens he has got to bear. He is laden. Stop here and take a look at the sinner toiling from early morning until late at night, weeks, months, years, toiling but producing nought that counts, and in addition, burdened and broken by loads not of his seeking. The Savior stands in the midst of such a world and says,

"Come unto me;
Ye labor,
Ye are laden,
I will give you rest."

Rest from his toil, rest from his burden, conscious rest from unforgiven sins, rest from fear of judgment—"I will give you rest." And the sinner comes as we perhaps all of us here tonight (I trust so) have come. We know that we were laboring; we know that we were laden; but we know, too, that when we responded to that call in simple faith, the burden rolled off our backs into the empty tomb, the fetters snapped, the soul was emancipated, and every man and woman found rest in their souls they had never known before.

But this is only the beginning. After coming, we have to learn. Being born again, we have got to go to school. The child does not go to school before he is born. You say, "Of course not; what an absurd suggestion!" My friends, there is a pseudo-gospel being preached throughout Christendom that amounts to such an absurdity as that. "Follow Christ. Christ is the great ideal. Christ is the best Man who ever lived. Be like Christ. Do like Christ. Imitate Christ." It is necessary before you can follow anybody, before you can imitate anybody, to know that person. We cannot know Christ so as to follow Him, so as to imitate Him, as long as we are in trespasses and sins. Before Christ can be our example, He must be our life-giver and our Savior. But, being born again, we are sent to school. We have everything to learn, and we are bidden to sit at His feet. When He says, "Learn of me," He is saying more than "Learn what I teach you." He is confessedly the greatest of all teachers, but He means further, "Learn of me! I am the lesson as well as the teacher." Then He adds two reasons, pointing to Himself, "I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Learn to be meek; learn to be lowly. Now we are

living in a time when these are regarded as soft qualities. We say, give us something with more vigor; give us something more masculine; give us something stronger, that is more appealing. That is all right for women and children, but not for men—that meekness and lowliness. Perhaps we shall be more impressed if we turn these into their opposites and express this exhortation in the negative form. "Learn of me not to be selfish, not to be proud." And when we have turned them into that, we see that these are two sins that are the curse of the church of God. These are our own personal troubles, arresting our progress in things spiritual and damaging our Christian service. Selfishness, selfishness! What is selfishness? It is self-ishness—I, ego. As a grain of dust will hide the star, that I blots out God from the universe. Robert Hall once in the presence of a friend wrote the word "God" on a piece of paper, and then he put a sovereign on the top of it and said, "Can you read it?" Now this selfishness, the pursuit of money, the pursuit of fame, the pursuit of power, the lust for place, for popularity, to be in the limelight, to figure in the press, to have a name—and I am talking about Christian people—I have seen an external exhibition of selfishness at a convention for the deepening of spiritual life forsooth; I have seen people elbowing discourteously one another in their rush up the aisle to get a front seat to learn to be holy. Selfishness! And the worst form of selfishness is spiritual selfishness. I have heard a preacher preach on humility with such a sense of self-importance that it was difficult to sit still. He was inflated with conceit when he taked about humility! This is one of the preacher's snares, and it is a snare of the people also. Self is a hydra-headed monster, and it is self that is undoing the church. Self is undoing the world. It was self that was at the head of that last war. But for the greed of a place in the sun, the lust of power, that last war would never have been and millions of our young men would be living today. Self! Jesus said, "If you have found the rest of a new life, enter into the rest of a true life by learning not to be selfish." It doesn't come to us naturally; it has got to be learned.

And not to be proud. Pride is one of our curses. I have yet to find a man or woman who has anything to be proud about. If any of you thinks he has something to be proud about, come to see me after the meeting and look squarely into my face and say if you really have anything at all to be proud of. Here is a girl in the choir who is proud of her voice; that is nothing to be proud about; she did not make her voice, she did not even buy her voice; it is

an instrument that God has made and loaned to her on trust to be used for His glory. She should be grateful and not proud. Young people are not in the choir to exhibit themselves and show off what grand voices they have got, while singing of the meekness and lowliness of Jesus. Perhaps some are proud of their looks. Well, what of that? Nobody made his looks, neither man nor woman, and beauty is a snare while it lasts and will not last long. Anything that you may be pleased to name by way of test, you will find, if it is worth anything at all, that it is nothing of our production, but something that God has entrusted to us for which we should be grateful and humble and which we should use for His glory. Take Jesus Himself. He says that we must learn not to be selfish and not to be proud. We have four records of His life, and not one line in these four gospels suggests that at any time or with reference to anything, Jesus was ever selfish or ever proud. And He says to those men and women who bear His name, "Learn to be Christians; learn not to be selfish; learn not to be proud; and as you learn, you will find rest unto your souls."

But the highest Christian attainment is not yet. We receive the rest of a new life by coming; we discover the rest of a true life by learning. And all to the purpose that we may serve God and His kingdom among men. The yoke is the symbol of service. "Take my yoke upon you; it is easy; it is light"—provided you are going in the same direction as I am and at the same pace. If you want to go north when I want to go south, the yoke is not easy. If you want to hustle on while I want to do deliberately and accomplish the work carefully, it is not easy. But if you will go in my direction and at my pace, "my yoke is easy, and my burden is light, and in it you will be at rest." Is your Christian service a restful service, or are you distracted by it, distressed by it, anxious about it, careworn, fretful, irritable, because of it? Is the message that you deliver negatived by the spirit you exhibit either at the time or after? We can be too busy. An old preacher has said that when the devil can't get at a man any other way, he gets astride his shoulders and rides him to death with engagements. That is possible. God has given to you and me a limited amount of strength. He does not promise that if we violate His physical laws He will step in and negative their natural consequences. We will have to be careful. When George Mueller preached in my church twice on the Sabbath, he went back to his room. A man from the Y. M. C. A. came to ask him to give them an address. He said, "That is of the devil." The man looked very surprised. He explained to him that he had

used up the strength that God had given him for that day and the devil was urging him to go forward and exhaust himself and thus be unready for the task of the morrow. "Take my yoke," says our Lord; "In it you will be at rest."

This closing word. We are so familiar with this passage that all the audacity and wonder of it fail to impress us. Oh, may we be awakened to the courage and audacity of it! If I suppose myself standing up in such a world as this and saying to men of every color and of every kind, "Come to me; I know your problems, political, economic, commercial, social, ethical, national, religious; I know all your problems; I know the perplexities of the human heart; but come to me. I am equal to any problem. I will dispel every perplexity. I will still every storm that is raging in the human heart. Come to me." You will say, "That man is either a lunatic or a blasphemer." But it was not so when Jesus said it. He said it then; He says it still. The only solution of all the world's complex and multiplied problems is Christ Himself. Christianity is not a church. If it were, we should wish to know which church. Christianity is not a creed; if it were, we should ask, which creed? Christianity is not a ceremony; Christianity is not a ritual; Christianity is, Christ. You may divorce all the comparative religions from their founder but if you take Christ out of Christianity, you take the soul out of it, and there is nothing but a corpse left. Christ stands up in the midst of men still and says, "Come. Come unto Me. And if you come, I will give. You cannot earn, you cannot merit; but you can take. And having come, learn. Learn from Me. Learn to be like Me. Learn to be meek. Learn not to be selfish. Learn not to be proud. And a deep-settled peace will come to your soul. And what you have learned, do. Go out amongst the toiling throng, north, east, south and west. Cover this land and cover the sea with the message. Tell men of the blessing which you have received. Go to the far east, the far west, the far north, the far south, and proclaim that I am the universal Christ." The Babe that was born in Bethlehem is the only universal Savior. And the creed that He brought is the only universal gospel. Go tell the world this story, and as you go, remember that you are in the yoke with Him, and that your service is His service. It will be consecrated and it will be rewarded. That is the great wonder of this revelation which Christ has brought to us.

"Come unto me;
Ye labor,
Ye are laden;

I will give you rest.
Learn of me;
  I am meek,
  I am lowly;
Ye shall find rest unto your souls.
Take my yoke upon you;
  It is easy,
  It is light;
In it ye shall be at rest."

Here we have the rest of a new life, the rest of a true life, and the rest of a full life. May each one of us enter into it for His name's sake.

A Personal Testimony

By REV. W. GRAHAM SCROGGIE, D. D.

I may have to refer, dear brethren, to several passages of Scripture quite briefly during the course of the afternoon, but it may be that the one which will introduce the subject that I would lay before you most completely you will find in First Corinthians, the twelfth chapter, and the latter part of verse three:

> No man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost.

You will observe in that brief utterance that three tremendous matters are brought to notice, four indeed: There is the Saviorship of Christ—we get that in the word Jesus, which means Savior, "thou shalt call his name JESUS; for he shall save his people from their sins." (Matthew 1:21); the second matter here brought to light is the Lord-ship of Christ: "No man can say that Jesus is the Lord"—there is obviously therefore a difference between Christ's Savior-ship and His Lord-ship; and the third matter to which our attention is called is the acknowledgment on our part that the Savior is Lord, or on the other hand our failure to acknowledge that the Savior is Lord; and the fourth matter, accounting either for the failure or for the acknowledgment as the case may be, is the presence and work of the Holy Spirit.

> No man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost.

I am not concerned this afternoon with the exposition of that great utterance except from the standpoint of experience. Doctrine makes experience possible, and experience illustrates doctrine. I am on the program to speak to you this afternoon a word of personal testimony concerning this passage and concerning all passages in this class, revealing this truth. I do so very humbly, as God knows, and yet without apology, because we should be no more ashamed to tell of one evidence of His grace toward us than of another, and if it is right for us to bear testimony concerning the unusual blessing it is right for us to bear testimony concerning every usual blessing that may follow. You will therefore understand that my object in bearing this testimony is not for one moment to call attention to myself—God forbid!—but simply to say, out of a full and glad heart, what I know in experience of the Lord-ship of Christ in life and in service.

No one can acknowledge Christ to be his Lord who does not acknowledge Him to be his Savior, but we may acknowledge Him to be our Savior without acknowledging Him to be our Lord. The relations are different, and therefore our attitude must be quite different. I was brought to a saving knowledge of Christ when I was a boy some nine years of age. It was my privilege to be born into a Christian family, and to have that influence and atmosphere ever before me. Thirteen years later I was already in my first charge. I was a minister of a church in the east end of London, England, having passed through the High School and College, and having accepted the call to this church. I shall not forget—I think not in time, perhaps not in eternity—the bitter experience of my early ministry. I consider, to begin with, that I settled too young. I took very heavy responsibility as teacher and demonstrator for which I was not ready, and not at that time qualified. But that apart. My whole method was wrong. It was, generally, that every Monday morning to Thursday night I read—read chiefly by night, and visited my people by day; it was killing work, and I should long ago have been buried if that had continued. In my first enthusiasm and folly I had a kind of ambition to die in my first charge, and to be buried amidst the lamentations of my people. I dreamed one night that that happened, and I saw from heaven how my people were distressed, and I got leave to come back to earth. That was the psychology of it. Then on Friday and Saturday of each week I wrote—wrote twelve hours each day, and memorized what I wrote, and delivered the goods on Sunday morning and on Sunday night. On Monday morning I began again. And so I was living my life. I was not happy; I had no consciousness of God that was radiant and rapturous. My work was a task, and I brought myself to it dutifully and kept myself at it, even up to the point of literal sickness, as I studied and labored. More often than not I was physically prostrated before going into the pulpit, and often had to send one of my office bearers forward to conduct the opening exercises while I recovered in a measure. I consulted several physicians about it, and they said it was constitutional, and that I would probably get worse and worse, until I would not be able to appear in public at all.

I will never forget going to a friend of mine, a wonderful Christian medical man, in a state of almost despair. We were walking in his beautiful grounds beneath the glowing stars, in and out among the trees one night, and I opened my heart to him, and said to him, "There is something wrong. My life is not what it should be. My ministry is not what it should be. Maybe no one else knows

it, but I know it; and why should I have to drag myself to my work at eleven on Sabbath morning, and at six-thirty on Sabbath evening, with a heavy heart, having no thrill of the Gospel in my soul, and having to tell other people truths that I myself am a stranger to in experience." I will never forget how he took me into his sympathy and rendered me help. I told him about my distressing sickness, and asked him the cause—and he told me, not as a medical man in the ordinary way would have told me. He said, "The cause of your sickness is not constitutional; it is self-consciousness; and the cure is God-consciousness." About some other troubles I spoke, and he got me by the hand, and I can feel that grip now! He said, "Scroggie:

> Grace there is your every debt to pay,
> Blood to wash your every sin away,
> Power to keep you spotless day by day,
> In Christ for you.

Do you believe that?" and as he looked me square in the eyes, I felt the truth, as it were, go through his hand into mine, and I said, "I am bound to believe it." He said, "Have you ever given your body to God?" I said, "What do you mean?" He answered, "You should not ask me that! I am a layman; you are a minister. Don't you know it says, 'I beseech you - - by the mercies of God that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice - - which is your reasonable service (Romans 12:1)?' Have you ever done it?" I said, "No, I have never done it." He said, "There is no use in your consulting doctors, if you are disobeying God's commands. Go and give yourself, your body as well as your spirit, to God." I felt the force of his rebuke and exhortation, and I went home, and I did it. I want to say here this afternoon that that was twenty-five years ago, and from that cause that had been so prolific of trouble in my early ministry, from that cause I have never these twenty-five years been prostrated with sickness. I know he was right when he said the root of the trouble was self-consciousness; the desire to make a good impression and the fear of failure set up a state of things that reacted upon nerve and upon body and prostrated me with sickness.

But that was after all the least wrong that needed rectifying. There was a deeper trouble. It was spiritual. I thought to myself many a time " if all my ministry in the years to come is to be as it is now, I wish I had never come into the ministry." Then God, in His mercy, met with me. This is how He did it: I had my program for each week detailed on paper; every hour from Monday morning to Saturday night was arranged for. In this particular week, when

I went to look at my program on Tuesday morning I found that the space was blank; no subject was in for treatment. I could not recall anything that was omitted; I could not understand how the omission had come; but it was near Christmas, and I had promised to write a hymn for our watch-night service. I sat down by the fire and sought the muse, which did not come. I labored with words, but I could do nothing. There was no inspiration there. And throwing the thing aside, I took a book down from the shelf that had a little bit of a history, homely history: it was a book of old Andrew Murray which I had never read, but which I had given to a friend, and which had been returned to me under peculiar circumstances; I wanted for that reason to read it. As nothing was booked for that hour, I started to read, and I read and read and read and read and read those addresses—I read on to the end of the book, and then two texts—texts of the addresses—stood out amidst all the others, and held me as a thing to face. The first was: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me" (Luke 9:23); and the second was: "Kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time." (I Peter 1:5). I sat down before these two texts, and the messages under cover of them, and the spirit of conviction laid hold of me. I felt that I had run into a crisis and that something must now happen. I said to myself, "I have been wrong; for I can't possibly continue as I have been doing. I know I am a Christian, I believe that I was called to the Christian ministry, but there is something wrong that must be put right if I am to continue." I knelt down, and I said to the Lord that if He would reveal to me anything wrong in my life, I was willing to put it out. It is a solemn thing to say that to Him unless we really mean it, and it may mean more than we suppose when we give utterance to that expression. If the Lord had stood by me and whispered into my ear, or if He had written it down on paper, it could not have been more plainly shown that there were three things wrong in my life, and that these were the cause of all my failure and of my misery. What were they?

First: "What about your library?" Well, what about it? I had a library of some three hundred books. The works were mostly works of literature, of which I was passionately fond. I had little theology in that collection. I read—as I have said—from Monday to Thursday night; but I read vastly more literature than theology, and I read more of both than of my Bible. The use that I had for the Bible was that in it I might find and from it take a text that would give a key-note to some theme that I would develop. Sometimes my

sermon was prepared before I looked for a text, and then I looked for one that would best suit the discourse. "What about your library?" And the more I thought about it, the more I was convicted that those books were a snare; they were in the wrong place; the Bible was at the circumference and my library was at the center. I was reading more of the writings of man than of the words of God, and cared more for them. The Bible to me was not a joyous experience a divine revelation that thrilled and filled me, and about which I must talk—not at all! I was aiming at clarity of style and precision of expression; hence I wrote with greatest care, and memorized and recited every address. It was part of my ambition to succeed along that line. And now, when I said that if there was anything wrong I would put it out of my life, He put His finger on that. I had been reading and reading so much by night, that I had, simply to be fooling, said to my wife—I was recently married at that time—that I thought if I went blind I would go back to business and leave the ministry. That remark came back to roost in that hour, and though it might have been said as half a joke, there was an element of seriousness in the thought. What about that? What do you know of the Word of God that you have been ordained to make known to others? Are you not guilty of ambitions, when you are called to expositions? Are you not writing your thoughts into the Word, instead of getting God's thought out of the Word? Are you feeding the people with the finest of the wheat, and from honey out of the rock; or are you spinning theories and weaving words and presenting literary and theological essays instead of spiritual truth that will nourish the soul?" That is how it presented itself, and I felt that this was wrong and would have to be righted. I yielded the matter to the Lord. Now, brethren, let me say this: the crown of spiritual experience, and the principle of it remain the same for us all, but the experiences themselves are infinitely diversified, and no two people have precisely the same experience. Therefore what was true of me, probably was never true of anyone else. I safeguard by that what I want to say: I lost at that hour any desire to look into my library, and not a book was touched in three months. I read more of the Word of God in that three months than in the previous three years, and it was milk and it was meat to my soul. I reveled in its truths and basked in its glories. It was a new realm, the whole thing as fresh as the early morning. I may say that after three months, the desire came back again to read, and today I have thirty-five hundred volumes in my library—but they are not at the center, they are at the circumference. There is only

one book in the center, there is only one that deserves to be in the center, that Queen of all literatures, that divine and eternal revelation presented to us in the Holy Scripture.

Second: "What is your motive in preaching?" Now, when we come to the realm of motive, we are in a strange land. We may easily deceive ourselves and others. But we are called to be faithful with ourselves; let us be very slow in judging of the motives of other people, but let us be merciless with ourselves when motives are being challenged. "What is your motive in preaching?" Well, what was it? I tried to understand what my motive was in preaching. I knew that one strong desire in my heart was to succeed, and by success I meant a full church and an appreciative people. I wanted to be thought at any rate average, and I think I desired to be thought above the average, as a preacher. I did not wish to present unpalatable truths and create disturbances and dissensions, and bring hostility down upon me—not for a moment that I was desirous of compromising, far from it! I was young and green in the ministry. After a man has done twenty-five years of preaching, he knows that such a conciliation and such unity, however desirable, is humanly impossible. When Christ was here, He was a dividing force: some loved Him, and others hated Him; some said, "He is a good man," and some said, "He is a bad man." It is enough that the servant be as his Lord. I was convinced in that hour that my motive in preaching, though perhaps it did not deserve to be called a bad motive, was certainly not the best. I could not say that my one and only motive in studying, in praying, in visiting, in preaching, in teaching, was the glory of God, first and last, and the salvation of sinners, and the upbuilding of the church, whatever that might cost. I knew in that hour that that was not my motive. In other words I had set out to be a preacher, and God showed me in that hour that He had called me to be a messenger. There is a difference! A man may be a preacher without being God's messenger. There are many, many such preachers, who are not God's messengers. On the other hand, one may be God's messenger without being a preacher in the sense of being ordained to the ministry. I wanted to be a preacher, but God said, "I want you to be a messenger." I turned that over in my mind and heart. What does that mean? "Preach—but preach what I bid thee." I remembered what He had said to Isaiah, and what He had said to Ezekiel, and what He had said to Jeremiah: "Whether they will hear or whether they will forbear"—go right ahead. And my purpose? I wanted to be heard, I wanted my message to be acceptable, I wanted them to think I was succeeding.

The thought of failure was hateful to me, and there was a struggle over that, but I saw what was right, and He enabled me in that hour to follow the light and to do the right, and to renounce the ambition to become a preacher for any place that it might secure and for any popularity that it might bring; but to be content to be God's messenger with His message, whether my church should be empty or filled, whether I was praised or blamed.

And then—permit me please—the third thing. And what was that? Something deeply sacred to me, and I am sure that you will understand if I make mention of it. It is with some hesitation, but with the confidence that you will accept it as sacredly as I mention it. In our new home we were expecting the advent of a little life, and the suggestion came to me, from where I do not propose to say or know, "What if in that event you lost your wife? What would be your attitude toward God?" And it seemed as though the devil arose within me, and I rose from my knees, and I said to myself, "I have gone far enough, as far as I intend to go." And then it seemed as though the real struggle was just beginning. Down I went again on my knees, and the fountains of my deep were broken up, and I could not see that it would be right for me to say that in that eventuality I should be content to believe that it was the will of God. And so the hours passed. It was my Jabok; there was no one else near, and that mysterious angel wrestled with me, and I was weakened as Jacob weakened. I thought, "The best thing to do to finish this struggle is to call my wife into the study, and to tell her about it, and to let her pray with me." And I called her in, but the moment I saw her, my heart steeled against saying anything, and I knelt at my study table and wept, and she knelt by me and wept, though she did not know what I was weeping about, and we knelt together there for a long time and wept. Then, in my despair I just said to the Lord, "I can't stand any more. I believe Thou art good. I don't see into the days to come, but I trust, and I will let Thee do anything Thou wilt—but be merciful to me." And the fight was over, my brethren. I want to say to you this afternoon that there came into my heart in that hour a peace and a joy I had never known before, a sense of God that was well-nigh overwhelming. And that consciousness I have never wholly lost since then, though that was twenty-four years ago.

And now what was that? What course did I enter into and go through? What was the focus of it all? and the significance of it all?—doctrinal, if you will. Just this: that God was calling me to an acknowledgment of Himself as Lord, as distinct from Savior,

which He had been to me for the thirteen years previous. The Master-ship of Christ was the issue:

> Why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say? (Luke 6:46).

Now, I am His messenger, I must preach His message. And the results of that crisis were to be seen almost immediately. Of course the cast of sermon was different; not necessarily less thoughtful, but very much more Biblical. I was more concerned to tell the people what God had said than to say anything to them of what I had conceived. That was the purpose. And to my astonishment, I must say they did not like it. They did not like it. The church that had appeared to be so affectionate and so united up to that point began to show another spirit and there was trouble. Over a technicality a church meeting was called—I suppose you all know that I am a Baptist, and the government of that church is congregational; the church has the power to call the minister, and dismiss him. Over a technicality a church meeting was called, and they fired me. At the end of that meeting, I found myself without a church. I went home. My little boy, my only child, was born seven days after that event. That night when I went home, all I had in this world in the way of money was ten dollars, and I had a house on a three-years' lease; then came this extra expense a week later; and the situation looked very formidable. I would not have missed all those weeks and months for all the wealth in the land. I learned then some things of God that you can't get out of books, and that you can't get at college or university. Every need was supplied, as it came along. Never shall I forget, during the days of that sickness in our home, I had to speak in London at a Keswick reunion meeting, perhaps some fifteen miles away from where I was living. I had only thirty-six cents in the world, and the railroad fare, third class, was thirty-six cents. I went up to the bed-room and said to my wife, "I have only eighteen pence"—our equivalent for thirty-six cents—"and the return fare is eighteen pence. Shall I go to that meeting?" Now, my wife is not a Scotch woman—she is English; she said to me, "You might as well go; eighteen pence is not much use to us anyway." So I took my ticket and went to London. The hall was quite a distance from the station, but there was no need for me to sign for an omnibus—I couldn't pay for it. I walked. When I got to the hall there were twelve hundred people there, and they were singing:

> Jesus knows all about our struggles,
> He will guide till the day is done;

There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus,
No not one! No not one!

There was a-half-millionaire standing on the platform, with his right hand in his pocket. He looked as though he was turning something over. And he was singing lustily, "Jesus knows all about our struggles." I wondered what his struggles were. They certainly were not mine! While I was speaking a great strapping fellow sat at the back against a pillar, with the tears running down his cheeks. Afterwards, he grabbed me by the hand and said, "Thank you very much. You helped me." and ran away. He left a golden sovereign in my hand, five dollars! I looked at it; it was too good to change to take an omnibus to the station. I walked to the station, and entered the third-class railway carriage, and went home. I hastened up the stairs into the bedroom, and threw that sovereign on the bed, and said, "There you are, Lass; I got rid of the eighteen pence, and came back with twenty bob."

I got called to a second church at the end of three years. Over my head, my office bearers purposed to bring into the church some Pierots—is that what you call them here?—people dressed up, who come to seaside resorts, fools, with painted noses, who come to fool for an evening. They were going to bring these people to the church, to pay off a debt on a class room. I said to the office bearers, "Not here; not while I'm minister of this church. Brethren, the moment those fools come into this church, I go out." They said, "Your business is to preach." I said, "I want to remind you, my friends, you are appointed office bearers not to express private opinions, but to serve the church. I will take the matter to the church. If they say I am right, you go out of office; if they say you are right, I will go out of office. That is fair." I took it to the church. Eighty people voted for me, and four hundred voted against me. They chose between the pastor and the Pierots; they took the Pierots, and the Pierots never came, so they lost both! And I was out of a charge for two years, living in the shadow of the church. Every day we were provided for. Only once was the table spread and the dishes upon it, without anything to put in them—only once; when one o'clock came, there were the dishes, but there was nothing to eat. The little boy could not understand—perhaps we did not at the time. At half-past one that day there came a knock at the back door. My wife went, and a basket was handed in. She called me out, and the little boy came out in the kitchen too. The cover was lifted, and the first thing was a large dish with a broiled chicken, and sauce over it, and sausages around the plate. The little fellow

danced around, and then went out. I went to the dining room door, which was half open, and looked in. There he was, kneeling by the great arm chair from which I conducted prayers every morning, and at which I laid all our need before God in this little fellow's hearing. I heard him say, 'Oh God, I thank you for the chicken; I wish it had not had sauce; I don't like sauce; but I thank you for the chicken; and I thank you specially for the sausages." Then he came back to see what more there was in the basket.

There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus,
No, not one.

Those two churches turned me out, but I remembered this: "Behold I stand at the door"—the church door, as it is in the Apocalypse, the door or the Laodicean church, the apostate church—"if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." (Revelation 3:20). Christ is with the man who enters into fellowship with Him—but He cannot have fellowship with any man, or with any church, when the door is left shut. And that is what was done. Neither of those churches has ever lifted up its head all these years. The first is hopelessly in debt, and the second one has had seven ministers since I was there, and all have left broken-hearted. The Lord, on the other hand, in His infinite mercy has opened a great and effectual door to me, not only in Great Britain but in your country and in Canada, and in the middle and far east. I have more work today than I can ever hope to overtake and rightly accomplish, engagements up to the year 1930. I say to His glory today that it pays to be true, it pays to be loyal to Jesus Christ. When, in my second trouble, I went to the office of the local newspaper, to make a statement to the editor for publication to prevent scandal and misunderstanding, he took the statement, wheeled around in his editorial chair, looked at me, and said, "What are you going to do now?" I answered, "Trust God." I'll never forget how he looked at me! "That is a very risky business," he said. I said, "My book says it is sure. There is nothing sure under heaven, if trusting God is not sure." I have received piles of letters from ministers all over Christendom telling me that the conditions in their churches were similar to that in my own, but they had a wife, and three, four, six, or more, children, and needed to provide bread and butter, and could not take a stand, did not see any way out, failed to trust God. "What am I to do now?" It is a great bundle of confessions of failure in practical crises to trust God. I don't take any credit to myself, my brethren, for trusting God. He helped me to do the only right and rational thing. If the crisis

were to face me again, I would do the same thing. I might do it a little more courteously, but I would do the same thing again if face to face with the crisis.

There is more need today for those who are in the Christian ministry to set the standard, to be the true successors of the prophets and apostles, to decline to believe that we are paid officials and have to trim our message to receive our money. I say, "Thy money perish with thee." The man in the pulpit is a prophet, an apostle, with the message, "Thus saith the Lord." Whether you like it or whether you don't whether you come to hear me, or whether you don't, whether you praise or whether you blame—let it not be supposed by the congregation that the minister is in the market to be bought for so many dollars a year! The usefulness of the ministry would be at an end! The vision of God is above all mercenary consideration. May God make you, in this tremendous hour of human history, His messenger, a prophet among the people. God grant it may be so with every one of you, and he will shake this American continent to its foundations.

Lepers

By REV. C. J. STAUFFACHER, M. D.,
Medical Missionary in Portugese East Africa.

The Bible says that Jesus came down from the mountain and a leper came to Him and said, "If Thou wilt Thou canst make me clean." Jesus looked upon him, and loved him and saved him. A little later Jesus in sending out His disciples, giving them the great commission said, "Go ye into all the world, preach the gospel, heal the sick and cleanse the leper." A special commission for lepers. This was nearly nineteen hundred years ago and how many of you this past year have given the poor leper thirty minutes of real serious thought, and loved him and tried to save him as Jesus did. Do you know that there is one leper for every seven hundred people in the world? Did you ever stop to think if you were one of them or one of your loved ones were one of them, then what? No one knows what those words, "unclean, unclean," of Bible times meant like the poor lepers. When the priests of Bible times pronounced him a leper, (the priests in those days were the health officers as well as the religious teachers) they turned and went out of the temple with heavy hearts to say goodbye to their families and left their homes never more to return. Today the sufferings and the awful sights of the lepers in a heathen land where the name of Christ has never been heard are a thousand times worse.

Now for a few statements regarding the disease itself. It is due to the bacillus lepra and in many ways has much the appearance of the tubercular bacillus, being also acid fast. It generally manifests itself in two types, the nodular leprosy in which the skin and mucous membrane are chiefly affected, and the maculo-anaesthetic type which affects the nervous system principally. As a rule the disease manifests itself first by severe pains in the back and legs, these continue for months and medicines have very little effect. Just before the outbreak of the nodules the patients suffer from prolonged fever with profuse sweating, then follows a rash over the entire body, this disappearing, the nodules begin which infiltrate, break down and the tissue sloughs away. The disease is not inherited but is spread by direct contact. Some feel that it is carried by the mosquito because when the mosquito feeds upon a leprous sore the bacillus can be found in its stomach. In Africa the dis-

ease is spread by common customs such as sleeping in a one roomed hut without any windows, the accumulation of filth from one generation to another, the common sleeping place for the whole family including the chickens, goats and cats. Eating out of one bowl with their fingers, lepers with the rest of them. Drinking out of the same cup, smoking the same cigar, but the greatest means of spreading it in Africa is the witch doctor. He tells those with the disease the only way to get rid of it is to give it to some one else, so a leper will secretly take some clothing that belongs to someone else and smear it with the foul fluid from his sores and then return it. To the well man the witch doctor will say "I will make you a charm that will protect you from the disease of leprosy" and so they marry and intermarry lepers. There is a native belief that leprosy is a curse from heaven and the only cure for this dreadful malady is to partake of human flesh. Cannibals, cannibals, do you say? No! desperate men and women. You do not know what you and I would do if we were suffering from this living death and someone told us this was the only cure.

But the leper people that I wish to speak about particularly today are the paupers, those who have been thrown out of their homes and are driven from place to place. Just a few weeks before I came home on furlough I was cornered by a group of lepers who said to me, "You promised some day to get a home for us." I can see that great big fellow, spokesman for the crowd, as he came toward me half crawling and half walking. He stopped right in front of me and raised his fingerless hands saying, "Promise me that you will tell the American people we are suffering, we need help and we are living worse than the animals of the jungles." Suffering, yes, a living death, seeing one part after another of the body falling away, it is just awful.

Need help? yes, for when a native cannot work he is thrown out in the jungle to die. No hands to help dig a garden, no hands to wash his sores, and swarms of flies are there to increase his suffering. Living worse than animals? Yes, he has no feet to run away from them, no hands to climb trees, just an outcast, poorer than the birds, for they have their nests to return to at night. When this big leper raised his voice and pleaded that I should have mercy on him, I promised him that at every opportunity I would plead their cause in America, so that is why I am here today, no matter how hard it is for me to appear in public. Do you know that a missionary has peculiar experiences? I believe that the deepest joys that can come to any human being come to the

missionary. Take for example, if you had an opportunity for the first time to speak to a great crowd who never heard of Christ our loving Savior. I have stood in large villages where there was not a man, woman or child who had ever seen a Bible, heard a prayer or the name of Jesus. Let me tell you that my heart beat so fast that sometimes I thought it might jump out of my breast, when you tell them about the Savior who died for them and see how eagerly they listen to the story of love. Then again I believe a missionary experiences the deepest sorrows that can come to any man, some that nearly break his heart when he sees the awful needs, the tremendous opportunities and cannot help on account of time and means. Some of these experiences are connected with the poor lepers. Let me tell you a few incidents. Here comes a girl about eighteen years old. A cloth tied over one side of her face, the disease has advanced so far that one side of her face has nearly rotted away. She is in an awful condition, she throws herself down on the campus at the hospital with these words, "I have come to stay." We go out and tell her she cannot stay as our little leper camp is full, in fact overfull, but she insists she will not go. We try to bribe her with money if she will only go but she refuses, we try her again by offering her food for several months, still she refuses, then we try her by offering her a red blanket, so dear to every native's heart, yet in spite of all she will not go. But we cannot leave her there because on the same campus is the girls' school, one hundred of the picked girls from the Christian kraals, the orphans and the patients at the hospital, and you know what it means to have a leper among such a crowd. All that was left for us was to go out and by physical force drive her away, and I won't tell you how we did it. That day I was called up country about twenty miles away and on my way back about sun down, nine miles from home, I saw this same leper girl walking up and down the road. When she recognized my mule she called out, saying. "Oh doctor, Oh doctor, they will not keep me anywhere, what shall I do?" I knew it, I drove her away in the morning. What could I do? What would you have done? Oh, at such times we wished we had the Master's touch, and we could say to the leper, "be thou cleansed." Oh, at such times we wished we were rich and we could make a place for these lepers. What did I do? What would you have done? I admit that it cost a few tears and nearly broke my heart. All I could do was to offer a silent prayer to the Father who knows and cares, and ride on. Here is another, a bright girl came and wanted to go to school and to learn about Jesus, as she put it, and by all

outward appearance she was in earnest. She had been sent in by a missionary some twenty miles away who said she could always be found where Christ was being taught and we also found this to be true. But after three or four weeks some of the school girls came to me and said, "Do you know she is a leper?" I replied, "No." "But she is," they insisted, so they brought her to the hospital, exposed her back and there were the telltales, the big white spots. I tested her with the physical test to see if there was pain in these spots, there was none—positive test. And all the while I was making these tests I prayed that it might prove something else. Then I tried the physiological test by injecting large doses of pilocarpine and covering the spots with carmine ointment. If she were not a leper these spots would turn red from the sweat, but big sweat drops formed all around but nothing on the spots—physiological test positive. Then the last and final test, the bacteriological test. The microscope was brought in, a smear was taken from her nose and there we found the germ, the evidence complete. What to do with her? Tell her about the love of Jesus and drive her out into a cruel, heathen world. These are the hardest things a missionary is called upon to do, but it had to be done, but what makes it still harder is the fact that we believe by proper treatment leprosy can be cured. It was my great privilege to present a few outstanding cases of cured lepers to the American Medical Association which met in Chicago last June. The scientific world is accepting the results of the Chaulmoogra Oil treatment.

Let me just give you one more incident, where I ran away from a leper. It was while treking through the country. I remember as if it occurred yesterday. We came to King Pendela's country, or King Afternoon. It was noon and we struck camp and when we were beginning to prepare our noon meal, about a mile away was King Afternoon's royal village. Soon we could see a commotion on the hill, in King Afternoon's village. Shortly a group of warriors and King Afternoon came down toward us. As they came quite close to us one of the warriors came forward with a white chicken, a gift to us, showing they had come in peace and that we were welcome to his land. After the usual exchange of greetings and gifts, King Afternoon said to me, " Would you like to visit my village?" I replied, "Yes," for you know one cannot every day visit a royal palace. He led the way, an old man, just a little stooped but proud and dignified in manner and action, his crown, made of rubber juice and clay, woven right into his hair, set well upon his head. But we arrived and he at once took me to the royal palace and

set me upon the throne, a carved wooden chair. Then he began to display his wealth, and said, "Look here the bags of peanuts and corn, enough for two years. See here the dried meat, here this lot are pieces of the wild boar, here python steak, deer and dried fish." Some of this meat was in the process of decay or what we would call very high. Then he turned to his tobacco supply, "Look here," he said, "enough for a year, feel of it, smell it, the best in the country." And as I was no judge of tobacco I agreed. Then he turned to me and said, "You think I ought to be happy." I replied, "As far as earthly goods are concerned you ought to be." For he was a millionaire according to their standard. But he said, "I am not, do you know why? My queen of queens (translated, the head wife) is sick. That is why I wanted you to come up. Will you see her?" I gladly consented and asked where she was. He led me outside to the kitchen and there I beheld a sight I shall never forget. There was a woman, or rather a part of a woman, the queen of queens, preparing his meals. The greater part of her face was gone and one eye, and her hands were fingerless. She was stirring his cornmeal mush holding the wooden spoon between her stumped hands. Then the old man broke down and told me this story. "You know she was my first wife, we have children which we both love. She helped me in poverty and in sickness, she made me chief by her influence. You know I have not as much power among my men as I used to have and the young men want me to throw her out into the jungle and take a new wife, and sometimes I am afraid they will make me do it, and I do not want to. Please take her home with you and treat her," but you know the story, there was no room. Do you know that old chief followed me down to the camp and pleaded with me so hard, he was pleading for a loved one, as you would plead for your loved ones. I tried to talk about other things but he would not give in, all I could do was to get on my mule and run away. Ofttimes at night in my imagination I can see old King Afternoon and his faithful wife and I wonder where she is. Why do I tell you these stories? Just for one reason, that you will think about these poor lepers and tell others about them, so that you and others will love them as Christ did and you will try to save them.

But there is another and a brighter side for the lepers for we believe by patience and prolonged treatment leprosy can be cured. For we have some cases who for the last eight years have proven clinically and bacteriologically negative. Let me give you a brief history of one. Liawatchi, a proud, beautiful daughter of a chief, when about eighteen years old married a young man. Two years

later, leprosy appeared in a very destructive form and with her nine months' old babe she was sent away. She came to me, begging me to take her in. She was my first leper patient. We built her a little hut, then we began to fight. She was a wonderful patient, in the olden days when the Chaulmoogra oil was given by mouth very often this medicine would make her so sick that for days she could scarcely eat. Then we tried to experiment with her, giving it to her hypodermically, not knowing just how it would act but it was successful, and her troubles were over. We kept her for three years under treatment, all the sores healed, sensation came back and the white spots disappeared. Today Liawatchi is one of the teachers in our girls' school. It is fine to cure a disease but it is even better to prevent it. To save even one person from the anguish of leprosy is the most glorious thing one can do. Her baby girl, Thelma, we took away and today she is nearly twelve years old without the taint of leprosy in her blood, as leprosy is not inherited and if children are taken away from leprous parents before one year they seldom get leprosy. Thelma today is one of the brightest girls in the Portuguese school and to hear her and see her read the Bible to the heathen, makes one's heart glad. Then to think if we had not given her a chance, then what? I know, and most of you can guess.

I cannot begin to describe the sensation that comes over one when he dismisses a leper from the camp, cured. I will not attempt to tell you how the leper feels. Imagine yourself if you can, with the disease tomorrow. You would be thrown out of society, you would be obliged to say goodbye forever to your loved ones, your neighbors would shun you, no one would give you a place to sleep or anything to eat, and as the disease would advance, parts of your body would drop away with awful pain. Swarms of flies would torment you, not being able to wash on account of loss of limbs and nights of loneliness in the jungle with the wild animals. It is simply awful. On the other hand cured again, you can go back to the loved ones, again take your place as a citizen in your village and all the rights that go with citizenship. I cannot explain it but think it over when you have time and see what you would have people do if you were one of these lepers.

I remember one little girl, Wasinesa, who was supported by a Sunday school class in Wisconsin. It was Christmas morning and if we can we let our cured lepers out on that morning. I said to Wasinesa, "What do you want me to write to that Sunday school class?" She looked up, her face all aglow, and said, "Tell them that I am thankful from the bottom of my heart for what they have

done for me," then she hesitated and a sadness crept over her face and she said, "Tell them never to quit praying for lepers, and paying for lepers as long as the world stands." Ah, she knew what it meant to be a leper, driven from post to post, nothing to eat, no place to sleep and now she knew what it meant to be clean and pure in soul and to go back to her loved ones and once more to be a citizen of her own village.

For years my heart went out to these poor lepers. I have been working, I have been dreaming, I have been praying that some day I may be able to give them a place where we can treat them. My fondest dreams for a place where I could go out in the highways and the byways and say to the poor lepers, "come along there is room for all." My most sincere prayers have gone up to the Father pleading He would make the people see that the cattle on a thousand hills belong to Him and that He would make them give to help these poor lepers. Will you help our dreams to come true? Will you help answer our prayers? Not by less giving but by more telling to others and to the Father who cares.

Three-Fold Message of the Gospel

By REV. C. I. STACY, D. D.,
Pastor First Presbyterian Church, Lakeland, Fla.

The Gospel is presented to us in the New Testament in four different forms. There is "The Gospel of the Kingdom," which was preached when Jesus offered Himself as King, and will be preached again when He returns. There is the "Everlasting Gospel," which is a part of the future program. There is what Paul calls "My Gospel," which includes all the wonderful revelations of church truth that were granted to him.

Then there is "The Gospel of the Grace of God," the Gospel we have heard preached so ably here at Winona in these days together, and which is itself presented under different names. Let us think of it now as presented in Romans 1:16: "For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ."

When we come to study this Gospel in all its fulness, we find it has a three-fold message; to the individual, to the church, and to the world. Its message to the individual may be stated in one word, "COME." That is the one word that distinguishes our religion from all other religions on earth. The religion of Buddha has much in it that is wotrh our study. Yet, it says to its devotees, "Go live the BEAUTIFUL LIFE, and in the end you shall be swallowed up in the bliss of annihilation." But Jesus says, "Come unto Me, and I will teach you how to live the beautiful life, here, and how to prepare for a still more beautiful life in the days to come." The religion of Brahma has much to commend itself to our admiration, but it has no word like this. It says to its mis-guided devotees: "Afflict your body for the sake of your soul. Take your child to the sacred river Ganges, and cast it in to be devoured by the sacred crocodiles there; give of the fruit of your body for the sin of your soul." But Jesus stretches out His nail-pierced hands, and says, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest from sin and rest from sorrow." The religion of Confucius, in its practical teachings, approaches possibly nearer than any other, to that of Christ, but it has no word like this. It says to its adherents: "Go worship at the graves of your ancestors, and burn your paper prayers, and turn your prayer wheels; find in these pious exercises such hope and comfort as you can." But Jesus says, "Whosoever believeth in Me shall never die." And so

with Mohammedanism; saying to its followers: "Go make your sacred pilgrimage to Mecca, and so find merit in the eyes of Allah." But Jesus says to all the sin-sick souls of earth: "Come."

And so the first duty and privilege of every soul is to "Come" to the real Christ, and find in Him pardon for the past, peace for the present, and power for all future needs.

When we come to Him, what does He propose to do with us? To make us "Temples of the Holy Ghost," dwelling places of the Great Jehovah God. Can we grasp the fulness of that wonderful statement? That the great God deigns to dwell in the hearts of men and women and little children? It is hard to believe; it is harder to understand; yet it is gloriously true. In order to understand this we must look back to the early history of Israel, and find God announcing to His chosen people that He wanted an earthly dwelling place. And after the temporary tabernacle, the Jew has built for that dwelling place six different temples, and is yet to build one more. Of course we think at once of Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem. When that was destroyed by the invader, it was replaced by the returning captives from Babylon, under Zerubbabel. That, in turn, was destroyed, and afterwards replaced by the so-called "Temple of Herod," which makes three, in Jerusalem, on the same spot. But that is only the beginning.

When the woman at the well of Samaria said to Jesus, "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain," (Gerizim) what was she referring to? Evidently to the fact that the Samaritans, many of them half Jew, assisted by many of the real Jews, had built another temple, a small duplicate of Solomon's, on Mount Gerizim, and worshipped there for many years. That was the fourth.

What did the Prophet Isaiah mean when he said "In that day there shall be an altar to the Lord in the land of Egypt?" Certainly the "in that day" fixes it as a prophecy for the future, but may he not also have had in mind the strange fact that TWO TEMPLES have been built in Egypt? The spade of the archaeologist has brought to light the ruins of two temples, each small replicas of Solomon's in Jerusalem, and each built by colonies of Jews who escaped when the Northern Kingdom of Israel was taken captive to Assyria. Wherever the Jew went he took his money and his religion with him. One of these colonies settled at Tel-el-Yehudiyeh, in Egypt, and built a temple there. The other colony settled on the island of Elephantine, in the river Nile, and the remains of their temple were so well preserved that the explorers even found the records of the colony, showing the names of the families composing

it, and they were all names belonging to the Northern Kingdom, Israel. These two, in Egypt complete the list of six that the Jew has built, and in the last five chapters of the prophecy of Ezekiel are found the specifications for the seventh, which he is yet to build, in Jerusalem. And a friend traveling there some years ago, found that they already had part of the material collected.

Now in the case of the Tabernacle, and of each of these Temples, the purpose was to furnish an earthly abiding place for God, where His people might meet with Him and worship Him. But that was a part of His ancient plan. But to Paul, the Apostle of Church Truth, was revealed the wondrous truth that now He wants a dwelling place in the hearts of His believing children. And so when Jesus says "Come" and we come to Him, He redeems us, pardons us, cleanses us, and makes us the "Temples of the Living God."

Then the next step is that all true believers, all real Temples, form the "body of Christ" which is His Church. And His message to that church is "GO." We have missed the very genius of Christianity if we take our salvation to ourselves alone. We are "saved to serve." His plan for the perpetuation of His Church, and of His teachings, is that it is to be passed on by those who profess to follow Him. Call it Home Missions, Foreign Missions, Evangelism, or by what name we please, but the idea is the same. It is that our only business in life, as Christians, is to make Him known to every soul that we can possibly reach, by our influence, by our prayers, by our gifts. That is the message to the Church, and that is the mission of the Church.

Then the Gospel has a message to the world. And it needs it. Woodrow Wilson said wisely, "Our civilization cannot be saved temporarily unless it is redeemed spiritually." And in that terse statement he voiced the sentiments of the thinkers of the age. When Jesus said, "I am the Light of the World," He voiced His message to the world. Thus far the world has rejected Him. And yet He and His Light furnish the only solutions for the world's problems, the only panacea for the world's woes, and the only pardon for the world's sins. We have tried every other plan, and they have all failed. Why not try the Jesus Plan?

And so, stated briefly, His message to you and me is "Come;" His message to the church is "Go;" and His message to the world is "Follow Me."

The Battles of Jesus

By REV. BOB SHULER, D. D.,
Pastor Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Los Angeles, California.

I. IN THE MANGER.

Read last verses of Matt. 1st Chapter.

The manger is the marvel of the ages. God in a cradle. God so helpless that He can not stand alone. God in the lap of a virgin mother. The arms of God the helpless arms of a little child. The feet of God, that had moved through the paths of flying world and roaming planets, which He had created, now the feet of a little baby in a manger bed.

Thus God became flesh for you and for me. Thus God assumed our helplessness, our dependence. Thus He became a little lamb for the slaughter. Why?

Back somewhere in the morning of the ages, Christ fought a battle. The news of the fall of man had been published through heaven and the angels were sad. But God so loved the poor lost race of man that He offered His Son as a Redeemer and Christ so loved our souls that He fought the greatest battle ever fought in heaven and won it for us. He decided, back amid the foundations of the worlds, to become a little, human, helpless baby and to be born among the poorest of the poor.

And so we find in Bethlehem the very God of heaven and earth, surrounded by the cattle of the stall. The Inn was not large enough for Him. He was born, as it were, in the great out-of-doors, where the needy cry as their sorrows press and where sin and suffering know no hope outside of this Savior, beside whom the foxes and birds were rich.

But heaven held a jubilee of joy and the angels rendered a chorus of rejoicing for all the world, for God had become flesh, that men of flesh might have eternal life.

No tongue of man or brain of scholar can explain this marvel, this miracle by which God became man, this mighty transition by which the everlasting arms of the eternal Jehovah became the helpless arms of a baby boy; and yet in the manger with the virgin mother, God nestled in swaddling clothes, like your baby, young mother, nestles in his warm blankets tonight.

Nor was this an accident. It cost heaven much that this might be. Christ fought the battle and fought it with bitterness of spirit before He decided to thus wrap deity in the dirt and decay of human flesh. And only the greatest trophy of all wars decided the issues of this battle. Man's soul and man's soul alone brought God from His throne of universal authority to the humble cradle of a flesh born child.

On Calvary He finished a perfect redemption. The manger was the first step toward Calvary.

II. IN THE WILDERNESS.

Read first verses of Matt. 4th Chapter.

Strange that, following the first glorious recognition of Jesus that man had ever given and the first public proclamation, by God Himself, of His Deity, that He should have gone the ways of the thorn-grown wilderness, the ways of hunger, the ways of sorest trial and surest test. And yet He went from Jordan to the wilderness.

Can God be tempted? God was tempted. Can God go hungry? God went hungry. Can the devil offer something to God? The devil offered God the Kingdoms of the world. For the temptation-tossed Christ in the wilderness was God. He is God. And there it was, God tasted every bitter drop of our temptations and knew every weakness of our frail and sin-prone flesh.

Do not think that this humiliation of God had not been dealt with back in the beginning, when Christ fought out the battle with His own heart and made the decision to come as our Redeemer. Through the winding ways of the ages, Christ had looked forward to the brambles of that wilderness and had known that in all the weakness of those extremities with which frail flesh is tormented, He would face the devil and battle for you and for me.

He knows our temptations. He faced them. He knows our weakness. It was also His weakness. He knows the lure of hell's suggestions. That lure He answered in the wilderness. There is no temptation common to human flesh that He has not faced and won over, thus indeed in a peculiar sense fitting Himself to succor those who are tempted.

In that wilderness battle, he faced the lusts of human flesh, the challenge of desires, the mighty demands of fleshly cravings. There too, He battled back the bribe that hell sends forth when power-lust saps the soul. The challenge of the devil to prove Himself in selfish manner met His mighty arm of opposing strength, by which He is abundantly able to overcome in and for us.

And thus He marched out among the thorns, into the tangled way of brambles, because there our feet shall find bitter experiences of bruising and bleeding and Jesus, God in the flesh, had long before determined that no path of pain should ever be known by mortal man, along which He had not victoriously walked.

On the brow of the hill, where the cross was lifted, He conquered finally for all mankind, but in the wilderness He faced the first battle line of hell's formation for you and for me.

III. IN THE GARDEN.

Read Matt. 26th Chapter, verses 36 to 47.

Did Jesus pray in the garden because he was a coward? Was my Lord yellow? Was His agony of soul the result of a gnawing fear of the coming cross? Never!

Long before the twilight in the garden Jesus had fought the battle and decided the issue. He had of His own accord chosen poverty, obscurity, temptation suffering, privation, the hate of man and the sting of death. Christ was not ignorant of the pain and torment that would come when upon His shoulders should fall the sin of the whole world. Gethsemane was not a crisis. The crisis was already passed. The dim mists of the far off past knew the story of the agonizing battle of Jesus, as He faced the sins of all mankind and reached the great decision, by which He gave Himself, an offering for sin.

So the dark hour in the garden was not an hour of cringing. It was an hour of death that perchance the cross itself did not know. Physically He died on Golgotha. As God, as deity, as the very Jehovah, He fell beneath man's sins under the garden boughs of dark Gethsemane.

No, He did not pray to escape the cross. Back amid the foundations of the worlds He had chosen the cross. There was a suffering which mortal man can never understand which His heart dreaded. It was the suffering of God, the eternal creator, as on His shoulders pressed every black and tragic sin of all the sinful past and of the sinful future of His children. There alone, forsaken even by His trusted Disciples, He suffered and agonized, until beads of blood stood as sweat upon His face, battling for you and for me.

Soon they would bruise Him, insult Him, spit in His holy face. Soon they would plat a crown of thorns for His glorious brow. Soon the betrayer's kiss would deliver Him to a hooting mob. Soon a craven Judge would condemn Him to death. Soon

He would be reviled and insulted as He died. But this was not the agony of the garden. Christ suffered in the garden as only God can suffer and for the only reason that God has ever suffered. It was the God-man on the cross. It was the man-God in the garden.

And from that hour He was obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

IV. ON THE CROSS.

Read Matt. 27th Chapter, verses 33 to 37.

The cross was a culmination. The first nails were driven in the manger. A life of rejection was finished on the tree, between two thieves. The spittle of His foes was still wet on His precious face as they lifted Him between the heavens and the earth. The cross was only the finish.

And toward that cross, man's heart of yearning had ever journeyed. No sacrifice had ever been offered that did not point the way of the cross. Every little dove and white pigeon whose blood had ever been spilled for fallen man had flowed, a red streamlet, toward that fountain at the foot of the cross. The cross completed. The cross made full and beautiful and perfect the work of redemption.

And when Jesus cried, "It is finished," it was indeed finished. Not one jot or tittle need be added to the Plan of Salvation thereafter. When Jesus died, the whole race of man lived again. No good deed or gentle word could ever add to the price He paid. It was complete, sufficient. His was a perfect sacrifice. His a perfect redemption. His is and ever shall be a perfect salvation.

I am glad Jesus stopped dying long enough to give a practical demonstration of the power and efficacy of the cross. How beautiful. As Jesus died, a thief died also, who turned with heart of faith and tear-dimmed eye to this crucified Savior by his side. And Jesus smiled that gracious forgiveness that Golgotha has forever made sure and said: "We'll walk up the streets of Paradise together this day." And thus this redemption has worked ever since. And thus this salvation will save to the uttermost all those who call upon Him.

Jesus fought a lonely battle on Golgotha. His disciples were scattered and we are told that even God turned His back upon His Son. Some wonder why that agonizing cry from His lips: "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me!" Ah, there was a reason. Only Jesus could pay this price. Jesus only could save

a world by dying for it. The Son of God must die alone. He who could call legions of angels to His rescue must be lonely as He died. Thank God for the loneliness of Christ on Calvary. His loneliness on the cross made Him the only Savior I shall ever need. He got no help then. He needs none now.

Let no man teach you that by the teachings of Jesus, however gracious, you may find life. Let no man deceive you into believing that by His example, however glorious, you may find the way to sainthood and eternal glory. Only by the cross comes salvation. There is no other way to the home, sweet home, of the immortal soul of man.

V. IN THE TOMB.

Read the 28th Chapter of Matthew.

Christ finished the redemption of man on Calvary and wrought a perfect plan for man's escape from sin. He paid the price completely. There was no jot or tittle left undone. And yet, death laughed victorious glee as His limp body was taken from the cross.

There remained one more battle. I know not the battle line that was drawn within Joseph's tomb, where the body of the Son of God was laid. But I am sure that no battalion of hell was idle in that hour of supreme test. Christ fought with death. Christ invaded the very citadels of the lost, beating back that last monster that we face. And when that three days' battle was ended, death and hell lay conquered at His feet. There was no more sting to death. Every grave in all the world had lost its victory. The glorious resurrection was assured. The manger babe had fought His last battle and conquered in a tomb.

Oh how my heart has burned within me as I have read the story of His victorious exit from that tomb. He was and is alive again. And how glad I have been that the first to meet and greet Him was Mary the Magdalene. No prince of earth or royal personage received the honor of welcoming the Son of God on that first dew-wet Easter morning. It was reserved for a sinner saved by grace. Mary, out of whom the devils came, was the one, who, near the empty tomb, heard the voice of a risen savior first. In this greeting, which was no accident, there was for every sinful soul in all the world an assurance of welcome by this conqueror of death and hell.

Thus, Christ's battle in the tomb was the foundation of a great hope. When the parting word is spoken to loved ones, and

the eyes are closed in death, the Christian sorrows with a hopeful heart. There shall be sweet reunion. Yea, I believe there shall be happy recognition. Mary knew Jesus. In a new and perfect body, a spiritual body, we shall re-assemble, where death and tears and parting words are strangers. This was the victory of the grave. This was the conquest on that last battle field where Mary's child, the very Son of God, fought for lost man and won.

What of that body that shall be? I know that He who builded roaming worlds, set the heart of the sun on fire, piled high the mountains and carved the valleys out, the God who gave life to hillslope and forest, the God who made man in His own image and redeemed him from his sins, can and will give us a new body that will outstrip our fondest dreams and put to shame our most brilliant imaginings. It will be a spiritual body and yet a body that has lost nothing of personality, of individuality, of identity. Jesus Christ in His new body, able to go through a door without opening it, was still a personality. He was not a mist, a vapor, an essence. Understand it? No. Believe it? Glory to God, yes!

And thus the grave retreats before the onward march of Bethlehem's child and death slinks off defeated as the Son of God goes forth to war

The Signs of the Times

By REV. BOB SHULER, D. D.

Text: Isa. 54-14: "In righteousness shalt thou be established."

Righteousness has not been abolished. The law is still in force. Men are not saved today by righteousness. Christian men love righteousness and do righteously because they are saved. Righteousness is not the cause. It is the result. It is not the fountain. It is the sea.

I hear a great many men saying that the ten commandments are no longer binding. They are just as binding as they ever were, perhaps more so. They do not exist for the same reason as of yore. In former times men obeyed the law in order to be saved. Today saved men obey the law because it is God's will. If you will name one of the ten commandments that God does not desire His people to keep today, I will possibly change my mind. But you can not do it. Christians should not steal or bear false witness or murder or commit adultery or break the Sabbath. No, the law can not save. But salvation can assist a man in keeping the law. Indeed, a saved man will desire with all his heart not to break one of the commandments. Keeping the law is a mark of grace, a sign of new life.

Just so Jesus expects men to live a righteous life, not that living such a life will save you but that salvation will help you live such a life. Indeed the living of a Christian life is a fruit of salvation. Salvation by character is preposterous. But character as a result of salvation is reasonable and natural.

"Oh, to be nothing," is the song of some but never the song of the Saint. A man without Christ is indeed nothing, whether he wants to be or not. But a man gloriously saved is something. He is a son of God, an heir of heaven, a commissioned ambassador from the royal court. He is clean and pure and upright and honest and true and noble and good, not that he may merit salvation but that he may show forth the fruits thereof. I have no patience with this idea that we should fall in the hands of a loving Savior and—go to sleep! I never sang "Oh, to be nothing," after I was converted. I want to be something, something through His grace and by His power.

My theory is that Jesus Christ, the very Son of the living God,

is the center. There He stands in the very middle of every good and righteous program. His cross, His blood His power over death, His redemption! About Him revolve all good and true and noble efforts and endeavors. By placing this Christ in the center, you have the blessed right and privilege of drawing about Him a circumference as great as His truth and His righteousness. Every ransomed soul that He has saved belongs to a program that takes in all between that center and that circumference.

Therefore I take the position that a saved man naturally stands for law, for morality, for decency, for clean living, for upright deportment, for honor and virtue and every other noble thing. He is a saved man at the ballot box, a saved man in his business, a saved man in social life, a saved man in his relations to his state and nation, a saved man in every issue that arises. He stands on the right side of every question, battles against every evil and represents his Lord in every crisis that comes his way. This is his attitude and position, not because these things work out his salvation, but because such is the righteousness that is produced by salvation, and by this righteousness does he prove himself and establish his Christian influence within God's world.

Man is never saved by what he does. He is saved by faith in Jesus Christ. But what he does is always the sure index of the character of the salvation with which he is saved. That is why some men preach greater sermons by their daily walks than others do by their oft-repeated testimonies in public assemblies.

The world is fast losing its estimate of values. its sense of first things. Righteousness is on the decline in daily deportment. The reason for this is that we are cheapening the fact of the necessity of a genuine salvation from sin. It is cheapness and lightness that menace our Republic at this time.

We have recently been treated to a most nauseating display of disrespect for the Pilgrim Fathers who sailed the chartless paths of the sea, finding these shores because of the piloting of the eternal God. I read where a big Movie Producer said that if the rock had landed on the Pilgrims instead of the Pilgrims landing on the rock, our country would have been a great deal better off. Our newspapers have had much to say about the "blue Sunday" tendencies of the Pilgrim Fathers. They are pictured as men with blue smoke puffing from their nostrils, men who cut off their children's hands if they could not say the Westminster catechism, men who passed laws that you could not kiss your wife on Sunday and must give her three days' notice if you kissed her during the week and all that sort

of thing. Men joke and jibe and ridicule the Pilgrim Fathers. And yet if it had not been for the iron in their blood and the steel up their spine we would have had no mighty America, standing in the lead of the world's nations. These men loved righteousness and were ready to die for conviction.

When our fathers landed on these shores, they knelt and dedicated their new found wilderness to the God who had led them over the seas. His name they solemnly and thankfully wrote into every great document that had to do with American liberty and this nation's birth. Such righteousness made America great. The Republic was established in that righteousness that centers in Christ and Calvary. The Bible as the Word of the living Jehovah was the very text book of the infant Republic. No wonder the red coats fell before them. By righteousness they were established between these oceans.

Did you ever eat pop corn? Well, you can eat pop corn until the next new moon and never get anything from it but a salty taste in your mouth. It never fills up. It never satisfies. There is no sustenance. It has no solidity, no building and fortifying characteristics. It is light and fluffy and brittle and those who feed only on such food may not hope for bone and sinew, for strength and power.

Sometimes I wonder if America is today feeding on pop corn idealism. What kind of food do our children secure for their souls from the modern movie, the modern dance hall, the modern magazine and novel, the modern auto ride and other modern tables at which their minds and souls are feeding? How much of genuine strength will they secure from such sources? How much of that stubborn righteousness that has established this nation is to be found in these fountains?

The other day a little pinched-up, dwarfed, emaciated fellow came in and sat down opposite me in a dining car. He timidly picked up a pencil and wrote Kellog's bran on the card before him. The Lord have mercy! When I see a man who feeds on bran, I get sick. And yet the very Republic is thronged with bran-fed souls. How can righteousness be established, if America must look to such men for its establishment?

My wife once called my attention to a bull dog, walking up a side walk, one of these fellows that when God made him he slapped his legs up on his sides and he walks down town like a hoop. I watched that old bull dog, with a few front teeth that had never known the covering of a lip and with his jaws hanging like empty

meal sacks as he walked up that side walk, while a fice snarled and yelped and barked his defiance from the car track. The bull dog never batted an eye or seemed to know that the big world so much as had a single fice upon it. That night I prayed. I prayed with the full knowledge of that fact that a bull dog had no immortal soul, was never made in the image of God, would never walk streets of gold and never knew the blessed privilege of looking to a cross for salvation. I prayed, realizing that a dog is a dog and a man is a man. And I asked God my Creator and Savior to give me something that bull dog had in him.

America is in danger at the hands of fice-like men and women. Littleness of heart and barrenness of soul are the bane of this generation. We need to connect up with the reservoir and saturate the manhood of this country with grace until there is growth, strength, maturity, prowess, victory of spirit and conquest over self and sin.

America has surrendered the old fashioned Christian home with its altar of prayer, where mighty men were formed and fashioned. She has permitted the Christian Sabbath to be driven before the continental Sunday and the results attest to right and left. Clean and wholesome entertainment has given way before the slush-tide of debauching pleasures of this evil day. We are going light. We are empty because we are not feeding where there is substance that lends fiber to the soul.

I once raised pigeons. There is a disease known to pigeon fanciers that is always fatal. There is no cure. Here is the symptom. You find an old fellow down on the earth instead of up and about. You pick him up. You notice that he is a little light. Next day he is still lighter. Next day he is lighter still. Thus day by day you note that he is still lighter, lighter still, still lighter, by day you note that he is still lighter, lighter still, still lighter, lighter still, still lighter and lighter still until one day you go out and he is bouncing about and you pick him up and he is not there at all. He isn't exactly dead. As the Christian Scientists would say, he has gone away. You have his feathers and a little dry skin and a bone or two, but the pigeon is gone. We call that disease "going light." That's the only disease I fear for the soul of my country.

Righteousness has substance to it. Christ's righteousness is characterized by solidity, stability, durability, steadfastness. You can never defeat a nation that knows the Lord, for the soul of such

a nation is invincible. And after all, men and nations fight their battles out of their souls.

Then again, we are living in a world that is losing its sense of fear. We are no longer afraid of the penalities of sin. We figure on "getting by." Men are today engaged in the new art of "putting over their sins," which means that they think they have discovered that the wages of sin is a great time, lots of fun and sure forgetfulness in the end. Children no longer fear their parents. Experts on child psychology assure us that it is monstrous for a father to so rear a son as that son will fear him. And men who do not fear their parents do not fear the sheriff or their God. The sense of fear of penalty for sin is leaking out of the modern soul.

Recently there were two boys in Chicago who committed the most horrible crime that the mind of man can imagine and laughed and joked about. They laughed at the court and at the judge. They laughed at the prosecuting attorney. They laughed at the broken hearted father of the boy they had murdered. They are still laughing. It is a great joke. These boys are a product of our modern educational methods that leave God and the Bible out of doors. These young fellows are boasted atheists. They are finished products of that new idea that counts that sin is a trifling matter and may be played with. They counted on "getting by," you understand.

And so we preachers have ceased to preach on hell and its torments, for fear we will find ourselves out of harmony with modern ideas. We are not so sure but that fire is too hot to discuss before an enlightened audience. And so, the doctors tell us the world is becoming morally insane. All sense of fear has gone out of the modern man's soul. He has decided that he came from an ape and will finally rot like a horse and so why not be an animal right? Look out! There is disaster lurking along that path.

But there is a remedy. I am always glad to announce the remedy. The remedy is not a League of Nations, though I am for one. The remedy is a league with Jesus. You can never save the world by calling conferences, at which the very name of the Lord of glory must be barred for fear some heathen's feelings are hurt. But you can save the world by calling men to an altar of prayer. You can save the world when the stream of blood has trickled by the doorposts of all those who live beneath the flags that mark the world's kingdoms. A revival of religion, sweeping with powerful

purging and more powerful vitality for men's souls will save the world.

The sands of the world are shifting and the towers builded thereon are crumbling. But those who stand upon Christ, the solid rock, are still standing and will continue there to find refuge. I believe in social service as a manifestation of genuine religion. As a substitute, however, it is the purest bunk. There is not enough soup in all the kitchens of the universe to feed one hungry soul. If the Alps were made of ham and butter and baker's bread, there would not be enough sandwiches in all its crags and peaks to satisfy one lost man. I tell you a crucified Savior is the cure for this old world. He can feed it. His is the righteousness that satisfies and establishes.

You can't reform men into the Kingdom of Heaven. And yet I believe in reform. Men count me a reformer. I am condemned by some because I battle too much for reform. I am against the saloon, the brothel, the dope den and every other agency of hell. I am against them not to save my soul. I am against them because, thank God, my soul is saved. Some people are so busy waiting for Jesus to come that they think it is sinful to take a stand for righteousness while He is on the way. In fact ,some of them think that He will refuse to come unless the world is nasty and filthy and full of slime. Now I believe that Jesus is coming. It is a glorious hope. I haven't marked any almanacs and yet I am looking for Him. But if He should come, while I am still upon the earth, I don't want Him to find me dressed up in white garments waiting for Him. I want Him to find me standing in His name for everything He stands for and against everything He stands against. I want Him to find me at it, 100 per cent, on the job with all the "stuff" I've got. But say, reform is sure a poor substitute for salvation, the poorest I can think of. You can't kick enough saloons out of town to save one soul. It takes faith in Jesus, the gentle Jesus, the all-sufficient Jesus to save a soul.

When a man is the King's son then he can fight. This is what the nation needs today, the nature of the King. There is no shaking the man through whose spiirtual being the blood of the King flows. He is King. Ye are my sons and daughters, saith the Lord.

Missions in Africa

By MR. LUCIUS ERNEST SMITH, M. D.,
of the American Presbyterian Missions, West Africa.

The great subject of Missions, though as old as the church, is still hazy in the minds of many people in the home land, and they seem to think it something to be applied to their neighbors, but not worth wasting their own time over, and so they say "let the others do it," and they go along from year to year apparently quite satisfied that they have disposed of the problem for all time, as far as they are concerned.

Human nature is apparently, naturally selfish, or at least as far back as we can trace it we find people have been thinking of themselves, or of their immediate family, but nothing of the great mass of humanity outside of their immediate circle. In ancient days it seemed justifiable to rob and destroy that which belonged to some one else, and thus for years man traveled on in this way until the thought that "Might made right," seemed to be in the minds of a great multitude of people, and the weaker were mastered by the strong, and often entire nations, yes at times many nations, became involved.

Thus the old world went on in its selfishness until Jesus walked by the sea of Gallilee and looked in on the lives of men, and saw that it was not good, and immediately set about to change the hearts of selfish men. When Jesus came to Peter and John by the sea (Matt. 4:18), and said, "Follow Me!" he not only called these men from the lives of fishermen, to a new life of quite a different kind, but He called them to a life of unselfishness. He told them, too, He would make them fishers of men and He knew they could not eat men, but He meant they were to give their lives drawing men out of the old life into the new life; changing the lives of men wherever they went, just as He was to change the lives of Peter and John from the selfish and narrow channel to a greater field of usefulness; so broad that it would spread all over the world. From this time on Peter and John might catch fish occasionally, but it would be only to satisfy their carnal bodies, for their lives were changed and their thoughts were to be centered in that new task of catching men. A new vision for them indeed, for no one had ever heard of living for others about the sea of Gallilee; and I can well

imagine that there was a commotion among the friends of these humble fishermen when they left their nets and followed Jesus.

We can see in this call of Jesus a new note for the human race. The lives of selfishness were to be changed into lives to be lived for others, and there we see the beginning of the great missionary enterprise that has gone around the world and has shaken every Empire and has changed every heart that has been touched by it.

In looking about us we can distinctly see the human race naturally divides itself into two classes. Those who strive for themselves and those who strive for others. In the first class we find usually the poorer class of people. Poor because they have given of their time and their means and their energies to minister unto the needs of those by the wayside of life who are in distress. They are the good Samaritans who never pass by a human sufferer. They never fail to heed the distress signal, and we find them carrying the burdens of the weak. We find them healing the wounds of the unfortunates in life, and comforting the afflicted and the broken hearted wherever they can be found. They are tired when we see them, but they are happy. They are never too busy to listen to the still small voice of our Master, and they are the joy of the suffering world.

These unselfish people are the missionaries. Some of them are not classed in this group, but they are the ones who are walking in the footsteps of Jesus, and they are His followers and when they are following Jesus, they are missionaries. Some of the great missionaries of the age are never heard of by the world, but they are missionaries nevertheless, and Jesus will not pass them by. One day in the old burying ground in Boston I came upon a small slab, and above the moss I saw these words: "A Forgotten Patriot," and drawing nearer I read, "Here Lies the Body of Robert Newman; the Man Who Hung the Lights in the North Church Tower for Paul Revere." Now Paul Revere was heralded around the world, while Robert Newman was forgotten, or rather never known, but he was no less a PATRIOT. So it is with the unselfish human beings who have served the world and passed on, not to be known, or to be forgotten by the world, but Jesus in the records somewhere will place them in the list of the Heroes of the cross of Christ. He will never forget them. They may be missionaries in their own families, or they may minister to their neighbors, or they may get to the other side of the world, but no matter where they serve, Jesus will not forget. There will be surprises for many of us when we read the records and see the treasures some of our neighbors will have in Heaven, because they were just poor unselfish followers of Jesus.

I wish I might take away from you the privileges enjoyed by America through the gospel of Christ; I wish it were in my power to turn all the light of Christianity out of the world and leave it in heathen darkness. Then you would know what I mean. I wish I might put you all on a steamer and take you to Africa. I would let you get sea sick going over just as we do. I would let you think you were going to die, and wish you could, for that is the way we feel sometimes. Then I would let you eat some of the African delicacies, such as snails, monkeys, elephant steaks, lizards and I might give you a piece of snake; and then you would get hungry for the good things "mother used to make," and then I might let you go for months without a word from home, just as we do sometimes, and then I would take you out to the hospital, and in the forest cabins and show you how they suffer. I would lift up the heavy rings and let you see the great ulcers formed by them, and I would show you how they die by the wayside. And then when you were sick of it all, I would bring you back to the home land. I do not know just how you ladies would feel, but I know how the men would feel. You men would feel like the old darkie who went to France and served through the world war. He was in the trenches and he said he had been killed five or six times since he had been ovah dah, but he hadn't nevah died yet, so he was lucky enough to get started home, and then he thought "dem ship sickness was gwine to git him," but he got to New York and when he came up the harbor, and saw the statue of Liberty, looking out towards the big ocean, Well that was too much for him, and he realized he was going to get home again, so his big heart broke bounds, and as he passed under the Statue of Liberty, he took off his old battered campaign hat, and he waved it in the air as he looked up at that famous emblem of Liberty and home, and these were the words that came from his old heart so full of joy: **"Old girl I's powerful glad ter see you, but ole girl, if you evah sees me again you'll have to turn around, cause I haint er gwine dis way no mo."** Now I know why he felt that way and I know why you would feel that way. There is a reason. It is because the Love of Jesus is in the hearts of the men who rule our land, and it is softened and sweetened by that love till it is the best place in the world and that is what I want to show you today.

I want you to think Black with me for a little while, and forget if you can that you are living in America, but just try to feel like you are in the Jungle with me and in the place of the heathen and then you will begin to understand. Do you know the hardest thing for one to do today is to put ones self in another's place. I know

men who are failures in life because they can not do that. There are missionaries on the field who utterly fail for that reason. There are ministers at home out of a job because they can not imagine themselves in the pews. Yes there are heroes beneath the sod in far off lands today who might have been at home or still serving in the big task of life today, all because they could not think in terms of the land where they sojourned, and they did not understand, and were misunderstood. In Africa you must think black to understand the black man, and in China one must think yellow. If every one were able to place his or her self in the place of others today, the problems would be easy to solve, so let us be fair and try to think heathen thoughts as I try to make you see heathen life in the jungles as it is today, and then it will be easy for you to see what you would want him to do for you, and then we will want to do the same thing for him.

It is but a step in Africa from the Idol to the charm. In the simple mind of the African the Idol is bigger than the charm, and as it was once expressed to me, "See we break off a small piece of God and put him in a charm." In other words an Idol should have great power in all things, but the charm for only one particular thing. It is not uncommon to find them there with the body decorated in charms. One for every different thing that can be imagined. I have seen them when they lie down to rest make some sort of fetish beside the bed and clamly declare, "Dis he go watch while I sleep." And when I pressed them they would declare it was true, because they had always done it and nothing had ever bothered them while they were asleep. Then I would tell them I never did that and nothing ever bothered me, but only to receive the prompt reply, "But you be white man, dats different." So you can see in the primitive mind one can not reason that way, but must fasten the logic upon the person being dealt with.

I want to show you the foolish side of the African's nature, for it will help you to understand him better, and then it will help you to see the problems of the missionary better, and you will appreciate the work that is done among the primitive peoples of the world. I hold in my hand a simple thing. A small elephant's tusk, polished by the witch doctor and called a "medicine ivory," and this was given me for a definite purpose. You see in Africa the women are bought and sold like goats or sheep, and a man's wealth is reckoned by the number of women he possesses. So they do not have much respect in some parts of Africa for a man who does not have a woman. I was there some time without a woman, and they felt very

sorry for me. Well I was on the road home to get married, and they of course did not know that, and one of my good jungle friends came to bid me farewell, and he had five wives with him, and he stopped them a distance away from me, and there they stood, with heavy loads on their backs, and he came up and asked me if I was leaving and I replied I was, and then he told me he felt sorry for me, because I did not have a woman, and I told him I was sorry that I did not have one, and then with pride he pointed to his harem and said, "See I got five," and then I became alarmed for I thought he was going to offer to lend me one of his. But my scare was useless, for he at once told me he was my friend and he was going to help me out. So he took this little tusk from his shoulder and hung it over my shoulder, with these words, "Doctor I have made you some strong medicine, and it is inside, and when you get home you wear this over your shoulder, and it will make all the women follow you, and you can get all the wives you want." Well I came home, and brought it with me, and I reached home on June 20 and I was married on June 30 and Mrs. Smith has been following me ever since, and so I have found it did what he said, for I got all the wives I wanted. Now this foolishness plays a big part in their lives, and we must take this into consideration in our dealings, for you will find even though it is foolish it can not be ignored. But I must tell you what was inside of the charm. A piece of a human skull and some monkey's teeth. Now the human skull was a piece from one of the ancestral skulls of the witch doctor, the theory being that the part of the spirit of the dead ancestor will hover near the piece of skull, and that would "humbug" the women and make them do what I wanted them to do, so I tell Mrs. Smith she does not deserve any credit for going with me to the jungles, for she had to go in order not to be "humbugged" by the spirits. The monkey's teeth, however, are a bit different. They are to eat the sicknesses from me while I carry the charm. One day a poor fellow came to us and he had his hand over his nose and he leaned forward when he walked, and when he came near we could see a hole in his forehead, and the pus was dripping over his hand and he had to shield his nose to keep this foul excretion from strangling him. We opened his head and there we found two monkey's teeth in his brain. He got well, and when we showed him the teeth, he was not surprised, but modestly informed me that the big doctor in his town put those teeth in there to eat the sickness out of his head. And then I asked him why they did not eat the sickness out, he calmly informed me that the sickness was too big for two teeth, and that was all the old

man had, and he had to come to me to get the job finished. Now you see he had an old frontal sinus that had eroded, and then a brain abscess followed, and the witch doctor had put the two monkey's teeth inside to eat the sickness out. That is heathenism. Can you imagine yourself the victim of such treatment?

Now in my hand you can see the small metal ring with the grass woven about it. You would not think there was any special significance attached to that, but it was the cause of a lot of suffering. It was around the leg of a little girl, just below the knee. She was perhaps four years old when she came to us. Her mother brought her. She had a brass ring about her ankle. She had a great ulcer under that ring. Her mother brought her for us to heal. We took the ring from her ankle and the charm from her leg. We were horror stricken when we looked at the foot, for part of it was gone. While we were examining the foot one of our boys came in with some foul thing tied in a banana leaf, you see we have no paper there. Well I told him to take the foul smelling bundle and heave it in the sea, but he insisted that I see it and then to my surprise, it was the missing bones from the child's foot. He found them on the path and brought them to us, for he thought we could make those bones grow back again. You see the operations we do are miracles to them, and he thought we could put these bones back as well as we could do some other things he saw us do, so he brought them in. How did it happen? Simple enough in Jungle Town. The little girl was sold to a man, and he thought she looked better with a ring on her ankle and he put it there. Whatever the men want to do is law for the jungle woman, and you may recall now, some of you, in a recent Geographic Magazine, perhaps last summer, you saw a picture of some of the poor women from an interior African tribe, and the men thought the women looked better with their lower lips stretched out, so they had accomplished their desires and there were the women with their lower lips all stretched to enormous dimensions. That is life in a heathen land. Well with this little girl, whose ankle was tender, there soon came an ulcer under the ring, and the mother took the child to the doctor and he put the charm about the ankle and then collected a chicken for his services. The mother went home and waited till the child was near to death, and then her faith failed her and she came to us, but the foot fell off on the road and one of our boys found it. There is a good example of misplaced faith. That mother had faith and her faith was so strong it held her till her child was almost gone, and then she lost it and came to us. God gives

us intelligence to know where to put our faith and misplaced faith will curse any one who is stupid enough to misuse it. We were forced to cut the child's leg off to save her life. That is life in a heathen land. How would you like for that to have been your little girl you dear mothers of Christian America? In one of our meetings a man went away and came back with a worn $10.00 bill, and handed it in with these words: "I want to send this to help Africa, because I am so glad my own little girl was not born in a land like that." Mothers how do you feel about that? Do you owe anything for your blessings today? I think you do. But I wonder what you have done to show that gratitude for the blessed freedom you have and for the benediction of God that hovers over your home and those dear little girls you call your own, but who have come to you from the giver of all blessings? How long will God's patience endure if we do not awaken and hear His words: **"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."**

Here we have a simple charm. Only a baby Leopard's tooth, but it was on the neck of a little girl in Africa. She was in convulsions when the mother brought her in to us. We gave her some medicine to quiet her so we could examine her, and then she fell asleep. When she became quiet we did not need to examine her, for the diagnosis was made. Worms as large as a lead pencil, and some eight inches long, crawled out of her nose and mouth, and one smaller one came out through the child's ear, and that was what made her go into convulsions. The awful pain. We dosed the child with worm medicine and recovered the dead worms, and after a black boy had placed them end to end on the ground, we measured them and there were 64 feet of worms came from the child's stomach and bowels, and that witch doctor had put that tooth about the child's neck and said it was a baby leopard's tooth and that it would eat the worms from a baby girl's stomach. The mother waited to see if it would but her faith failed her in time for us to save the child's life. That is one of the perils of child life in the jungle. No wonder three out of five die in early years of childhood. Mothers and fathers of this Christian land, does it mean anything to you that your children are spared a life like this? Then show your gratitude by saving the lives of others.

Tonight you will see a woman with a crippled hand. It was not always so. When you look at that hand you will see a furrow about a knotted scarred fist. You will see a woman with a sad face, but it is a good face. She never smiles. I asked her one day why she

did not smile. She looked at her crippled hand and said: "How can I smile when I remember that hand?" Here is her story. When she was a little girl about six years old her father sold her to a man, and the man came to take her away and the poor child did not want to go with him, so she ran away and hid in the forest. Well the man went away without her, for he could get her tomorrow as well, but when the leopards came out, then the child was afraid. She slipped back to the house, but her father caught her and in his anger he tied her with a vine about the wrist and hanged her up by one hand, then he flogged her on her naked back until the blood ran from her feet, and at last she fainted. Then the father thought her dead and left her hang there all night long, but in the morning he whipped her again and took her down, but the vine had cut her wrist and hand, and infection followed and her hand was destroyed and then the man did not want her. To make a long story short, a Christian black man raised her, and now she is the Christian mother of a Christian family, and a good woman, but the shadow of Africa has crossed her life, and she can not smile. I asked her if she did not hate her father when she looked at her crippled hand, but she said: "No I do not hate him, for I am a Christian and you know Christians must not hate people, but when I think of what I suffered, and I know my father did not know it was wrong, then I wonder why you good people who know all about Jesus do not come and tell our fathers about Him, for you know people who know about Jesus are good to their children." Mothers does it mean anything to you that your girl was not in that girl's place? Do you think you have any obligation to those little girls whose fathers don't know about Jesus? Are you satisfied with what you are doing to tell them about Jesus so they will know this is all wrong? Sometimes I am asked what I think God will do with the heathen that die without Christ. I answer I do not know. That is God's business and He has never told me, but I wonder what is going to become of us if we let them die without Jesus, when he said: **"GO INTO ALL THE WORLD." Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness.**

Just one more charm before I leave you. Only a small piece of wood, but it was big enough to make trouble in a family circle in Africa. The man came to us one day with a tumor hanging from his shoulder blade, and swinging to his waist line. The tumor would swing back and forth when he walked and in the journey of some two months it was worn raw from rubbing on his grass belt, and the blood was trickling down his legs when he ar-

rived at the hospital. We took the hen and six spoiled eggs. We cut the tumor off and the man got well, but just as he was about ready to leave, his little grandson and caretaker was ill and came for medicine. Well he received the medicine needed, but as he started out of the door, I noticed a charm, this charm, about his neck. Now we never treat them when they have a charm on for the same trouble, and as he said this was medicine for his illness, and as he was a small boy, too small to reason, and since we had cured his old grandfather, I took the liberty to remove this charm and threw it behind the door. Well he ran out of the house crying, and I thought the medicine was causing pain, but soon the matter was cleared up, for the old man came over leaning on his spear, and he was so angry he could not talk to me for some time, but once quieted down he said I had killed his boy. Well I ran to the medicine bottle to see if I had made a mistake, but I had not, so I told him to bring his boy to me but he refused on the ground that it was no use, and that I had taken the medicine from his boy's neck and the boy would die. Now he was quite sure of this and I saw it was real to him, so I asked him what he meant. Well you see he was referring to the charm and he told me that the boy would die. I picked up the charm and began to talk to him, but he was sure. Then I asked him to tell me the story, and he told me how the boy's mother, his only daughter, had died when the child was born and the witch doctor had put this piece of wood about the boy's neck and how it had saved the boy's life. Then I asked him why he came to me, why he did not let that big doctor take his sickness away, and he quickly told me the doctor tried but failed and that he came to me. Here is his story. The old man took the doctor a goat and they went to the woods, and there made a big heathen feast and dance, and called upon all the spirits and all the idols and all the ancestral skulls in the tribe, and then they killed the goat and put the blood on the tumor and then cooked and ate the goat, and then all went home. But the tumor kept growing. In a few weeks the performance was repeated. Another goat was eaten and so on until all the goats and sheep were gone. Still the tumor grew larger, and the chickens were pressed into service. Thirteen goats and sheep he said had been consumed. More chickens than he could count. And then he heard of us and came to see what we could do, and when I asked him where he got the chicken and the spoiled eggs he had brought to us he replied he had borrowed them on the road. Now I do not know whether he borrowed them in the day time or in the night, but

he had them when he got to us, and that was the real thing that mattered to us. He was ashamed to come to us empty handed. Now I thought I had him, so I said: "Now see here. That man robbed you and deceived you and did you only harm, and we have done you good and still you believe in that man who robbed you." But like a flash he replied that he believed in me for himself, but he believed in the witch doctor for the boy. Then I did what I ought not to do, but being human, I lost my temper. The pastors here would say I was just filled with righteous indignation, but Mrs. Smith said I got mad, and she was right. I threw the charm in the old man's face and told him to go and never let me see him again, for after all we had done for him, and still he believed in the old man in the woods, to go back and die with him, and I pushed him out and went to the operation that was waiting unfinished. After dark we went out with the patient, and there we found him waiting. He was crying and the tears had fallen to the floor, and he held out the piece of wood and said: "Doctor don't send me away. I have no place to go. My heart has opened since you have been gone, and I want to stay here and want you to teach me what it is in your heart that is different from the others." He wanted to be a Christian. My heart was touched and I took the charm. I called the black evangelist and told him to take the old man and care for him and teach him the Bible, and tell him all about Jesus. Some weeks went by and the old man and his grandson came to say goodbye. They were well and happy, and I said goodbye, and the old man wanted to talk, so I sat down to listen. Now he wanted a book, and I asked him what book. I knew but I wanted to see if he knew. He said, "God's Book," and then I asked him what he knew about it and then he told me how they had read to him from the book and about the words of Jesus that had made my heart different from the old witch doctor and how God sent us to bring the Bible to the Africans, and so I knew he understood. Then I told him he could not read and asked him what he wanted with it, and he was all excited then and he said: "I will take it away back in the mountains to my town, and then I will make a cabin and I will put it on the table in that cabin and I will let the people see it and I will tell them that is God's word and God's Book, and that some day the white man will come and will read that book and tell us of the love of Jesus." My heart was touched for that old man. He had torn the fetish from his heart and he wanted God's Book to put in the place of it. I gave him the book, and he wrapped it tenderly in a banana leaf and

tied it under his arm. Then he said goodbye, and went down the trail into the forest, but as he reached the turn of the road, he stopped and waved his hand to me in a last farewell, and I waved to him, and then he was gone.

Christian men and women of America, the time has come when we must believe our Bible and live it or we must lose it. Our religion must be a vital LIVING POWER in our lives, or it will rise up and mock us in the lives of our children. What will we do with it. I say LET US LIVE IT. But we are not living it when we are so selfish that we can accept all the joys and the blessings of the gospel and then sit idly by and close our ears to the cry from heathen lands. We are not living it when we take the promises of Jesus and then close our ears to His last command.

The old Indian said, "If God is our Father and you are my brother, if it is all true, why did you wait so long to tell me?" The poor old Spanish woman in Mexico said: "Why did you wait so long to tell me? I could have told so many in all these years." And then comes the same words ringing through the jungles of Africa. "Why don't the good people who know about Jesus come and tell our fathers about Him, for fathers who know about Jesus are good to their children." Oh I say Christian people of Winona, IS IT NOTHING TO YOU THAT THE CHAIRS ARE EMPTY AND THEY DIE BEFORE THE CLOSED DOOR?

The Relation of Christ's Gospel to the Law

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TEXT: Matthew 5:17-18. "Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled."

In the face of the apparent wave of crime sweeping our country, the question of capital punishment is being generally discussed. The inquiry is frequently made whether the doctrine of peace, love and good will to man promulgated by the Savior took the place of the severe and apparent cruel laws of Moses. When the Master in His benevolent Gospel taught us to love our enemies, to resist not evil; when smitten on one cheek to turn the other; when forced to go one mile, to go two, etc., etc., did He replace the severe and exacting law of Moses which required an "eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth?" Christ, foreseeing the danger of such a supposition in the very outset of His gospel, makes the clearest, most emphatic and unequivocal statement possible, denying His purpose to in the least iota displace or destroy the law, but to supplement, complete, fill full the law. A careful study of the statement made in these two verses constituting my text, and the elaborate illustration given in the following verses of this chapter seems to me are absolutely clear and unmistakable. The two minute discriminating words—"jot" and "tittle" give unusual emphasis to the fact stated—that the Mosaic law is not to be displaced by anything that the Master shall say but that without the least possible change it shall stand "till heaven and earth pass."

Warning is given that anyone who by precept or example interferes with these immovable and unchangeable laws shall be "least in the Kingdom of Heaven." Christ clearly states the relation of His gospel to the law. The purpose of the gospel, in the language of its author, is to fulfil the law or fill full the law. A vessel is two thirds full of water; let someone approaching it break it, empty it of its contents or take a golden chalice and fill it to the brim—in

the first instance the vessel and contents would be destroyed, in the second, the vessel would be filled full. Christ came not to destroy but to fill full. After this very clear and unmistakable statement, the Master illustrates His meaning as was His custom.

He takes five of the Mosaic laws—two in the Decalogue and three in the Levitical law, showing His purpose to cover the whole law of Moses as stated both in the Decalogue and elsewhere. In these five illustrations Christ teaches the meaning of the fulfillment or perfecting of the law. "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time 'Thou shalt not kill.'" That is the law. When the law shall be supplemented by the teaching of the gospel, you will be brought to that state of civilization in which you will not desire to kill. "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery.'" When the gospel has supplemented, completed and perfected the law, you will be brought to a state of civilization where you will guard, protect, rather than destroy the home of your brother. These two commands you will recognize as a part of the Decalogue. In the third illustration Christ quoting further from the general Levitical law, says, "Ye have heard that it hath been said, 'Thou shalt not forswear thyself' but I say unto you, swear not at all." When the law shall be completed and civilization shall by the law be perfected, truth will be supreme and every man's word will be golden. Fourth—"Ye have heard that it hath been said, 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.'" This was the Mosaic law. When this law shall be supplemented and filled full by the gospel, you will be brought into that state of civilization where you will look with pity and forbearance upon the outburst of your untaught and un-Christianized brother and instead of further debasing, humiliating and injuring him, your highest aim will be to guide and direct him and help him into the better way. Last—"Ye have heard that it hath been said, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy.'" In periods of war it is necessary to teach a soldier to hate his enemy in order to increase his effectiveness on the battlefield. When the gospel of peace shall possess the hearts of men, wars shall cease, men will not hate unreasonable, degraded and warfaring nations but with a great benevolent love of the gospel will seek to save them rather than destroy them. Thus our Savior made a clear statement and then by five of the strongest possible illustrations explained His meaning.

The teaching, by the statement of my text and by the illustrations that follow, seems to me to be clear. The law is not to be destroyed or to be changed, but man shall be changed and shall by

the Gospel of Jesus Christ come into that state of mind and heart where he will not be governed by the law but by an inward impulse begotten by the Gospel of Jesus Christ, by which he will delight to obey the law. St. Paul in the Book of Romans fully elaborates this teaching of Jesus. He expresses very clearly that men have two distinct conditions of mind and heart; one condition when they are governed by the flesh, by wicked and unholy impulses to violate the law. The other when they have come into an experience in which by the grace of God their nature has been changed and they have no desire to violate law, but every desire and impulse of mind and heart is to obey God. Paul teaches in harmony with the doctrines of Christ that in this state of mind they will not need the law but will be governed by the noble Christian impulses implanted by Grace in the heart. In this condition Paul states that they will not act under the law but under Grace, and then in the Fifteenth Verse of the Sixteenth Chapter of Romans he makes it clear that this state of Grace in the heart while it lifts us above the law and puts us in a state of mind and heart where we have no desire to break the law, it does not in any wise destroy the law or make it in the least ineffective for the government of those who have not attained this experience of Grace. We must recognize the fact taught all through the Scriptures that the human race through periods of savagery, semi-savagery, civilization and Christian civilization passes through stages of development and that the laws of God as expressed in the Bible vary with the conditions of men. Among nations and tribes that are savage, physical laws must be rigidly enforced. When they attain unto a state of Christian civilization laws are no longer necessary but are to stand on the statute books of God until Heaven and earth shall pass, to be used at any and all times when any tribe or nation shall live beneath the standard which Christ taught and which Paul amplified.

In a world of uncivilized human beings, divided into hostile and warfaring tribes, God determined to select from these barbarous tribes one family from which He would produce a tribe and a nation of civilized people. He selected the family and the place of their training. Whether He built the country for this divine purpose or selected the spot so wonderfully suited I shall not discuss. This little country of Palestine was fenced in by the impregnable, impassable and indestructible walls of nature—on one side by the Mediterranean Sea, on the other by the snow-capped mountains of Lebanon and on the other two by the great sandy deserts. If the family which God selected would subdue this little country, they

would be safe from their enemies and possess one of the most beautiful and fruitful spots on the face of the earth. God led them hither. In the nature of the case, they were surrounded by hostile, savage tribes and could only survive by subduing their enemies. Savages and beasts are governed by the same laws. If three beasts have their lairs neighboring and one of the beasts acquires a booty which either of the other two desires, he is attacked by his stronger neighbor and robbed of his booty even at the cost of his life. If several savage tribes pitch their tents on the same country, they will follow the same law. In the preservation of a tribe against other savage tribes, it becomes a matter of the survival of the fittest, therefore, in order that this specific tribe may be preserved among the savage nations, God interfered and in a strange and wonderful providence preserved this tribe and nation from flood and famine and enemy. When several beasts compose a herd and one of the beasts acquires a booty that any member of the herd may desire, he may be attacked by a stronger member of the herd and despoiled of his booty even at the loss of his life.

It was therefore necessary when God selected this savage tribe to build it into a civilized nation, that certain laws must be enacted to prevent the tribe from destroying itself. There is only one law that governs beasts and savages and that is the law of life. If you enter the forest and a wild animal attacks you, your only salvation if there be no way of escape, is to make the brute feel that his own life is in danger. If it is possible in some way to approach this brute with such a club or instrument of war which will convince him that his life is in danger, he will flee. In other words, a brute and a savage are controlled only by the laws of life and death. To preserve this tribe and nation, it was necessary therefore that the fundamental laws of national self-preservation should be enforced by the laws of life and death.

The three protective laws were given, "Thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not commit adultery; thou shalt not steal." These three laws gave to every family in the tribe the protection of life, the protection of home and the protection of property. This was fundamental to the life of the tribe and to its progress toward civilization. These laws in a savage nation could not be executed without a death penalty therefore capital punishment was set as the guardian of each of these protective laws. The punishment for each offense must be in the same measure of the offense—"An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." These severe laws were made for the government of the lower order of civilization. If under these severe laws the life,

property and peace of a nation are preserved, time and opportunity will be afforded for other and higher laws of civilization and ultimately the civilization of the highest and best type will be fulfilled or completed by the gospel of Jesus Christ. When men shall receive and practise the gospel, their hearts, desires and emotions will be transformed and they will no longer need the external law but will be governed by the higher internal law. It will then be unnecessary to tell a man who loves his neighbor as he loves himself that he must not kill or destroy the home or property of his neighbor. The fact that an individual or a nation has slowly climbed through the observance of law to the practice of the gospel, has passed from a state where it is not necessary to read physical laws or external laws to them because they are governed by the higher internal laws, renders it impossible to destroy the moral law because other and less favored ones are coming into this civilization by these laws. The moral law is nothing more than a hard, rugged stone stairway from one plane of civilization to another. Step by step through the rugged law we climb from savagery to civilization. Standing upon the topmost step, we catch a new vision—a new light dawns—we accept the gospel and henceforth walk upon a higher and brighter plane, the stair cannot be destroyed.

It is a horrible thing to think of taking a human life; it is more horrible to think of preserving a human life and thereby give opportunity for the destruction of a thousand lives just as good or even better. In the old Mosaic law when a son became uncontrollable in the home, cursed and insulted his father and mother, he was led out and stoned before the people. This was a horrible execution of the law—"Honor thy father and thy mother" but in the death of this young man, one thousand and perchance five thousand were saved from this sin of degredation. When a woman surrendered her highest and holiest law of life, when she sinned against herself, her home and her race, it was a horrible thing to lead her forth and stone her to death but in her death, the purity and honor of a thousand girls was preserved. If one hero or heroine may sacrifice a human life to save a thousand or five thousand human beings, does not a law become heroic and even noble when by the severe and awful execution of one, a nation and a civilization may be preserved.

A child, a brute and a savage are controlled by fear. A little one-year-old child sits in the high chair at the table; it is unable to talk, it is unable fully to understand a sentence. It puts its fist down into the glass of milk. Mother frowns and scolds. This may

prevent a second occurrence of this ill behavior. The child however may have a strong and persistent will (which is a good quality if properly controlled) and the frown and scolding does not prevail. It may become necessary for mother to smack that little hand and amid the sobs and tears even of the little child teach it that it cannot do that particular thing without punishment. When the child has grown to maturer years, it will not be necessary for mother to use the severer punishment; she will be able to make her appeal perchance by offering higher and better motives.

Law and grace are not in conflict. The gospel of Jesus and the laws of Moses are not destructive of each other, but supplementary and complementary. We must constantly seek to spread the gospel of Jesus and bring into practice its benevolent precepts. When the gospel of love which Jesus preached shall take possession of every human heart we shall not need the law of Moses. The heart of love will do even more than law can do. A camp of emigrants are journeying westward. They are friends, neighbors and Christians. They camp together in the evening and no neighbor has the least disposition to disturb the home, life or property of the neighbor camping near him. On the contrary, if a wild animal or a savage should attack his neighbor's tent he would risk his life to save him. This camp governed by the laws of the gospel of Christ, does not need an officer to enforce the law of Moses. Their love for each other is stronger than the law. After they have pitched their tents at eventide on some Western plain, and each tent is erected for the comfort of each family, the alarm is given that a band of savage Indians is approaching. No one thinks of preparing to turn his left cheek when smitten upon the right cheek, but everyone who can shoot arms himself or herself with a gun. It is needless to preach to them "Thou shalt not kill." You cannot argue with a savage. In your gun is your only hope. The commands of the gospel are all to be construed under conditions and circumstances. In the law is discipline; in the gospel is motive. The last commandment in the Decalogue is an appeal to motive: "Thou shalt not covet." Thou shalt not desire anything that properly belongs to thy neighbor. This tenth commandment in the Mosaic system has a golden hook, the hook of inward impulse—right desires. The gospel of Jesus Christ begins with impulse—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself" is the gospel impulse that fulfills the law. This is the golden hook of the gospel. When this hook of impulse of the gospel shall be fixed onto the hook of the impulse of the law,

there will be formed a complete system of the law and the gospel, neither destroying the other but the latter fulfilling and completing the former.

Of all the animals in field or forest among the most innocent and defenseless are the lamb, the kid and the calf. The only means of warfare of the sheep, the goat and the cow are their horns, which neither the lamb or the kid or the calf posses. They are helpless and defenseless. The fiercest and deadliest animals of the forest are the wolf, the leopard and the lion. See the wolf steal upon the fold and seize the lamb. Or the leopard pounce upon the kid. Or the roaring lion strike down with his heavy paw the bleating bossie. This is nature. The pioneer who clears the forest must make strong his protection against these enemies. But let us imagine a change of nature. Look! The wolf is in the meadow with the lamb. The leopard lies down with the kid and the lion and the calf and the fatling are together. The lamb and the kid and the calf need no protection from the wolf and the leopard and the lion. The change of nature makes fences, barns and sheep cotes unnecessary. Where do I get this picture? From the old prophet Isaiah, who looking down the years saw the coming Christ and His Gospel and said: "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb and the leopard shall lie down with the kid and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them."

The first picture is the picture of human nature in its natural state. The second picture is human nature redeemed and cleansed by the blood, sanctified by the spirit and made holy and peaceful. The fence is the law. The change of nature is the gospel. Defenses can never be destroyed as long as there is an untamed wolf or leopard or lion in the forest. To the saved no law is necessary. For the unsaved the law is the only protection. O happy day, when the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the earth as the waters cover the sea! When all shall know Him, whom to know is life and peace

What Think Ye of Christ, Whose Son is He?

By REV. WILLIAM A. SUNDAY, D. D.,
Evangelist.

Is Jesus the son of Joseph begotten of man by human procreation, or is He the Son of God, begotten of God through the Holy Ghost and the virgin Mary by extraordinary and divine generation?

These are not theories upon which we disagree. They are facts. Christianity stands or falls on the miraculous birth, death and resurrection of Jesus. God made Adam and Eve without human agencies, and He could create Jesus supernaturally. The question is not, did God create Jesus supernaturally, but could God, and if He could there is no argument about it.

Those who challenge the virgin birth of Jesus to the laws of nature must realize that nature is only the external evidence of God's power. The external evidence of God's power to create beings through natural causes is as much of a mystery as that Jesus was born without sexual concurrence; had one earthly parent or mother.

Two opposite religions are being proclaimed from the pulpits. One is the great redemptive religion known as Christianity, founded upon the supernatural birth of Jesus, and that He died on the cross as a sin offering and that we are saved by repentance and faith in His sacrificial death. The other is anti-Christian, agnostic, naturalistic modernism, and is being proclaimed in every denomination in the land.

The time has come when the friends of Christ must speak. Our Master is under attack, in and out of the church. The church must awake. Its forces must rally. Its voice must be heard like the sound of many waters.

I believe in a God not of putty, not of straw, who can be measured by a two foot rule and who can be weighed on the scales like you weigh meat, but a God who is infinite and beyond the comprehension of the small and limited mind of man. I believe in the virgin birth of Jesus because there is no limit in what God can do. If you begin to limit God's power, then there is no God. I believe in a God who can do wonders, who can build a man, who can create a universe, who can make and count the stars, who can send the heavenly bodies through the air in their appointed orbits and

make them return from where they started on time. I believe in the virgin birth because I believe in the Bible.

I don't believe the Bible contains the words of God. I believe it is the word of God. I believe it literally. I believe it verbally. The Bible either is or is not the word of God. If it is not the word of God, I am not in duty bound to obey it, and if I don't obey it I am not a sinner. If God did not inspire holy men of old to write it, then men must have written it without inspiration. No man or company of men have any right or authority to tell you or me to do a thing which, if we don't do, makes us sinners. You are a criminal if you disobey the laws of man, but not a sinner unless you disobey the laws of God.

I believe in the virgin birth because of the miracles the Bible records. A denial of the virgin birth is a denial that miracles are possible. I would not serve a God who could not perform miracles. I believe in miracles because they are recorded in the Bible. The virgin birth of Jesus is no greater miracle than the birth of Moses, of Jacob, John the Baptist, you or me.

I have more respect for the gang of cut-throats in Russia in their attitude toward religion than I have for these modernists in America. Near the churches in Russia they put up signs which read —"Religion is the opiate of the people." They are out in the open in their attempt to fight religion with law. Recently the government of Russia undertook to manage a religious Christmas day celebration. They hung God, Moses, Abraham and Jesus in effigy. Fighting religion is like trying to mop up the ocean. Voltaire, the French infidel, knew it when he said, "If there had been no God, it would have been necessary to invent one."

Humanity can no more do without religion than it can do without air and food. I have no respect or sympathy with the individual clergyman or layman who because his limited vision will not permit him to believe in Jesus Christ, seeks to destroy the faith of those who do believe. When one discards the Bible as the word of God and rejects the miraculous and sacrificial birth of Jesus, and throws it into the ecclesiastic garbage can as dead, decayed superstition, assuming the air of a pompous poltroon, saying that such doctrines are too crude for these enlightened days, it is time for the church to give him the air.

To eat the church's bread, to accept her emoluments, to wear her livery, to sneer at her doctrine, to sterilize her gospel, is low down, black-hearted treachery. These individual engineers are trying to chart man's pathway across this sin-cursed world by their

opinions. These theological chemists are trying to dissolve the atoning blood of Jesus into vapor and mist. The main difference between such men and those who take graft, is that the grafters try to cover up their guilt while these big-wigs—prophets of the devil—glory in their shame.

In these days of strange and weird beliefs and false doctrines, we must hold fast to our faith, without which neither the individual nor the nation can endure.

"The devil is a created being. He is therefore not self-existent. He was an angel. He rebelled against God. He kept not his first estate. His first estate was heaven. Angels are angels only so long as they do the will of God. When they rebel they become devils. Angels are not the offspring like families. They have no infancy, no cradlehood. Angels were created, not born. We were all born. We are descended from Adam and Eve. The devil is too wise, too ambitious to confine his efforts to individuals. He seeks to sway the policies of nations. He seeks to seduce the church from loyalty to God, to cause her to degenerate into the spreading of false doctrines, but the gates of Hell shall not prevail against the church."

"This promise does not protect the church against the assaults of the devil, but it does protect it against overthrow. The effort of the devil is not to destroy the church, but to rob it of its divine power. He presses social service to the front. He induces men to preach false doctrines in orthodox churches. He advocates salvation by character instead of by repentance and faith in Jesus. The strength of the church lies in its piety. All else is incidental. Its strength does not consist in numbers, or money, or education. The power of the church is in the estimate that God puts on it, not what the world thinks about it.

"The drift of the church seems to be to try and save society instead of saving the individual in society, to save the bodies of men rather than their souls. It seems to be a religious fad to talk about saving society. God's plan is to save the individual out of society. In these days we are becoming so modern we are trying to modernize God. The Bible is the only book in the world that says anything about the virgin birth of Jesus. It states by prophecy eight hundred years before Jesus was born, "Behold a virgin shall be with child and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call His name Emanuel." Matthew and Luke stated in language that can not be misunderstood, and is supported by Mary the mother of Jesus, for it says, "Joseph, who before they came together, found Mary with child of the Holy Ghost and knew her not until she had brought forth her first born

son." The angel Gabriel who replied to Mary's question, "How shall this be, seeing I know not man?" the angel said to Mary, "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee. Therefore that holy thing which shall be born unto thee shall be called the Son of God."

The modernists deny all this and contend that Joseph was the father of Jesus. When and by whom was Jesus first called the son of Joseph? When the Pharisees raved because Jesus said, "I came down from heaven, I came forth from God," his enemies said, "Is not this Jesus, the son of Joseph?" Matthew, who seems to have been chosen to write the gospel for the Hebrews, and he quotes more often from the old Testament than any other of the New Testament writers, and his gospel was written within a few years after the ascension of Jesus, says, "Now the birth of Jesus was on this wise." Then he goes into detail in the whole chapter about the virgin birth.

Luke devotes two chapters to the miraculous birth of Jesus and of John the Baptist. One was born of the virgin Mary, the other being born of a married, barren wife who has conceived the son in her old age. The angel Gabriel said, "Do barren women of old age bear children without divine intervention?" It is significant that one of those chosen of God to tell the story of the virgin birth in violation of all biological law, as modernists rail, is Luke the physician, the one least likely to be deceived by it. And if the story, as told by Luke, is founded on falsehood and is a literary fable as these prophets of the devil allege, then the most beautiful story in the Bible, the life of Jesus, the foundation of Christianity, is false.

Those who deny the virgin birth of Jesus say not a sufficient number of witnesses have been produced to substantiate it If the number that substantiate it is not sufficient, then we must reject all truth about which one, or more, of the disciples is silent. Then the story of the ascension must be discarded because it is only told by Luke and Mark. The resurrection of Lazarus is only mentioned by John, the slaughter of the innocents only by Matthew, the heavenly hosts singing "Peace on earth, good will to men," only told by Luke. Jesus never mentioned it, these modernists say. Is that so? I guess they haven't read the Bible for Jesus said, "I and my Father are one. I came down from heaven. I must be about my Father's business."

When the young man whose eyes Jesus opened had been cast out of the synagogue by the enraged Pharisees, Jesus asked him, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" This young fellow answered, "Who is He Lord that I might believe on Him?" And Jesus said,

"Thou hast both seen Him, and He it is that talketh with thee." He asked His disciples, "Whom do men say that I am?" And when they answered, "One of the prophets," He asked, "Whom do ye say that I am?" Peter said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Jesus said, "Blessed art thou Simon, for flesh and blood did not reveal that unto you, but My Father which is in heaven." The High Priest at the trial of Jesus said, "I adjure thee by the living God, Tell us whether thou be the Christ the Son of the living God," and Jesus said, "I am."

If Jesus was not born of a virgin, as the Bible says, then Mary was not a good woman, for Joseph found Mary great with child before they came together, as the Bible says. What a fearful slander and insult to Mary the mother of Jesus, and the making of Jesus out a bastard, for he was born out of wedlock. In the name of God, and Christ, and the church, and all the Christians of the world, I resent this insult to the mother of Jesus and to the Savior of the world.

To put it in another way, if Jesus was not begotten of God, conceived by the power of the Holy Ghost, then He was begotten by ordinary generation, by two unholy people who invented the story of the virgin conception and have fooled the world two thousand years. And if that be true, Christianity is founded on a fraud. Then tear down the churches, Protestant and Catholic, tear down your Y. M's. and Y. W's., disband your Salvation Army, Red Cross, and home and foreign missionary societies. But it is false. It is a lie. Jesus Christ is the Son of God.

These 20th Century liars calling themselves modernists were not the first to make this blasphemous claim. The Pharisees when driven into a corner like rats said, "We were not born of fornication, we have one Father, even God." Jesus said, "Ye are of your father the devil." They said, "Abraham is our father." Jesus said, "Before Abraham was, I am."

Was Joseph the father of Jesus? Jesus said, "No." Matthew, Mark, Luke and John say, "No." Peter, Paul and the prophets say "No," and God says, "No." Who tells the truth, these or these modern liars?

One of the rankest modernistic religious journals in this country has recently come out in editorial saying, "The God of the modernist is one God, and the God of the fundamentalists is another God. The Christ of the modernist is one Christ and the Christ of the fundamentalist is another Christ. The Bible of the modernist is one Bible, and the Bible of the fundamentalist is another Bible. The re-

ligion of the modernist is one kind, and the religion of the fundamentalist is another kind."

These form two separate worlds, and we can sing, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds" till doomsday and the two can never be reconciled. They are as far apart as the poles.

I know that to many Jesus is a grand subject for a painting, a heroic theme for a poem, a beautiful form for a statue, thought for a song, but to those who have heard His voice, who have felt His pardon, who have received His benediction, He is music, light, warmth, joy, hope, salvation. He is a friend who never forsakes you, lifting you up when others try to push you down. You cannot wear Him out. Pile on Him all your burdens, afflict Him with all your griefs, He is always ready to lift us up. He is always ready to help us. Who like Jesus can mend a broken heart, who like Jesus to pity a homeless orphan, who like Jesus to welcome the prodigal back, who like Jesus to illuminate a cemetery filled with graves, who like Jesus to make a queen unto God out of a lost woman of the streets, who like Jesus to see our need and to kiss away our guilt?

The old fashioned religion with its belief in God, Jesus and the Bible, the manger and the cross, will never die. It is stronger than at any time since two thousand years ago, when the virgin Mary wrapped her new born Christ in swaddling clothes and laid Him in the manger. The spirit that came from that little stable in Bethlehem has circled the globe. Little children have clustered at His knees. Womanhood has placed a crown upon His brow. The enthusiasm of youth forsakes all to follow Him. Culture whispers, "We know that Thou art the Teacher come from God." Empires fling their crowns and scepters at His feet. Seething seas throw their dripping arms around Him when they hear Him say, "Peace be still," and they coo like a babe tugging at its mother's breast. The dead awaken unto life, the lame leap for joy, disease slinks away like a wolf into its den.

There will never be another Jesus. There may be another Washington, Lincoln, Grant, or Lee. I have watched over His cradle when He was born in the manger, I have seen Him in the temple with the first dawning of His mental powers, I have watched Him in the wilderness when He was bombarded for forty days, I have stood by His side on the Mount of Transfiguration, I have gone with Him in the temple when He drove out the money changers, I have walked by His side in His triumphant entry into Jerusalem, I have heard the mob shriek, "Away with Him," I have seen the blood

gush when the stone struck His face, I have knelt with Him in the garden when He sweat great drops of blood, I have stood weeping by His cross, I have seen Him burst the bands of death that none e'er broke before, I have seen Him as the clouds received Him out of sight, and I shall see Him when He comes to make up His jewels.

> I know of a world that is sunk in shame,
> Of hearts that are faint and tire,
> I know of a name, a precious name,
> That can set this world on fire—

Jesus Christ is the Son of God conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the virgin Mary. He died on the cross as an atonement for our sins, and salvation is by repentance and faith in His substitutionary death. He arose again for our justification and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father from whence He shall come to judge the world.

My World

By BISHOP ERNEST LYNN WALDORF, D. D.,
Bishop of the Wichita Area Bishopric of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

My theme is not "The World," but "My World," and I take my text from John 17:18: "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world." My Lord was talking with the Father about His disciples.

I suppose that probably every person in this audience who has studied the Bible at all, and has learned to love it, has what he calls or she calls "my favorite chapter." I had a good Christian mother, and a good Christian father, and they each had a favorite Bible chapter. Mother's favorite, and I have learned that it seems to be the favorite of most mothers the world around, was the fourteenth chapter of Saint John's gospel. Was that your mother's favorite chapter?

> Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.
>
> In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.
>
> And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

And the rest of it you recall. A beautiful chapter! I venture to say that if there is any chapter in your Bible that is thumb-marked and tear-stained it is this one. It touches the heart; it is a heart-chapter, giving the certainties of religious faith. That was mother's chapter. Father was a man of prayer. He never, so far as I know, missed the family altar but once. One day he had promised to help a neighbor dislodge a tree, and this neighbor wanted to get to work very early, so that father started off without waiting for morning prayer. And when that tree came down, it just brushed father's face, so that he came within an inch of losing his life. When he came home, he said, "Mother, I don't know that the question of the family altar being missed had anything to do with that tree business, but I'm never going to take a chance again." And so far as I know he never did. People say they are so disturbed these days, and life

is so rushed, that there is not time for the family altar; some rise very early, and some not quite so early, and some sleep late, and they cannot get the family together for prayers in the morning. Father settled that question splendidly. All of us got up as early as the first had to get up, and so we were all together in the morning. It worked out pretty well. He was a man of prayer. And so you are not surprised when I say that father's favorite chapter was this great prayer-chapter from which I take my text. We wrongly call the Lord's Prayer that prayer that we use so constantly, "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name." That is not the Lord's prayer. Nobody ever gained so much from prayer, or knew so much about prayer as Christ, and so His disciples said, "Teach us to pray," and He gave them this prayer. This is the great prayer that He gave to them. But His prayer is this one, recorded in the seventeenth chapter of the gospel of Saint John.

As we read this prayer, we are impressed that there are some people for whom Jesus did not pray. It is astonishing! Jesus was ready to shoulder the cross. He suffered for all of us; He died for the whole world. Yet it says distinctly here: "I pray for them; I pray not for the world." Why? He seems to feel that if He prays for His disciples, and they are right, all will be right. The disciples are the light of the world, that will dispel the darkness of evil. The disciples are the leaven that will leaven the whole earth. The disciples are the salt of the earth, and if the salt of the earth does not lose its savor, all will be well. He is anxious, therefore about the quality of discipleship, and prays for those close about Him, and for those farther away who will come to be His disciples, even down to us. And His prayer for them is characterized by five distinct things. Read it over and check them up.

"I pray that they may know my joy." I wonder if you can qualify on that? A man has written a little book entitled, "How much would you be worth if you lost all you had?" That is a good subject to ponder. It is worth thinking about. Is it possible for a Christian to be so joyous, that he could lose position, power, possessions, everything from an earthly viewpoint and still be joyful in the Lord? Is a Christian dependent upon outward circumstances? Or can a Christian be in such close communion with the Father that he can be filled with joy, no matter what his circumstances are? Check up your own life, and see if you qualify.

"I pray that they may be one." Why, numbers of people seem to never have anything to do but to sit down and make faces at each other! But you can't get up much argument along that line

here at Winona, where we are all gathered together for a great Bible Conference! John R. Mott gives the illustration that Christians are like the fingers and thumb on the hand. You can't strike much of a blow with the thumb and fingers spread wide apart; but just gnarl the thumb and fingers into a fist and hit together, and you can give a blow that counts. That is the way to hit, if you want to make any impression on the community, if you want to give a telling blow to evil. Once in a while you come across a man who thinks his church is the only one in the community. He doesn't know very much about the work of the Kingdom. We are all in the army—Baptists and all—all in the army of the Lord. One denomination is holding this section of the line; another is holding this section; a third is holding that section there. I like to feel that each of us is right in his particular section, holding the forces strong for the Lord. If any of the denominations should drop out of the line, we would have to spread out pretty thin. Thank God for anything that all the denominations, or any of the denominations are doing for His work. "That they may be one"—not in organization, but "one" in character and life.

"Keep them from the evil in the world." Put the emphasis on that word "keep." I like that word. There are so many splendid starters, and so many poor finishers! A man in a little town not far away holds evangelistic services, and everything is fine. There are a hundred conversions. Go back in a year, and ask him, "How about the hundred?" "Oh, fifty of them are just fine; but fifty have slipped out; there are fifty gone." It is true that the average church has great wide-open front doors, but entirely too many of them have great wide-open back doors, too. What the Lord wants is to have us keep the front doors wide open, and to shut up the back door. The Lord prayed that we might be kept from evil; are you kept by His power?

And He prayed, "that they also might be sanctified." Do you know what sanctification is? It is a new birth. Now, I am a new bishop—not as new as some, but new enough. And I was holding one of my first conferences in Oklahoma. This question of sanctification came up, and I referred to one of our old bishops, Bishop Fowler, whom everybody knew. I quoted him, and said, "I stand with Bishop Fowler; I believe in sanctification, but not in cranktification." And some did not like it. One brother said I was not a good Bishop; that I ought to get back to the New Testament, and to John Wesley. And he asked me for my definition of sanctification. I was interested in him. I had visited his town, and knew

that he had fifteen hundred acres of land, and made a glorious contribution the year before of eleven dollars and twenty-five cents for the current expenses of his church, and five dollars for benevolences—and he had not paid that five dollars. It was just a pledge! I said, "My definition of sanctification is that such a man, who owns fifteen hundred acres of land, and has a good income, makes a decent contribution of one-tenth for current expenses of his church, and another tenth for benevolences: that is sanctification!" It means to be specially qualified for Christian services. I think you need not go around saying, "I am sanctified." People will know whether you are sanctified or not. It is in the very walk, in the very atmosphere. That is very clear.

And this prayer says that we are not only to be sanctified, but the Lord prays for us that we may know His, or behold His glory. Part of that glory we behold now, as the kingdoms of this world are becoming the Kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ; and part of that glory we shall never behold until we are in the glory world. I heard a minister say something funny once; he knew it was funny and he looked funny when he said it! This is what he said, and he said it with a kind of a smirk: "This is my text, 'There was a silence in heaven for about the space of half an hour' "—and he smirked—"Do you know the reason why there was silence in heaven for half an hour? It was evidently because there were very few women there." Everybody smiled; the Lord help us! What would we do about anything in any of our churches here on this earth of ours, if it were not for the women? That is not the reason why there will be silence in heaven. The real reason is, I think, that at that time we will see that God's dealings with us have been so square, so fair, so wonderful, that we will have nothing to say, and there will be a great silence as though we will say 'Amen' to what God has done.

My emphasis is chiefly tonight on the word "world," and I make bold to make the assertion this evening that we all live in the world, and that there are as many different kinds of worlds, as far as the individual is concerned, as there are people on the planet. No two people live in the same world. No person, in my humble judgment, may be a true follower of the Lord Jesus Christ who is not a world citizen We take a bit of chalk and we draw a line and we say that all on this side of the line is home missions, and all on that side of the line, foreign missions; but the great God up in Heaven above looks down on both sides of the line and says nothing about home and nothing about foreign, but He says, "My

world." And Christ died for the whole world. We have to have His Spirit, and to be world citizens.

I went to Tulsa to plead for a college in Oklahoma City. There was great rivalry between Tulsa and Oklahoma City, and the more I pleaded for a college in Oklahoma City, the more necessity there was to continue to plead. At the close of the service an old gentleman came up; he had the kind of whiskers I would grow if I were in the whisker business, and he had one hand on his whiskers, but before he got through I had a notion to put my hand there too! He said, "I don't like Oklahoma City." I said, "It's a nice day." He said, "I don't intend to have any of my money go to anything in Oklahoma City." I said, "Shake hands, I hope your folks are all well." He said, "Why, do you know my folks?" Oh, yes; I knew his folks. They were the kind who prayed every night, "God bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife; us four and no more." And I had had dealings with folks of that kind. So we had a lovely conversation, and when we got through I had a contribution of a hundred dollars a year for five years for that college in Oklahoma City.

What the Christian church needs today is the world outlook. We need the spirit of Wesley who said, "The world is my parish;" to remember the command of the Master, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." When that spirit is weak, the church is sick; when the spirit is dead, hang crepe on the door; it is not a Christian church any more. Our duty is to raise the cross before the eyes of every human being, to put the Bible in the hand of every individual, to encircle the earth with the message of the Gospel, and to be world citizens.

There are four rules for finding your right sphere:

Rule 1. God Almighty has a plan for every individual.

Rule 2. God having a plan, will reveal to the individual what that plan is.

Rule 3. When you find the plan and go to work, God will work with you.

Rule 4. When you find God's plan and work it, you will find success here, and success hereafter.

Now the next statement about my world: Sometimes we get into the world and so build into it that we make it unsafe, even when we get into the right world. You know a sentence is determined by the place where you put your emphasis. Once I tried it on a word. I ride a good deal on the Santa Fe Railroad. On this occasion

my daughter was with me, and I was talking to her about this subject of emphasis. I said, "You can change the emphasis on a syllable, and you can change a word so its best friend wont know it." "Father, you are mistaken," said the daughter of the house. "You just wait and see," I told her. "I'll try it out on the first conductor." After a short time the conductor came past. "How far is it to To'-pe-ka?" I asked. "To'-pe-ka, where is that?" I took out the railroad map and showed him the place. "Oh, To-pe'-ka," he said. Then I told him about our conversation. When he had gone on, I turned to my daughter. "Now don't you want to say that you were wrong, as you sometimes are, and that your father was right, as he sometimes is?" "Well, father, all I have to say is, that not all people in the world are conductors on trains." I remember when I was in school and studied rhetoric that we found that when you put the emphasis in a different place you could change the meaning of a sentence. One of the best examples is, "Woman! Without her, man is an animal." Perhaps your wife would say, "That is the best sentence I ever heard you quote." Just change your emphasis. "Woman without her man, is an animal." It's all a matter of emphasis. Now you know there are people who put the emphasis on imagination and here they are, living in the clouds, and their feet are not on the ground. Then there are people who put the emphasis on money, position, possessions, something material, and we have the materialists. Some people put the emphasis on 'now' and live for the time. Some people, thank God, put the emphasis on the spiritual and the eternal, and live for God. What the Lord wants is an all around emphasis—all around people in an all around world.

Then you know, we live or ought to live, in a moving world. I heard an American humorist—he said he was, so I guess he was—who said he had invented the foolish question. He said what suggested it was that he was 'way down in a certain place trying to catch a train. I know just exactly how he felt. There's the train, and there you are; the train has started, and you are going, but not with the train; the train pulls along, and keeps getting faster and faster; you think you can catch it and you try, but you are prejudiced. Well, he tried it like that, and got 'way out into the yards before he gave it up. "Are you trying to catch the train?" He was disgusted. "Oh, no! I was just trying to drive it out of the yards." Foolish question! But not only is the train moving, but we live in a moving world, and if you live in this world, you must move with it. Take the matter of psychology. I studied psychology when I was in

college, and I know what it was then. Psychology was the study of the stream of consciousness. I picked up a book on psychology the other day. Not only did it speak of the stream of consciousness, but of unconsciousness and subconsciousness, of different complexes, of the supplementary ego, and I read about libido. In my time, I would not have known a libido if I had met it coming down the street. It's all changed. How would you like to send your boy to college to a professor who had not read a book in ten years? How would you like to put yourself in the hands of a surgeon who had not read a book on surgery in ten years? How would you like to have a lawyer plead your case who had not read a law book in ten years? How would you like to have a preacher who had not read a new book or thought a new thought in ten years? We live in a moving world, and we need to move with it. We must not be afraid to try growing. We're born growing. Your child changes at six, and eight, and ten. He is quite different. But your world is not just what you can see. I was born in a little town in Otsego County, New York. Don't look for it in your geography, for I'm sure you couldn't find it there. There were not more than three hundred people in the whole town, but to me it was all the world. Here is a man driving a horse; the horse has horse sense, but the man doesn't have man sense. A horse with horse sense lives in a world almost as big as a man without man sense. What the Lord wants of each of us today is that we should live in the largest possible world. David says, "I have been led forth of God into a large place."

There are four things which determine the size of any person's world. I will mention them briefly. The first is, Knowledge. Now listen! What Dr. Beiderwolf knows that I don't know, and that is a very great deal, is in his world and not in mine; and if by any chance I should happen to know one or two things that he does not know, those things are in my world and not in his. One day last summer, the hottest day but one, I was coming home from California with Mrs. Waldorf. We were seated in a Pullman car, and it was hot. Right across from us was a man who was a professor. I knew it. It stuck out all over him: "I am a professor." I just felt that at any time he was likely to come over and give information, and in due time he came. He sat down beside me and he said, "I am a professor." I said, "What brand of professorship?" He said, "I am an astronomer." And then he told me about astronomy. Possibly if I had read Mr. Wells, I could not have learned more. He told me the sun was ninety-three million miles away. It was hot. I thanked him. And then he said that if you should shoot at the sun, it would

take seven years for the bullet to hit the bull's eye. I thanked him. If I ever had any occasion to shoot the sun, I'd like to know so as to make my plans. And he gave me a lot of other information, and then he went back over and took his seat. Mrs. Waldorf said, "It's a warm day," and I said, "Yes, a very warm day." But there were some things in his world that were not in ours. At that time there seemed to be nothing but heat in ours. If you have never studied geology, all those things are outside your world. A book of fiction, if truthfully drawn, portrays a period, but if you have that book and never cut its leaves, it is nothing more than a title on your library shelf; it is not in your world. If you have never studied Roman history, or Grecian history, or art, then there is nothing of Roman history or Grecian history, or nothing of art, that belongs in your world. We should open the windows of our minds, and invite in truth. Thus we will enlarge our world.

The second thing that determines the size of our world is our interest. What you and I are interested in is inside our world; what we are not interested in, is entirely outside our world. There was a poor fellow who fell among thieves. The Hebrew, the priest, the Levite, were not interested; he was outside their world. The good Samaritan was interested in him, and he was in the good Samaritan's world. It would be interesting for me this night to ask how many people in this great audience were brought up in the country. I won't ask it. I just said it would be interesting to know. But I will announce that I am one that was brought up in the country. Perhaps you could see that anyhow. I am also obliged to confess that, having been brought up in the country, I paid very little attention and took very little interest in those things in the woods and in the stream; I am something of an ignoramus. The pastor of the great church in a nearby town, at least it seemed great to me as a boy, was the first man who brought to my notice the things in the country around me. One day he said to me, "Let us take a walk and watch nature." So we took a walk. A bird flew up from the ground. "What kind of a bird is that?" I asked. He said, "I think that is a ground bird." And that seemed natural, for I had seen it fly from the ground. We went along a little further, and a bird flew from a tree. I said, "What kind of a bird is that?" He said, "That is a tree bird." And that seemed natural, too. And so all day we walked, and we saw ground birds and we saw tree birds. But one day last year I took a walk with a man who was a lover of nature, who knew trees and knew birds, and I will never forget that walk. It was a very different walk. He paid attention

to these things because he was interested in them. We crossed a beautiful field and went up to a great tree, and the man put his arms around the great tree and hugged it. Then he stood off and looked at it, and went up and hugged it again, and patted it. He said "Do you know those lines that Joyce Kilmer wrote about a tree?" I said, "I think I remember reading them, but I don't know what they were;" and so he repeated them to me:

"I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree!"

Then he hugged that tree again and patted it, and he said, "I know quite a lot about trees." And I said, "Well, I am listening." And so, as we walked on, he told me about the many different kinds of trees, and told me many interesting things about them. And then a bird flew out of a tree. And I thought to myself, I was lame on that tree business, but I could qualify on birds. I said, "There are two kinds of birds, tree birds and ground birds." "What!" I repeated it. He said, "There are some fifteen hundred different species of birds." I said, "O, there are a few I have overlooked." And then he told me about birds. He said you could tell what kind of a bird was in the nest by the looks of the nest. He said that many birds have three calls, but the old crow has twenty-seven calls. He said that the wild geese fly very high, and sometimes live a hundred years, and are monogamous. If one of them dies, the mate would die of a broken heart. He said the ducks fly in a regular column with a wise old duck at the head. He said that the arctic tern would fly a thousand miles, that they start out at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and keep getting faster and faster and faster, until when they get near home, they are going more than a mile a minute. Then we came to an ant hill. "What do you know about ants?" I asked. "Oh, I know lots about ants," he said. "There are six thousand ants in a single hill." "Oh, I know it," I said, "and they

all knew me." And he said that ants were among the most wonderfully social creatures in the world. "Oh, yes, I discovered that at the same time," I said. But then he told me beautiful things about ants. And he told me about flowers. He told me that Mendel's law of inheritance was discovered through flowers, through crossing the pink pea with the white pea; the flowers are one-fourth pink, and one-fourth white, and one-half variable. And so it went on through the day. There I was, a country boy, brought up with all those things, and yet an ignoramus. They were all around me, and yet they were outside of my world. And because you and I have failed to have interest in the things of God, the things of God are, in many instances outside our world. Take the matter of prayer. Why did Babson say that prayer was the greatest individual resource in the world? Have you found it so? How about tithing? Why did this man have to stand here and plead and plead and plead for the Bible Conference? Because we have not learned to worship God with our money and to respect the law of tithing. And then there is soul-winning. There are many people who have not won one soul, who are not interested in soul-winning. These blessed things of God are entirely outside our world; yet we call ourselves Christians.

The third thing that determines the size of our world is our sympathies. "Jesus wept." You can learn some things from a tear drop that you can never learn through a telescope. Edwin Markham wrote,

> "He drew a circle that shut me out;
> Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
> But love and I had the wit to win;
> We drew a circle that took him in."

That is sympathy. We used to hear about being in tune with the Infinite. Listen. If you and I are not in sympathy with God, there are some messages that can never come from God to us or can never go from us to God. A man said to me a while ago, "I am not in sympathy with the black man. I don't want to have anything to do with him. I want to cut him out of my life." Very well, cut him out. But when you cut him out, a section of your world goes with him. A man in California said, "I am against the Japanese. I don't want any Japs in America." Very well, cut them out; cut them out of your heart. But when you do, a part of your world goes too. The capitalist says, "I am not interested in the laboring man." Very well, cut him out; but it makes your

world smaller. The laboring man says, "I am not particularly interested in the capitalist." Very well, cut him out; cut him out from your thinking, cut him out from your sympathies. But you narrow your world. God wants to have a sympathy that encircles the globe and takes in all races and all people. He wants us to live in a big world.

The fourth and last thing I want to mention that determines the size of our world, is faith. When I was in school, our professor used to try to tell us what faith was. He said it was the ability to hear the inaudible; to touch the intangible; to see the invisible. We boys just looked at each other and did not know what he meant. Turn to the pages of the New Testament and read, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for." Some people, having hoped for things, accomplish them; give substance to their hope by making preparation, laying the foundation for them. It was a Harvard professor who made the statement that he had been a student of history for many years and had come to the conclusion that God is a great God, that the universe is a moral universe. My faith drinks that in. When you have given time to the study of history, you find that God moves slowly along the path of the centuries, but His movement is sure. Those who commit abominations and who ought to be slain, are slain. Nations that have perished deserved to perish. Our souls are thrilled, and our faith grows. Here is a man who says that religion doesn't interest him. He says, "I feel somehow something I do not comprehend. I like things I can see." What he needs is faith. Faith is the power by which we can see all these great fundamental things, these great spiritual realities. If you do not have faith, they are entirely outside your world. How big is your world? Without faith, your world begins right here with the cradle and ends right there in the grave. All the great eternities mean nothing to you.

I remember very well the first time I was called to the bedside of one whose life was passing. I was just a young preacher, and I was so worried for fear I might start that soul out wrong, that I spent minutes, up to hours in prayer before I went. I can see myself going now—going slowly up the street to an iron gate which stood half open. I went in and up the walk to a big white house. I went up that walk somewhat gingerly. I wondered how that dear old lady felt and what she would say. Imagine my astonishment when I went in to find that old lady trying to sing. Do you know what she was trying to sing? It was this:

"When I've been there ten thousand years,
Bright, shining as the sun,
I'll have no less days to sing God's praise
Than when I first begun."

I went in and slipped my arm underneath her head and said, "Auntie, have they told you that you are going home today?" "Yes, Pastor," she said, and smiled at me. "I am so glad you can sing," I said. She looked at me with surprise. "Glad I can sing? Why not sing? Pastor, I think this river called the river of death is not very deep and not very wide. I can almost step across it. Anyhow Jesus is coming and is going through the stream with me. He has gone with me all through these years on this side of the stream, pastor, and when I get on the other side, He will go with me there. One side of the river is earth, and the other side of the river is eternity, and God knows the land on both sides of the river. If I can trust Him on this side, don't you think I ought to be able to trust Him over there?" As I left her I found myself singing her hymn.

O sons and daughters of God, fellow-immortals, don't you think it is time we commenced to live for eternity? Should not we push the sides out of our world and lift off our roofs and live in a world big enough to be the home of God's sons and daughters?

The Cross of Jesus Christ

By BISHOP ERNEST LYNN WALDORF, D. D.

I have a serious thought in my mind this morning. I believe that the essential things of the Gospel of Jesus Christ need a new statement, or a new setting of the same old truth, brought to us in perhaps a little different form. First let me announce my text. It is found in Matthew 27:35. The words are these: "And they crucified Him;" just four words from that text: "And they crucified Him." And my theme is the Cross of Jesus Christ.

A few days ago, after I had spoken for the first time in a certain place, as I followed the crowd out, not intending to be an eavesdropper, I heard one person say to another, "Well, that is the breeziness of the West, all right!" If so, I acquired it very quickly, for I was born in New York state, educated in New England, and all of my work until four years ago has been in the eastern part of the United States. But I have had the privilege of traveling up and down these states, and I wish to record these two observations: First, that the people in the north, south, east and west differ very little; they may have peculiarities of their own, but essentially a citizen of the United States is a citizen of the United States, and has about the same view-point. Take it now in regard to those persons who have really done something, who have gathered together riches, or who have won a position worth while; you will find that those persons are the most kindly and courteous critics in the world. It is easy to preach to them. But I want to say to you that the person who has not really achieved anything, but wants to appear to have achieved, is the most disgusting person to meet, whether north, south, east, or west. Naturally, I expect kindly criticism in this place this morning! And my second observation is that north, south, east, or west, people are disposed to hate and abhor the person who is something of the hypocrite, who is not sincere, who, though not busy pretends to be busy, who though not successful pretends to great success. That person is despised and he ought to be despised. Humility is the virtue we all admire; but mock-humility is not desirable. Most persons would rather see a man shake hands with himself and be sincere about it, than shake hands with a mere pretense of cordiality. And we preachers must watch ourselves lest we be open to the charge of "cant." We hear preachers say

that they wish their own personalities to be forgotten, and only Christ to be seen. That is impossible! God speaks through human personalities! As the Lord is my judge this morning, there is no cant in my heart or on my lips as I say to you that I hope you will see the Cross this morning and that the Cross will deliver its message. I pray that I may be but the mouth-piece of the Cross. May God grant that by faith you will find yourselves at this hour in the presence of the Cross.

What does the Cross mean to you ,and what does the Cross mean to me, and what is the message of the Cross to us this morning? I venture, with the help of the Lord, to give voice to it. We ought to be here in the spirit of devotion, with the spirit of truth and loving obedience. Granting, now, that we are in the right spirit, by faith to see the Cross and to listen to its message, I venture to say that there are three surface statements that the Cross would make.

The first is this: The Cross is not something apart and by itself. The Cross is one of two, one of a pair. There are certain things that God has put together that you may not separate. You may not separate the mountain and the valley, for if you take away the mountain there would be no valley, but a level plain; and the two cannot be separated. You may not separate the river and its banks, for if you take away its banks the river becomes nothing but a marsh with no way to flow to the sea. You may not separate here and there; near and far. God has put certain things together which may not be separated, and the Cross is one of a pair: the Cross and Crown belong together. The old copy-book which we used to use is right: "He who will not bear a cross may not wear a crown." Hear that, for it is worth repeating: "He who will not bear a cross may not wear a crown." There is a cross, and there is a crown in every human heart, and the character of every individual in this place is determined by what you nail to the cross in your own heart, and by what you permit to sit in reigning authority on the throne in your affectional life.

The second surface statement is this: The Cross means salvation, and it is not free but costly. That hymn is not quite correct the way some people take it—though it was not intended that way —when they sing, "Salvation is free for you and for me." But listen: Salvation cost God something; salvation cost Christ something; and salvation will cost everyone who gets it something. It is given to those who come with broken and contrite hearts, but it costs something. We never get anything worth while for nothing.

I say to the boy and girl in college looking forward to a career in a short time: "If it is a career worth having, it is worth working for, it is worth giving your whole self for, and it will cost you something; you can't get something for nothing." Thank God, in the matter of salvation, the Cross means that it was worth what it cost!

The third statement that we read on the surface is this, namely: the Cross is now and always has been misunderstood. They first said it was a stumbling-block, and then they said it was foolishness. And now today people see in it just a talisman, just an ornament. A little while ago I worshiped in a pompous church where they used that principle. It was a beautiful building, and they had all the pomp and all the ceremony. All the windows were of stained glass, and were pictures. There was one very large window with the picture of the Cross in it, the picture of the atonement. But there was pomp in there, and woe outside; and the Cross was just an ornament.

Sometimes we do not see the Cross because it is so close today, or because something else is so close that it shuts out the view. Two silver dollars can be held so close to the eyes that they shut out the sight of everything else, and things can get between us and the Cross. The first time I saw the Rocky Mountains, I saw the rock, and not the mountains. I was on a train, and we were going toward the mountains. When we waked up in the morning we could see the Rockies. But I slept too long, and when I looked out of the windows, there we were right up against the rock. You have to get away from them to see the mountains. And Lincoln delivered a great address at Gettysburg, but the people listening were not sufficiently impressed to applaud. Now the decades have come and gone, and that address is spoken of in the highest terms, and applauded everywhere. It is counted among the masterpieces of the world. But they were too close to it to see that at the time. Our nation is too close this minute to see Mr. Roosevelt, or to see Mr. Wilson, or to see the League of Nations. And we are too near to the Cross, sometimes; we must get far enough away to see it.

And the next thing is this: The Cross says, "I am a great central fact." On one occasion, I heard Mr. Cleveland say, "We are facing a condition, and not a theory." I want you to know, when in the presence of the Cross, we are in the presence of a fact, a fact stubborn and not easily displaced, a central fact in history. All that came before the Cross belongs on that side; all that came

since the Cross, on this side. What is the Cross? Why is B. C.? Why is A. D.? Answer: All that was before the Cross was so different from all that followed it, because the Cross is here. There had to be a different name for the two sections. Back there women and children did not count; here they do count. Back there things were entirely different from what they are here. And the Cross is a central fact of history, as well as a central fact in Christ's life and ministry, a great, outstanding fact.

Do you remember Jacob, all tired out and discouraged, and in need of sleep? He slept as best he could with a stone for a pillow. I know how he felt, for as I have been going up and down the country, I have had pillows of that kind, and have been tired enough to sleep! And as Jacob slept the Lord gave him a glorious vision. He opened the heavens and poked a ladder through to the earth, and sent messengers down to speak to Jacob; and Jacob sent a messenger back to God. That is the Cross. God opened heaven and let something down, that man by faith might find the way to Him. Say, did Jacob erect a ladder and push it up to heaven, or did God open heaven and let the ladder down? The answer is plain: God opened heaven, and let the ladder down. Was it Adam who said to God, "I have lost you! I have lost you! I want to find you." No, it was not Adam saying he had lost God, and wanting to find Him: It was God saying: "Adam, I want to find you." Thank God the ladder is here, in the Cross of Jesus Christ, so that man and God can get together.

What else? It is a standard. Say, do you remember reading in the book of Genesis when God created a standard? Do you know when God created a standard? It was after the first day's work, when God took a measuring stick and measured up the task. It is "good." "And God saw that it was good." And after every day's work, He measured it up with that standard of being good. And the Cross of Christ—was it John Calvin or was it Cardinal Newman, who said it?—"The Cross of Christ is the measure of the world." We cannot measure unless we measure by the Cross; it is the measure for the world. But we cannot meet that measure unless there is something redemptive about our work. Take the Cross as the measure for business. You cannot do it unless there is some cross in it, unless you are not out for selfish gain, but for Christian service. Measure your amusements and your recreation by the Cross. There cannot be any standard but the Cross of Jesus Christ.

What else is the Cross? It is an emblem of victory. I refuse to get pessimistic. I know that there are a couple of million lepers;

I know that many people have not yet heard of Christ; I know that some ministers do not lead exemplary lives; I know that some laymen are not perfect in their lives; but I refuse to believe that my Christ is defeated! He is right at the head of the line! He came down to earth, and He went the way of the cross and tomb—and the cross and tomb were but cobwebs in the way of His purpose. If that could not stop Him, nothing can. I can find myself singing,

Palms of victory,
  Crowns of glory,
Palms of victory
  We shall wear.

What else? It is a magnet! "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me." What constitutes the drawing power of the Cross? One man says, "Christ's exemplary life." All right, that is a drawing power, but that is not the chief drawing power. Someone else says, "the whole history of His life and work;" well but that is not the chief power. Someone else says, "His ethics;" we would do well to emphasize that, but that is not the chief drawing power. There are two things that stand out: immortality, and salvation. Here is man, down in the dust, down in the dirt, and he can't get out because of sin—any more than he could take hold of his boot-straps and lift himself over a stone wall. He had to have something outside of himself. God sent the Cross. Man was worried, as he faced the future, anxious to know about immortality. Christ brought life and immortality to light. I read a book not long ago. I used to buy books by the cover, but I don't any more. Some beautiful covers have nothing beautiful within. I like to have suggestions as to the value of the books before I buy them. One of my friends told me, "Bishop, you pay two dollars and twenty-five cents for this book, and you will find that it is worth it." So I bought the book, and I read it last summer, and at first I did not get much out of it. I was reading out of doors, and I had just been stung by a bee. I have nothing against bees you understand, but I did not feel happy over that sting! When you speak about being stung by a bee, it is just natural to smile, but when one actually gets stung, it is not so funny! Just you try it for yourself, and you will not think it so funny either! Providentially, I came across this statement, "When a bee has once stung a person it loses its stinger, and can never sting again." I do not know if it is so, but I hope it is so. And right after that I came across this statement, "Using that as an analogy, that is what

Paul had in mind when he said, "Death is swallowed up in victory. O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting? For death stung itself to death in the Cross on Calvary." That was worth the whole price of the book, to me! The drawing power of the Cross!

Any pulpit is a great pulpit, if there is a preacher in it who knows how to get the attention of the people, to give them the Gospel message, to stimulate their interest and arouse them to action. But the greatest pulpit I know anything about is the Cross of Jesus Christ. That pulpit is great, because everybody can see it, the whole world around, and everybody can hear the preacher, for the preacher is Christ Himself. And what is He preaching to the world this morning? The same message as when He hung on the Cross, human as well as divine: "We have not a high-priest who cannot be touched with the feelings of our infirmities." He understands. And what does He say? We are listening. First: "Father, forgive them: for they know not what they do"—"Father, forgive them." Forgive whom? Why, His murderers! Do you know, I believe they heard that sermon, down there where they were discussing the Dawes plan just recently. And I do not believe He meant "Forgive, but don't forget" either! There were no "grudges" for Him! And what were His next words? "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!" There in His darkest hour of despair, He could say, "My God." What a message! Despair like a river, like an ocean, but still, "My God." Then what? "Today thou shalt be with me in paradise."

I remember the best deaconess I ever had; people would kiss the very ground she walked on, they loved her so. She was hurrying across a busy street to render service, when a truck came along and knocked her down. She was taken to the hospital, and a friend wrote me about it. "Mother and I were in the room when she became conscious. She looked around and said, 'Why am I here,' and we explained very gently. 'Am I going to die?' 'Oh, I hope not.' And then that sweet little girl got out of bed, and kneeled down by the side of the bed, and prayed:

> Now I lay me down to sleep;
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
> If I should die before I wake,
> I pray the Lord my soul to take.

Then she slipped back into bed, became unconscious, and in a little while she was gone." Do you know that that quotation from the

Cross is taken from the thirty-first Psalm, which Hebrew mothers used to say when they tucked their babies into bed for the night? What a sermon to preach to enable all humanity to lie down on that bed of sickness, and pain, and death!

What else? The Cross is a great searchlight. I have just come from Thousand Island Park, on the Saint Lawrence River. There they have search-light parties, and I have several times this summer gone on those parties. It is wonderful! You see what there is to see at night, when the search-light is turned on those islands. It flashes now here, now there, and hidden beauties are suddenly seen. One of the meanest ushers I ever had was always having trouble with a woman, who desired to have her own particular pew, no matter how late she was—and she nearly always came late. Then she would say, "There is someone in my pew. Ask the people in my pew to step out of my pew." And sometimes they would step out of the pew, and out of the door, too. One morning I saw this usher with his face illuminated, happy. "Bishop," he said, "I have fixed her this time." "Why, you horrid man! What have you done?" And he reminded me of a pew where the light from one of the stained-glass windows shone with a very peculiar color, making a person who sits there look like he has been dead about four days! He said, "She was so late this time that she did not dare ask anyone to leave her pew. So I just sat her there where that light would shine on her, and I looked at her, and got even!" That was just artificial light. In the light of the Cross, it is the real character that is revealed. And this searchlight on the St. Lawrence river that I was talking about is wonderful. There is nothing to be seen but darkness, and suddenly an island flashes into view. Again the flash is turned on where it was dark, and there is a beautiful castle. On a little further, there is a young man calling on his sweetheart, and not expecting us. Flash, and they are surprised! The search-light is revealing. And the Cross of Jesus Christ is a search-light that is revealing, and the light comes out over every one of us. Read the New Testament story. What do you see? It flashes on sin. Do you see sin in its enormity? Some of you say, "Sin is a weakness." Look, with the flash of the light of the Cross upon it. Sin is a stroke at the heart of God! The flash turns on the great crowd, like this morning. A crowd of people is revealed by the Cross, during that wonderful week in Christ's life. Christ lived for the crowd, fed the crowd, loved the crowd, and finally died for the crowd. Unless we have the spirit of Jesus Christ, none of us can truly love the crowd. Turn the flash here on Judas, who be-

trayed his Lord for thirty pieces of silver, the price of a slave. We abhor Judas—but listen, are you sure that you never betrayed your Christ for less than thirty pieces of silver? And there are some of us who are undecided, like the woman in the store, who first says she will take the blue one, then decides on the pink, then on the green, then turns back to the blue, and just can't decide which one she wants! There are people in religion who are very much the same way:

> When I'm up I'm up; and when I'm down, I'm down;
> But when I'm only half way up, I'm neither up nor down.

There is Peter! I wish that the one who pointed at him had been a man about nine foot-seven in hisstocking feet and about eleven feet in his full suit of armor, and that he had turned on Peter and brandished his spear at him, and shouted, "I know you belong to this Nazarene." Peter's knees would have knocked together, and you could understand just how he felt. But after all, it was just a slip of a girl who pointed her finger at him, and said, "You are one of them." Oh, shame! But did you never keep silent when you ought to have spoken out for Jesus Christ? There were the four soldiers who nailed my Lord to the Cross, and after they had driven in the spikes, and lifted up the Cross, and dropped it into the hole, then while He suffered and died, they gambled for His clothes, indifferent, careless of the suffering. Indifference! Turn the light on us. Is there anything like that among us? Oh, indifference is the devil's trick to put the Church of God to sleep!

I remember the church in the little town in New York state in which as a little boy I used to attend service. One of my pastors went away to another church, where he could preach what he called a little Christ and a little Gospel. In his place there came a big, red-blooded, two-fisted preacher. I loved him! He was my preacher! Then the one who had gone away came back to visit, and he was invited to preach, as a courtesy. It was to be expected that he would show a little courtesy also, and say nothing about his "little Christ and little Gospel." But he had so little sense, in my judgment, that he talked about his "little Christ." I said to myself, as I listended to him as a boy, "I wonder what my preacher will say to him? I just hope he says it, and I hope he says it hard!" Then the sermon was finished, and what do you suppose he said? That great big Christian preacher of mine? He just rose, and he never said a word about the sermon, but he said, "Let us sing," and

he turned to the organist, and he said, "You have been playing this organ for about thirty years; I want you to pull out all the stops on the organ, and make it sound as it never did before" and he said, "I want the choir to sing, and the congregation to sing, and I want all together to sing this hymn, and as we sing it down here, they will be singing it in heaven:

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
  Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
  And crown Him Lord of all.

That was answer enough!

If Jesus Christ is a man—
  And only a man—I say,
That of all mankind I cleave to Him,
  And to Him will I cleave alway.
But since Jesus Christ is a God—
  And the only God—I swear
I will follow Him through heaven and hell,
  The earth, the sea and the air.

Missionary Work in Argentina

By REV. C. F. YODER, D. D.,
Foreign Missionary to Argentina.

When Jesus was about to ascend into Heaven He said to His disciples: "Ye shall be witnesses unto me in Jerusalem and Judea and Samaria and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." Our Jerusalems are the home churches. Our Judeas are the home missions and our Samarias are the neighboring republics that have so much in common with us and yet lack the one thing that our Lord commanded to give them.

South America has long been known as the "Neglected Continent." Neglected because it has been supposed that Roman Catholicism prevails there and gives at least a saving knowledge of the Gospel. But Romanism does no longer dominate nor does it give a saving knowledge of the Gospel, as we shall presently see. Therefore South America is a destitute neighbor to whom we are under special obligation.

It will be a long step toward fulfilling that obligation if we become better acquainted with our neighbor. I have found people who have supposed that Argentina is a part of Africa. That is nearly as bad as the Argentine who said to me when I was leaving, "So you are going to Europe are you?" "No," I said, "I am going to the United States." "Oh," he said, "to the United States. Well, tell me, in what part of England is the United States?"

South America is southeast of the United States and to reach Argentina an ocean voyage of three weeks is necessary, but an ocean voyage is good for the health and not nearly so dangerous as an automobile trip. About the worst that happens is expressed by a verse that some girls were singing one day on our way home. It ran like this:

"My breakfast lies over the ocean,
My dinner lies over the sea.
My stomach is all in commotion.
O don't mention supper to me."

On our way to Argentina we pass by Brazil, whose capital, Rio de Janeiro, is one of the most beautiful harbors of the world. Brazil furnishes over a third of the coffee of the world and a large part of the bananas and rubber. Brazil alone is larger than the whole

United States and Argentina is as large as that part east of the Mississippi. South America is not so large as North America, but has more habitable land and enormous undeveloped natural resources. Mines that have been famous since before the days of Columbus, forests of the finest woods, soil of unsurpassed fertility, water power in abundance and river systems superior to those of any continent make South America as Dr. Clark says, the "Continent of Opportunity" and she will have her development in the coming century as North America has had in the past.

Buenos Aires, the capital of Argentina, is a rapidly growing city of nearly two million inhabitants, with modern improvements and enormous commerce. Several of the largest and best dailies in the world are published there. The government is patterned after that of the United States and the laws are good laws, except that as yet they favor the wealthy classes and the development of the country is hindered by the fact that the most of the land is held by a few people. There are people who own more than a thousand square miles of land. Much of it is yet covered with beautiful pampa grass, but this is rapidly giving way to the more beautiful fields of alfalfa that stretch away as far as the eye can see, and this is giving way in turn, in parts, to the corn and wheat and flax and sugar cane and cotton that is competing with like products of other countries in the markets of the world.

Farmers, however, must contend with many pests, the grasshoppers being, perhaps, the worst. They come in clouds that darken the sky. They hatch out in December and soon begin to march like a devouring army. Fortunately they do not reach more than a part of the country any one year. The government employs hundreds of men to combat the pests, but they are careful not to do their work so well as to lose their jobs. My little boy said to me, "Papa, why did God make the grasshoppers?" I replied, "I think, for one thing, he wants to teach people to obey the Gospel." He said, "How is that?" I replied, "You know how the people all try to drive the grasshoppers from their own land to that of their neighbors. As long as they do that instead of all helping each other, as the Gospel teaches us to do, they will never be able to get rid of these pests, but if once they are converted and learn to love one another it will be quite easy by co-operation to conquer them." Christian colonies should be an excellent way of spreading the Gospel in that country, because they would be self supporting and would be a visible demonstration of the blessings of living according to Christian principles.

The people are not Indians or half breeds as many suppose, although there are some Indians in the extreme northern and southern parts, and more than twenty millions of them in other parts of South America, but the Argentines are mostly a mixture of races, just as are the people of the United States, except that the immigrants to Argentina are mainly from southern Europe instead of northern Europe. The Latin American is somewhat different in temperament from the North American and it requires several years to learn to appreciate his good points, and the South American requires a like time to learn to appreciate us. To them we seem at first to be rather rude in manners because we do not use so many of the conventionalities of social etiquette as they do, and on the other hand they seem to us to be hypocritical because they palaver so much and then act so differently. But the missionary must learn to be courteous according to the requirements of the country if he would have influence, in so far as those requirements are not sinful. It is not necessary to smoke and drink with them in order to do business or to teach them. They respect a man more if he is true to his Christian principles.

Intellectually the people are not inferior. They have quick perception and good memories. When I left the government college where I had been teaching biology the students said to me, "When you get to New York give our regards to Firpo." That was eight months ago. I said to them, "I would rather convey them to that Argentine girl from Villa Mercedes who went to a training school for nurses in New York and in a school of more than three hundred won first place for scholarship."

But it is not the civilization of the country in which we are interested. Schools and laws and inventions never have and never can save the soul from sin. What is the spiritual condition of the people? An investigation conducted by the Y. M. C. A. in Buenos Aires revealed the fact that only four students of the five thousand in that city profess any religion whatever. My observation in the higher schools in other parts indicates that about the same proportion have faith. Ninety-nine per cent of the men and a large part of the women have lost faith in all religion. This falling away has followed the establishment of public schools, and especially the colleges and universities, and the organization of the socialist party which is making an active propaganda against religion.

If we seek for the cause of the difference between South America and North America in this respect we find it in the character of the founders of the country. To our New England shores came the

Pilgrim fathers bringing the open Bible, and they gave to America the heritage of Christian principles which have produced the greatest civilization in history. But to South America went a band of adventurers seeking gold. They took priests, but they took no Bible. They found a civilization in many respects similar to that of ancient Egypt. They destroyed a large part of the men. They produced a race of half breeds and fastened upon the people a religion that after four hundred years of monopoly has borne such corrupt fruit that the people themselves have turned from it to the empty husks of infidelity. Go where you will and listen to the conversation of the men at the tables in the hotels and you will find that it consists largely of tales of the immoral escapades of the priests. A literary man from Spain told me that though he was a Catholic he never went to confession in South America because he did not believe that there is a priest in all South America fit to hear confession. I could tell many things that I have seen and that others have told me, but I dislike to repeat such things. It is enough to say that the missionaries in South America are not there trying to proselyte from the Catholic church, but to bring sinners to Jesus Christ and save from the chaos of unbelief those who have been made atheists by Rome.

The priests teach the people that they themselves are semi-gods with power to open or shut heaven and hell. They tell many and wonderful tales of the miracles performed by the images. They teach that the virgin Mary rose from the dead and ascended into heaven where she was crowned queen of heaven and earth and that now she is our intercessor and channel of grace. They teach that no marriage is legal except that which they perform, and that therefore all but Catholic children are bastards. They teach that all who die without their baptism die like dogs and should not be allowed to defile the cemetery by their presence. Only fifteen years ago the mayor of the city of Rio Cuarto showed me a corner far from the other graves and said, "Here is where we bury criminals and Protestants." Only last year a priest tried to have the body of one of our converts taken out of a country cemetery. But times have changed and the sheriff sent that priest word that if such a thing were done he would have him in jail. Civil marriage is now legal and comparatively few go to the priests.

In one of the official almanacs of the church a story is told of a bad man who wished to enter Heaven and when Saint Peter refused to let him in he appealed to Joseph because he had been a loyal worshiper of his image. Joseph interceded with the Father

who refused admittance. "Then," said Joseph, "I will leave and take my family along." When God saw that Heaven would lose Jesus and Mary as well as Joseph he said, "In that case we will have to let the man in." What must be the result of such teaching? Another story related how an artist was painting the image of the Virgin when he forgot and stepped backward and fell. On the instant the image left the niche and seized him by the hand and lifted him up and then resumed her place to be painted. The mass of the people pray to these images as do the idolaters of any other land. One woman told me that she always put the wooden image of San Antonio in the soup because it made the soup stronger. A man told me that he had paid fifty pesos for an image to wear on a trip to Europe and by that means had secured in advance the forgiveness of all the sins he was going to commit on that trip, and he said he was going to have a big time.

Sometimes the people will punish the images if they do not receive what they desire. One woman had turned the face of the image to the wall. Another who prayed for rain threw the image of San Antonio into the well and told him he might stay there until it did rain. On certain occasions the images are taken from the churches and carried through the streets and at certain signals the people bow down before them. Formerly it was obligatory to remove the hat and bow before them, but now it is not, and comparatively few follow the processions.

When beginning work in Rio Cuarto I was invited by the priest to visit him. I did so. He first offered me a cigaret. I said, "Thank you, I do not smoke." He then offered me a glass of wine. I said, "Thank you, I do not drink." He said, "What will you have?" I said, "I have come to talk of the Bible and would like to have you lead in prayer." He replied, "I do not know how. You pray." I prayed and then asked him to get the Bible. He said, "I have none. I do not have time to read the Bible." Nevertheless, after long hunting he found a Testament in Latin and we compared my Testament and he acknowledged it a good translation. Then he said, "Well, everybody must have a head. The Catholic church has the pope for head but you Protestants are without a head." "Pardon me," I said, and I read from Eph. 1; 22 how that God gave Christ to be Head over all things to the church. "Oh," he said, "Christ is in Heaven and must have a Vicar on earth and that is the pope." "Pardon me," I again said, and read from John 16 how Jesus said, "If I go away I will send the Comforter unto you. And when He, the spirit of truth is come He will guide you into all truth." I

said, "When we have the Holy Spirit in the place of the bodily presence of Jesus we need no fallible, sinful man to usurp His place." Then he replied, "Let us leave the Bible and talk philosophy."

Now, what is being done for this great country that has been so long destitute of the Word of God? The Methodist church was the pioneer in missionary work in Argentina and during fifty years has been planting churches and schools and publishing literature and now has a chain of missions from one side of the country to the other. The Plymouth Brethren began soon after and also have scores of missions in the northern half of Argentina. Southern Baptists also have a strong work and there are prosperous, growing missions conducted by a number of other denominations or societies. It would now be difficult to find a town of fifteen thousand or more that does not have at least a Sunday school, but there are still many scores of smaller towns that are untouched, and there are many that do not even have a Catholic church. There is a friendly co-operation among the great majority of the agencies at work and while there has been no formal division of the territory yet with a few exceptions (notably the Seventh Day Adventists) there is a loyalty to Paul's example in preaching "where Christ is not known, lest I build upon another's foundation."

Preaching is of course the main agency of evangelization but in almost every town where there is preaching there is also a Sunday school and in many cases there is also a day school, although there is some division of opinion as to the worth and need of the day schools. Some denominations use tents in opening up the work in new places and some use Bible Coaches in which the evangelists can live like tourists. These are becoming increasingly popular because they are very practical and effective. Already the sympathy of the masses is with the missionary more than with the priest, in many places. Already the educated classes are beginning to experience a reaction and declare that there must be some kind of faith. They are seeking for the light. Already the Bible colporteurs have placed copies of the Bible in many thousands of homes all over the land and a splendid Christian literature is being built up. The people have learned also that America has no imperialistic designs on the republics to the south, and more and more the people are looking to North America for leadership in spiritual things. They have nothing to take the place of the Gospel we offer. A college rector said to me, "What do you mean by building churches in an age of science when no one any longer believes in religion?" I replied, "I am building churches because it is the most scientific

thing that I can do. You know that in spite of good climate, fertile soil, good laws and schools and inventions the people are given to vice as much as ever. But come to the mission and I will show you men that were drunkards and now are sober, who were dishonest and now are honest, who were profligate and now are thrifty. A religion that will do that for people is scientific and practical." That is the hope of Argentina and the world. That is why the Gospel is the basis of any civilization. Until men are converted no laws however good can be well enforced and no leagues or treaties however just can be maintained. It is for those who labor in the home land to do their utmost to bring the unsaved here to Christ and so hold up the standard of Christian living that our neighbors who are watching us may not be disappointed in us. The time will soon come when those who sow and those who water and those who pray all together will also rejoice together in the harvest home.

INDEX

		Page
OPENING PRAYER AND REMARKS	William E. Biederwolf	5
THE SONG OF THE LORD BEGAN	William E. Biederwolf	8
TRANSFORMATION OF THE DEVIL'S DEN	Constance J. Brandon	17
RESCUE MISSION WORK	Fred G. Becker	26
THE MISSIONARY OUTLOOK	J. C. Broomfield	28
THE MISSIONARY CHALLENGE	J. C. Broomfield	33
FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT	Edward C. Clark	37
THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD	Warren A. Candler	39
THE KINGDOM OF GOD	Warren A. Candler	51
LEPERS	William M. Danner	64
AN AWAKENING IN THE ANTILLES	Philo W. Drury	69
THE POCKET TESTAMENT LEAGUE	Henry N. Faulconer	74
WAS JESUS CHRIST ONLY A MAN?	Frank M. Goodchild	75
PRIMITIVE EVANGELISM	Frank M. Goodchild	84
THE UNPROFITABLE SERVANT	Arthur C. Hill	95
THE CHRISTIAN PROGRAM	Arthur C. Hill	98
INDUSTRIAL LIFE IN AFRICA	Fred H. Hope	103
THE KING ON HIS THRONE	John S. Hamilton	109
THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MIRACLE	Eva Ryerson Ludgate	112
THE VIRGIN BIRTH	J. Gresham Machen	120
THE RESURRECTION	J. Gresham Machen	138
MISSIONARY WORK IN PERSIA	Abraham Moorhatch	151
WHAT JESUS DOES TO MEN	Frederick W. Norwood	153
NEW ORIENTATION OF THE BIBLE	Frederick W. Norwood	165
EARTH AND SPIRIT	Frederick W. Norwood	173
ESSENCE OF THE GOSPEL	O. A. Newlin	183
THE LAW OF THE OCTAVE	E. J. Pace	193
THE HEADSHIP OF CHRIST	A. T. Robertson	204
THE INSPIRATION OF THE SCRIPTURES	George L. Robinson	206
INTERCESSORY PRAYER	George L. Robinson	219

INDEX — Continued

THE BIBLE AN ORIENTAL BOOK ---- George L. Robinson ----- 229
PROGRAM OF CHRISTIAN CALLING -- W. Graham Scroggie ---- 243
GOD AND HISTORY ---------- W. Graham Scroggie ---- 256
SOUL REST ---------- W. Graham Scroggie ---- 270
A PERSONAL TESTIMONY ---------- W. Graham Scroggie ---- 280
LEPERS ---------- C. J. Stauffacher ------- 291
THREE-FOLD MESSAGE OF THE
GOSPEL ---------- C. I. Stacy ---------- 298
THE BATTLES OF JESUS ---------- Bob Shuler ---------- 301
SIGNS OF THESE TIMES ---------- Bob Shuler ---------- 307
MISSIONS IN AFRICA ---------- Lucius Ernest Smith --- 313
CHRIST'S GOSPEL AND THE LAW --- George R. Stuart -------- 324
WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST? ------ William A. Sunday ----- 331
MY WORLD ---------- Ernest L. Waldorf ------ 338
THE CROSS OF JESUS CHRIST ------ Ernest L. Waldorf ------ 350
MISSIONARY WORK IN ARGENTINA C. F. Yoder ---------- 359

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